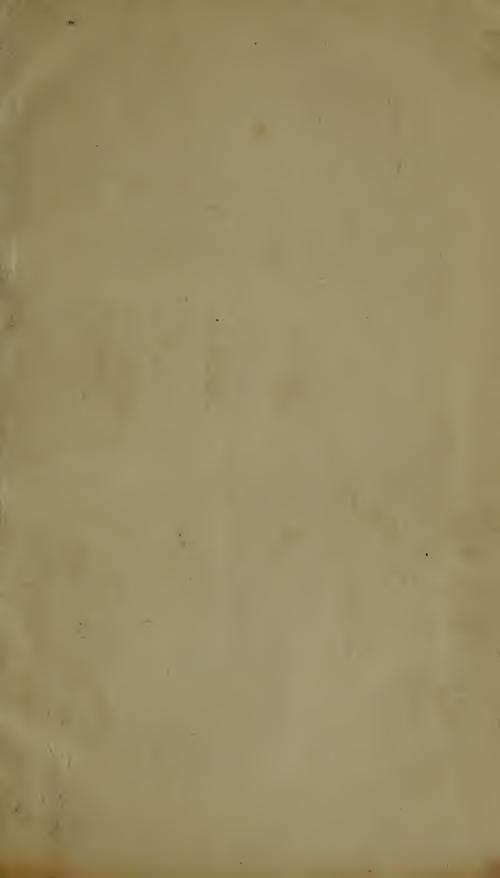
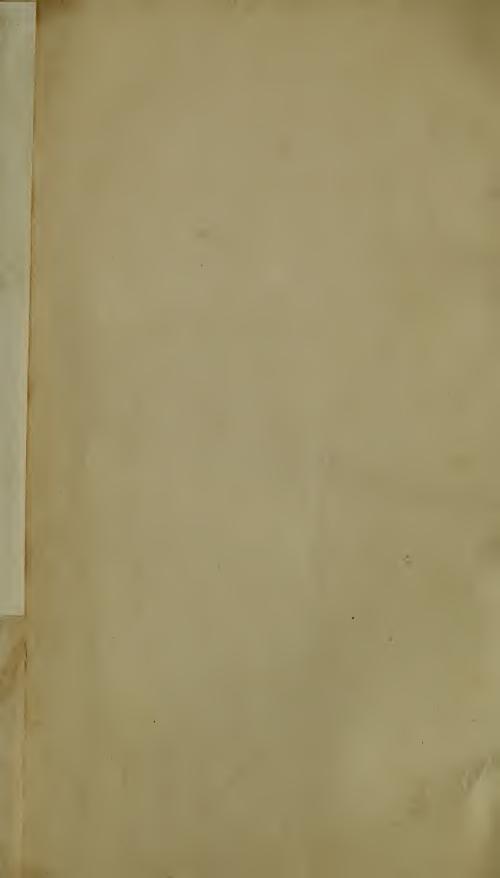


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AMERICAN

COMMON-SCHOOL READER

AND

SPEAKER:

BEING A

SELECTION OF PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

WITH

RULES FOR READING AND SPEAKING.

BY

JOHN GOLDSBURY, A.M.,

COMPILER OF THE 'COMMON SCHOOL GRAMMAR,' AND 'SEQUEL,' AND TRACHER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

AND

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Thirty-second Thousand.

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PREFACE.

THE design of this work is, to furnish a text-book for the systematic teaching of reading and declamation. Of the reading books already in general use, some, though possessed of high literary merit, afford no aid to instruction in elocution; while others offer but a few desultory remarks, and disconnected rules, which do not insure either an adequate knowledge of principles, or a regular progress in the art of reading.

These defects in existing compilations, are, to teachers generally, the grounds of just objection and complaint; and the compilers of the present work have been repeatedly solicited to prepare a volume such as is now offered. Speaking with reference to a work of this nature, the late Rev. Dr. Porter, of Andover Theological Seminary, in his 'Analysis of Rhetorical Delivery,' says, "The man who shall prepare a schoolbook, containing proper lessons for the management of the voice, will probably do a greater service to the interests of elocution, than has yet been done by the most elaborate works on the subject, in the English language." And, in a note appended to this passage, "Since this remark was made in my pamphlet on Inflections, several small works, well adapted to the purpose above mentioned, have been published; and one is now in press, entitled, Lessons in Declamation, by Mr. Russell, of Boston, concerning the utility of which, high expectations are justified by the skill of the author, as a teacher of elocution."*

To some persons, the 'Rhetorical Reader,' founded on Dr. Porter's 'Analysis,' may seem to occupy the ground claimed for the present publication. The compilers would offer, in explanation, not merely their own impressions, but the express objections made by many teachers, when requesting the aid of a book more exactly adapted to the wants felt in actual instruction. The Rhetorical Reader contains, it is admitted, many excellent suggestions on elocution, and many pieces of eminent merit as to their matter. But the marking of inflections, in particular, contravenes, in many parts of that book, the rules and principles

^{*} The publication of the book mentioned above, of which the late Dr. Porter had seen the proofs of the first half of the volume, was unavoidably suspended, in consequence of a change of business, on the part of the publishers who had undertaken it. But the substance of that work is embodied in Part I. of this Reader.

PREFACE.

of the work itself, and is wholly at variance with appropriate style in reading. The pieces are, to a great extent, of a character better suited to adults and professional readers, than to young persons at school; and the style of language, in some, is equally negligent and incorrect.

A single word of explanation, perhaps, is due, in relation to the apparent coincidence of plan and rule, in some parts of the present work, with those of the 'Rhetorical Reader.' The 'Analysis,' on which the 'Rhetorical Reader,' was founded, was compiled, to a considerable extent, as regards rules and examples, from materials handed, for that purpose, to the Rev. Dr. Porter, by one of the editors of the present volume; and the latter's mode of teaching, as an elocutionist, being, of course, modified by the principles embodied in these materials, a manual of instruction, if prepared by him, must necessarily produce a partial resemblance of method to that of a work partly constructed on the same data.

The compilers of the following work, have drawn, it will be perceived, to a considerable extent, from that invaluable source of instruction in elocution, the Philosophy of the Human Voice, by Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia. The clearness of exposition, and the precision of terms, in that admirable work, have greatly facilitated, as well as clearly defined, the processes of practical teaching, in whatever regards the discipline of the organs of speech, or the functions of the voice. in utterance and articulation, in emphasis, inflection, modulation, and every other constituent of elocution.

The pieces for practice in reading and speaking, which form the larger portion of this volume, have been selected with great care, as regards their character, not only in relation to the purposes of practice in reading, but with reference to the influence of a high standard of excellence,—both in subject and style,—on the mind and taste of young readers. Regard, also, has constantly been paid to the effect which the pieces seemed adapted to produce, as favoring the cultivation of elevated sentiment, and of practical virtue.

The preparation of the pieces for the purpose of applying the rules of elocution, has been regulated by a regard to the importance of placing before the reader, but one principle or rule at a time, of presenting it clearly, and of repeating it with sufficient frequency to fix it firmly on the mind. The marking by which the modifications of the voice are indicated, is, accordingly, restricted, principally, to one subject in each; so as to avoid confusion, and to secure a full and lasting impression of each rule or principle. In modulation and expression, however, where there exists a natural complexity in the subject itself, the marking is, of course, more intricate. Still, it will be found, we trust, clear and defi-

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nite. The suggestive notation has been limited to such a number of pieces, as seemed requisite to fix the prominent principles of elocution permanently in the memory. But most of the lessons have been left unmarked, in order to have the reader exert his own judgment in applying the rules, with the aid, when necessary, of the teacher.

The propriety and the advantage of any system of notation, for the purposes of study in elocution, have been, by some writers, considered doubtful. On this subject, Dr. Porter has made the following just observations:

"If there could at once spring up in our country a supply of teachers, competent, as living models, to regulate the tones of boys, in the forming age,—nothing more would be needed. But, to a great extent, these teachers are to be themselves formed. And to produce the transformation which the case demands, some attempt seems necessary to go to the root of the evil, by incorporating the principles of spoken language with the written. Not that such a change should be attempted with regard to books generally; but in books of elocution, designed for this single purpose, visible marks may be employed, sufficient to designate the chief points of established correspondence between sentiment and voice. These principles being well settled in the mind of the pupil, may be spontaneously applied, where no such marks are used."

Objections are made by some authors,—whose judgment and taste, on other subjects, are unquestionable,—not only to any system of notation indicating the modifications of voice which characterize appropriate reading, but to any systematic instruction in the rules and principles of elocution themselves.

Persons, even, who admit the use of rules on other subjects, contend, that, in reading and speaking, no rules are necessary; that a correct ear is a sufficient guide, and the only safe one. If, by a 'correct ear,' be meant a vague exercise of feeling or of taste, unfounded on a principle, the guidance will prove to be that of conjecture, fancy, or whim. But if, by a 'correct ear,' be meant an intuitive exercise of judgment or of taste, consciously or unconsciously recognizing a principle, then is there virtually implied a latent rule; and the instructor's express office, is, to aid his pupil in detecting, applying, and retaining that rule.

Systematic rules are not arbitrary; they are founded on observation and experience. No one who is not ignorant of their meaning and application, will object to them, merely because they are systematic, well defined, and easily understood: every reflective student of any art, prefers systematic knowledge to conjectural judgment, and seizes with avidity on a principle, because he knows that it involves those rules which are the guides of practice.

"When a skilful teacher," says Dr. Porter, "has read to his pupils a sentence for their imitation, is there any reason why he should have read it as he did?—or why he or they should read it again in the same manner? Can that reason be made intelligible? Doubtless it may, if it is founded on any stated law. The pupils, then, need not rest in a servile imitation of their teacher's manner, but are entitled to ask why his emphasis, or inflection, or cadence, was so, and not otherwise: and then they may be able to transfer the same principles to other cases."

"Should some still doubt whether any theory of vocal inflections can be adopted, which will not be perplexing, and, on the whole, injurious, especially to the young, I answer, that the same doubt may as well be extended to every department of practical knowledge. To think of the rules of syntax, every sentence we speak, or of the rules of orthography and style, every time we take up our pen to write, would indeed be perplexing. The remedy prescribed by common sense, in all such cases, is, not to discard correct theories, but to make them so familiar as to govern our practice spontaneously, and without reflection."

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J. G. W. R.

AMERICAN COMMON-SCHOOL READER AND SPEAKER.

PART I.—RULES OF ELOCUTION.

ANALYSIS OF THE VOICE.

The chief distinctions of the voice, as they are presented in the science of music, are comprehended under the heads of 'Rhythm', including all the modifications of voice produced by 'time', 'measure', and 'movement';—'Dynamics', comprising the various applications and degrees of 'volume', or 'quantity', 'loudness', and 'force';—'Melody', including 'pitch', 'intonation', or change of 'note', in ascending or descending the musical scale, and 'modula tion', or change of 'key';—'Quality', designating the voice as 'barytone', or grave; 'soprano', or high; 'tenor', or medium; 'pure', or clear and smooth; 'impure', or the reverse of the last.

The classification of vocal properties, as exhibited in elocution, according to the system developed in Dr. Rush's 'Philosophy of the Voice', comprises,—'Quality', 'Force', 'Pitch', and 'Time',—all used in the same general references, as in music,—and 'Abruptness',—a property of voice which is exhibited in the sudden and instantaneous explosion of forcible sound, as in the tone of violent anger. This quality is properly but one of the modifications of

' force'.

- * The analysis of the voice, for the purposes of instruction and practice in reading and declamation, may be extended, in detail, to the following points, which form the essential properties of good style, in reading and speaking.
- 1. Good 'Quality' of Voice;
- 2. Due 'Quantity', or Loud-
- 3. Distinct Articulation;
- 4. Correct Pronunciation;
- 5. True Time;

- 6. Appropriate Pauses;
- 7. Right Emphasis;
- 8. Correct 'Inflections';
- 9. Just 'Stress';
- 10. 'Expressive Tones';
- 11. Appropriate 'Modulation.'

^{*} The larger type distinguishes those portions of Part I. which are most important to the learner, and which should be, in substance, impressed on the memory.

§ I.—QUALITY OF VOICE.

The chief properties of a good voice, are,

1. Roundness,

3. Versatility,

2. Smoothness,

4. Right Pitch.

1. Roundness.

This property of voice is exemplified in that ringing fulness of tone, which belongs to the utterance of animated and earnest feeling, when unobstructed by false habit. It is natural and habitual, in childhood; it is exhibited in all good singing, and in the properly cultivated style of public reading and speaking.

This mode of voice depends, 1. on a true position of the body, as preparatory to the easy and energetic use of the organs of speech; 2. on deep and tranquil respiration, (breathing,) which furnishes a full supply of breath,—the only means of creating a full vocal sound; 3. on energetic expulsion of the breath, or sending it forcibly up to the 'larynx', or upper part of the throat, by the action of the lower muscles of the trunk,—those, chiefly, which are situated in front, and below the ribs.

The true position of the body, for the function of speech, implies an attitude perfectly upright; the head erect; the shoulders held back and down; the chest well expanded and projected. The cavity of the chest, being thus greatly enlarged, the lungs well supplied with air, and the lower and larger muscles of the trunk, acting powerfully, the voice seems, as it were, to ring clearly in the head, and

resound fully in the chest, at the same moment.

A full, deep, round, and ample sound, is thus imparted to the voice. This tone has been termed, by Dr. Rush, the 'orotund', or round tone. It belongs appropriately to public reading and speaking, as contrasted with familiar talking. One great cause of the feeble, stifled, thin, and imperfect voices, which are heard so often in reading and speaking, is the absence of that vigorous tone of healthful activity, which is indispensable, alike to the free and effective play of the organs of speech, and to that vividness of feeling, which is the true inspiration of the voice. This want of healthy vigor and spirit, leads to stooping postures, a sunken chest, drooping head, and consequently, to suppressed and imperfect tone. Reading aloud becomes, in consequence of these faults, a fatiguing and exhausting labor, instead of an exhibitanting and inspiring exertion.

Practice, in the style of vehement declamation, is the best means of securing a round and full tone.—The following exercise should be repeatedly practised, with the attention closely directed to the management of the organs, in the manner which has just been described,

as producing the 'orotund', or resonant quality of voice.

Exercise on the 'Orotund'.

"Who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize, and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?-to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war, against our brethren?-My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence!"

2. Smoothness of Voice, or 'Purity' of Tone.

Smoothness of voice, in reading and speaking, is the same quality which, in relation to vocal music, is termed 'purity'

This property of voice consists in maintaining an undisturbed, liquid stream of sound, resembling, to the ear, the effect produced on the eye, by the flow of a clear and perfectly transparent stream of water. It depends, like every other excellence of voice, on a free, upright, and unembarrassed attitude of the body,—the head erect, the chest expanded. It implies natural and tranquil respiration, (breathing;)—full and deep 'inspiration', (inhaling, or drawing in the breath;) and gentle 'expiration', (giving forth the breath;) a true, and firm, but moderate exercise of the 'larynx', (or

upper part of the throat;) and a careful avoiding of every motion that produces a jarring, harsh, or grating sound.

'Pure' tone is free from, 1. the heavy and hollow note of the chest;—2. the 'guttural', choked, stifled, or hard sound of the swollen and compressed throat;—3. the hoarse, husky, 'harsh', 'reedy', and grating, style, which comes from too forcible 'expiration', and too wide opening of the throat; -4. the nasal twang, which is caused by forcing the breath against the nasal passage, and, at the same time, partially closing it;—5. the wiry, or false ring of the voice, which unites the guttural and the nasal tones;—6. the affected, mincing voice of the mouth, which is caused by not allowing the due proportion of breath to escape through the nose. The natural, smooth, and pure tone of the voice, as exhibited in the vivid utterance natural to healthy childhood, to good vocal music, or to appropriate public speaking, avoids every effect arising from an undue preponderance, or excess, in the action of the muscles of the chest, the throat, or any other organ, and, at the same time, secures all the good qualities resulting from the just and well-proportioned exercise of each. A true and smooth utterance, derives resonance from the chest, firmness from the throat, and clearness from the head and mouth.

Without these qualities, it is impossible to give right effect to the beauty and grandeur of noble sentiments, whether expressed in

prose or in verse.

Childhood and youth are the favorable seasons for acquiring and fixing, in permanent possession, the good qualities of agreeable and effective utterance. The teacher cannot exert too much vigilance, nor the pupil take too much pains, to avoid the encroachments of faulty habit, in this important requisite to a good elocution.

The subjoined exercise should be frequently and attentively practised, with a view to avoid every sound which mars the purity of

the tone, or hinders a perfect smoothness of voice.

Exercise in Smoothness and 'Purity' of Voice.

"No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all The multitude of angels, with a shout, Loud as from numbers without number, sweet, As from blest voices uttering joy;—heaven rung With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled The eternal regions;—lowly reverent, Towards either throne they bow; and to the ground, With solemn adoration, down they cast Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold.—Then crowned again, their golden harps they took,—Harps ever tuned,—that, glittering by their side, Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet Of charming symphony, they introduce Their sacred song, and waken raptures high."

Note. The various passions and emotions of the soul, are, to a great extent, indicated by the 'quality' of the voice. Thus, the malignant and all excessive emotions, as anger, hatred, revenge, fear, and horror, are remarkable for 'guttural quality', and strong 'aspiration', or 'expiration', accompanying the vocal sound, and forming 'impure' tone; substituting a 'harsh', husky, aspirated utterance, for the 'orotund', or the 'pure' tone; while pathos, serenity, love, joy, courage, take a soft and smooth 'oral', or head tone, perfectly pure, or swelling into 'orotund'. Awe, solemnity, reverence, and melancholy, take a deep, 'pectoral' murmur; the voice resounding, as it were, in the cavity of the chest, but still keeping perfectly 'pure' in tone, or expanding into full 'orotund'.—See Section on 'Expressive Tones.'

Young persons cannot be too deeply impressed with the importance of cultivating, early, a pure and smooth utterance. The excessively deep 'pectoral' tone sounds hollow and sepulchral; the 'guttural' tone is coarse, and harsh, and grating to the ear; the nasal' tone is ludicrous; and the combination of 'guttural' and

'nasal' tone, is repulsive and extremely disagreeable. Some speakers, through excessive negligence, allow themselves to combine the 'pectoral', 'guttural', and 'nasal' tones, in one sound,—for which the word grunt is the only approximate designation that can be found. Affectation, or false taste, on the other hand, induces some speakers to assume an extra fine, or double-distilled, 'oral' tone, which minces every word in the mouth, as if the breast had no part to perform in human utterance.

The tones of serious, serene, cheerful, and kindly feeling, are nature's genuine standard of agreeable voice, as is evinced in the utterance of healthy and happy childhood. But prevalent neglect permits these to be lost in the habitual tones of boys and girls, men and women. Faithful teachers may be of much service to young

persons, in this particular.

3. Versatility, or Pliancy of Voice,

Signifies that power of easy and instant adaptation, by which it takes on the appropriate utterance of every emotion which occurs in the reading or speaking of a piece characterized by varied feeling or intense passion.

To acquire this invaluable property of voice, the most useful course of practice is the repeated reading or reciting of passages marked by striking contrasts of tone, as loud or soft, high or low, fast or slow.

The following exercises should be repeated till the pupil can give them in succession, with perfect adaptation of voice in each case,

and with instantaneous precision of effect.

Exercises for Versatility, or Pliancy of Voice: Very Loud.

"And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,—
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up, drawbridge, groom! What! warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"

Very Soft.

"I've seen the moon climb the mountain's brow, I've watched the mists o'er the river stealing,—But ne'er did I feel in my breast, till now, So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling:—'T is soft as the thrill which memory throws Athwart the soul, in the hour of repose."

Very Low.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream,
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

Very High.

"I woke:—where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?"

Very Slow.

"Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old, like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same; and Thy years shall have no end."

Very Quick.

"I am the Rider of the wind,
The Stirrer of the storm!
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm;—
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast."

4. True Pitch of Voice.

The proper pitch of the voice, when no peculiar emotion demands high or low notes, is,—for the purposes of ordinary reading or speaking,—a little below the habitual note of conversation, for the person who reads or speaks. Public discourse being usually on graver subjects and occasions, than mere private communication, naturally and properly adopts this level.

But, through mistake or inadvertency, we sometimes hear persons read and speak on too low a key for the easy and expressive use

of the voice, and, sometimes, on the other hand, on a key too high

for convenient or agreeable utterance.

The following sentences should be repeated till the note on which they are pitched is distinctly recognized, and perfectly remembered, so as to become a key to all similar passages.

Exercise on Middle Pitch.

In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake, and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility."

Contrast this pitch with that of the pieces before quoted, as examples of 'high' and 'low'.

§ II. DUE QUANTITY, OR LOUDNESS.

The second characteristic of good reading, is the use of that degree of loudness, force, 'volume', or 'quantity', of voice which enables those to whom we read or speak, to hear, without effort, every sound of the voice; and which, at the same time, gives that degree of force which is best adapted to the utterance of the sentiments which are read or spoken.

All undue loudness is a great annoyance to the ear, and an injury to the expression; while a feeble and imperfect utterance fails of the main purposes of speech, by being partly or entirely inaudible, and consequently utterly unimpressive.

The failure, as regards loudness, is usually made on passages of moderate force, which do not furnish an inspiring impulse of emotion, and which depend on the exercise of judgment and discrimina-

tion, rather than of feeling.

It is of great service, however, to progress in elocution, to possess the power of discriminating the various degrees of force which the utterance of sentiment requires. The extremes of very 'loud' and very 'soft', required by peculiar emotions, have been exemplified in the exercise on 'versatility' of voice.

There are three degrees of loudness, all of great importance to the appropriate utterance of thought and feeling, required in the usual forms of composition. These are the following: 'moderate', 'forcible', and 'empassioned'. The first, the 'moderate', occurs in the reading of plain narrative, descriptive, or didactic composition, addressed to the under-

standing, rather than to the feelings: the second, the 'forcible', is exemplified in energetic declamation: the third, the 'empassioned', occurs in the language of intense emotion, whether in the form of poetry or of prose.

The teacher's watchful attention will be required, in superintending the pupil's practice on the following examples, so as to enable him to detect, and fix definitely, in his ear, the exact degree of loudness appropriate to each passage. The exercises should be repeated till they can be executed with perfect precision, so as to form a standard for all similar expression, in subsequent reading.

Exercise in 'Moderate' Force.

"An author represents Adam as using the following language. 'I remember the moment when my existence commenced: it was a moment replete with joy, amazement, and anxiety. I neither knew what I was, where I was, nor whence I came. I opened my eyes: what an increase of sensation! The light, the celestial vault, the verdure of the earth, the transparency of the waters, gave animation to my spirits, and conveyed pleasures which exceed the powers of utterance.'"

'Declamatory' Force.

"Advance, then, ye future generations! We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendant sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!"

' Empassioned' Force.

"Shame! shame! that in such a proud moment of life, Worth ages of history,—when, had you but hurled One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife

Between freemen and tyrants, had spread through the world,—

That then,—Oh! disgrace upon manhood!—e'en then You should falter,—should cling to your pitiful breath,— Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men, And prefer a slave's life, to a glorious death!

It is strange !-- it is dreadful !-- Shout, Tyranny, shout Through your dungeons and palaces, 'Freedom is o'er!'-If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out, And return to your empire of darkness, once more."

& III .- DISTINCT ARTICULATION.

"Correct articulation is the most important exercise of the voice and of the organs of speech. A reader or speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulate correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates. The voice of the latter may, indeed, extend to a considerable distance; but the sound is dissipated in confusion: of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted,—every sound is perceived, at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it even penetrates farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated.

In just articulation, the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they are neither abridged, nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."*

This department of correct reading, belongs, properly, to the stage of elementary lessons. But as negligence in general habit, and remissness in early practice, are extensively the causes of an imperfect articulation, it may be of great service to young readers to review the elements of the language, in successive practical exercises, as embodied in a manual prepared by one of the editors of the present work.† For facility of practice in difficult combinations of letters and syllables, some of the exercises in Tower's 'Gradual Reader', will also be found very serviceable. The preliminary Ex-

^{*} Austin's 'Chironomia,' pp. 37, 38.

† 'Russell's Lessons in Enunciation; comprising a Course of Elementary Exercises, and a statement of Common Errors in Articulation, with the Rules of Correct Usage in Pronouncing. Boston, Jenks &

ercises in Articulation and Pronunciation, prefixed to the volume prepared as an 'Introduction' to the present work, are designed to serve the purpose of an extensive discipline in this department of elocution. A brief course, of a similar nature, but adapted to juvenile readers, is contained in an elementary book compiled by one of the editors of this Reader.*

A page or a paragraph of every reading lesson, should, previous to the regular exercise, be read backward, for the purpose of arrest-

ing the attention, and securing every sound in every word.

The design of the present volume, does not admit of detail, in the department of elocution now under consideration. The importance, however, of a perfectly distinct enunciation can never be impressed too deeply on the mind of the pupil. An exact articulation is more conducive than any degree of loudness, to facility of hearing and understanding. Young readers should be accustomed to pronounce every word, every syllable, and every letter, with accuracy, although without labored effort. The faults of skipping, slighting, mumbling, swallowing, or drawling the sounds of vowels or of consonants, are not only offensive to the ear, but subversive of meaning, as may be perceived in the practice of several of the following examples.

1. "That lasts till night: that last still night."

2. "He can debate on either side of the question: he can debate on neither side of the question."

3. "The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed."

4. "Who ever imagined such an ocean to exist?—Who ever imagined such a notion to exist?"

5. "His cry moved me: his crime moved me."

6. "He could pay nobody: he could pain nobody."7. "Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

8. "Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire."
9. "Heaven's first star alike ye see."

§ IV.—correct pronunciation.

That pronunciation is correct which is sanctioned by good usage, or custom. Good usage implies the habit of persons of good education, as regulated by the decisions of learning and taste, exemplified in standard dictionaries,—a style which is equally free from the errors of uneducated or negligent custom, and the caprices of pedantry,—which falls in

^{* &#}x27;Russell's Primary Reader: a Selection of easy Reading Lessons, with introductory Exercises in Articulation, for Young Children. Boston: Tappan & Dennet.'

with the current of cultivated mind, and does not deviate into peculiarities, on the mere authority of individuals. Good taste in pronunciation, while it allows perfect freedom of choice, as to the mode of pronouncing words liable to variation in sound or accent, requires a compliance with every fixed point of sanctioned usage.

The subject of pronunciation, like the preceding one,—articulation,—belongs properly to the department of elementary instruction.* But as this branch of elocution does not always receive its due share of seasonable attention, many errors in pronunciation are apt to occur in the exercise of reading, as performed by even the advanced classes in schools. To avoid such errors, it will be found useful to discuss closely and minutely, the correct pronunciation of every word which, in any lesson, is liable to be mispronounced. The standard of reference, in such cases, ought to be Walker's Dictionary, Worcester's edition of Johnson and Walker combined, or the same author's edition of Dr. Webster's Dictionary.

All reading lessons should, if practicable, be read to the class, by the teacher, one day beforehand, so as to allow opportunity for careful and critical study, at home, previous to the exercise of reading, on the part of the pupils. Seasonable information will thus be obtained, and errors avoided, instead of being merely corrected after they have occurred, and when it is too late to secure good habit or

avoid bad.

§ V.—TRUE TIME.

By true time, in elocution, is meant, an utterance well-proportioned in sound and pause, and neither too fast nor too slow. We should never read so fast as to render our reading indistinct, nor so slow as to impair the vivacity, or prevent the full effect, of what is read.

"Every thing tender, or solemn, plaintive, or grave, should be read with great moderation. Every thing humorous or sprightly, every thing witty or amusing, should be read in a brisk and lively manner. Narration should be generally equable and flowing; vehemence, firm and accelerated; anger and joy rapid; whereas dignity, authority, sublimity, reverence, and awe, should, along with deeper tone, assume a slower movement. The movement should, in every instance, be adapted to the sense, and free from all hurry, on the one hand, or drawling on the other." The pausing, too, should be carefully proportioned to the movement or rate of the voice; and no change of movement from slow to fast, or the reverse, should take place in any clause, unless a change of emotion is implied in the language of the piece.

^{*} The subject of Pronunciation forms a large part of the Elementary Exercises contained in the 'Introduction' to this Reader.

Exercises on Time.

The 'slowest' and the 'quickest' rates of utterance, have been exemplified under the head of 'versatility' of voice, and need not be repeated here. They occur in the extremes of grave and gay emotion.

There are three important applications of 'time' in connexion with 'rate', or 'movement', which frequently occur in the common forms of reading and speaking. These are the 'slow', the 'moderate', and the 'lively'. The first of these, the 'slow', is exhibited in the tones of awe, reverence, and solemnity, when these emotions are not so deep as to require the slowest movement of all: the second, the 'moderate', belongs to grave and serious expression, when not so deep as to require the 'slow' movement; it belongs, also, to all unempassioned communication, addressed to the understanding, more than to the feelings; and it is exemplified in the utterance of moderate, subdued, and chastened emotion: the third rate, the 'lively', is perhaps sufficiently indicated by its designation, as characterizing all animated, cheerful, and gay expression.

All the exercises on 'time', should be repeated till they can be exemplified perfectly, and at once. Previous to practising the following exercises, the pupil may be aided in forming distinct and well-defined ideas of 'time', by turning back to the example under 'versatility', marked as 'very slow', and repeating it, with close attention to its extreme slowness. He will observe that, in the repeating of this example, the effect of 'time', or proportion of movement, is to cause a remarkable lengthening out of the sound of every accented vowel; an extreme slowness in the succession of the sounds of all letters, syllables, and words: and, along with all this, an unusual length in all the pauses. It is this adjustment of single and successive sounds and their intermissions, which properly constitutes the office of 'time' in elocution: although the term is often indefinitely used rather as synonymous with the word 'movement', as applied in music.

The 'slow' movement differs from the 'slowest', in not possessing the same extreme prolongation of sound in single vowels, or the same length of pause. The slow succession of sounds is, however, a common characteristic in both.

Example of 'Slow' Movement.

"Thou, who did'st put to flight Primeval silence, when the morning stars, Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball; O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul!"

' Moderate'.

"There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought, connected with this part of rural economy. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, and enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth, shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields."

'Lively'.

"How does the water come down at Lodore? Here it comes sparkling, And there it lies darkling; Here smoking and frothing, Its tumult and wrath in, It hastens along, conflicting and strong, Now striking and raging, As if a war waging, Its caverns and rocks among,-Swelling and flinging, Showering and springing, Eddying and whisking, Spouting and frisking, Turning and twisting Around and around,-Collecting, disjecting, With endless rebound."

VI.—APPROPRIATE PAUSES.

The grammatical punctuation of sentences, by which they are divided into clauses by commas, although sufficiently dis-

tinct for the purpose of separating the syntactical portions of the structure, are not susquate to the object of marking all the audible pauses, which sense and feeling require, in reading aloud. Hence we find, that intelligible and impressive reading depends on introducing many short rauses, not indicated by commas or other points, but essential to the meaning of phrases and sentences. These shorter pauses are, for distinction's sake, termed 'rhetorical'.

Powerful emotion not unfrequently suggests another species of pause, adapted to the utterance of deep feeling. pause sometimes takes place where there is no grammatical point used, and sometimes is added to give length to a grammatical pause. This pause may be termed the 'oratorical',

or the pause of 'effect'.

Note. The length of the rhetorical pause depends on the length of the clause, or the significance of the word which follows it. The full 'rhetorical pause' is marked thus I, the 'half rhetorical pause', thus |, and the short 'rhetorical pause', thus 1.

Rules for 'Rhetorical' Pauses.

The 'rhetorical' pause takes place, as follows:

Rule I. Before a verb, when the nominative is long, or when it is emphatic.—Ex. "Life | is short, and art | is long."

Rule II. Before and after an intervening phrase.

Ex. "Talents | without application | are no security for

progress in learning."

RULE III. Wherever transposition of phrases may take place. Ex. "Through dangers the most appalling | he advanced with heroic intrepidity."

Rule IV. Before an adjective following its noun.

Ex. "Hers was a soul | replete with every noble quality."

RULE V. Before relative pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, or adverbs used conjunctively, when followed by a clause depending on them.—Ex. "A physician was called in | who prescribed appropriate remedies." "The traveller be gan his journey in the highest spirits I and with the most delightful anticipations."

RULE VI. Where ellipsis, or omission of words, takes place. -Ex. "To your elders manifest becoming deference, to your companions | frankness, to your juniors | condescen-

son."

RULE VII. Before a verb in the infinitive mood, governed by another verb.—Ex. "The general now commanded his reserved force | to advance to the aid of the main body."

Exercise on 'Rhetorical Pauses.

"Industry | is the guardian | cf innocence."

"Honor I is the subject ! of my story."

"The prodigal | lose many opportunities | for doing good."

"Prosperity | gains friends, adversity | tries them."
"Time | once passed | never returns."

"He | that hath no rule | over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a

stalled ox | and hatred | therewith".

"The veil | which covers | from our sight | the events | of succeeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy."

"Blessed | are the poor in spirit."

"Silver | and gold | have I none."

"Mirth | I consider | as an act, cheerfulness | as a habit | of the mind. Mirth | is short | and transient, cheerfulness | fixed | and permanent. Mirth | is like a flash of lightning, that glitters 1 for a moment: cheerfulness | keeps up a kind of daylight | in the mind."

"Some | place the bliss | in action, some | in ease: Those | call it pleasure, and contentment | these."

The habitual tendency of young readers being to hurry, in reading, their pauses are liable to become too short for distinctness, or to be entirely omitted. In most of the above examples, the precision, beauty, and force of the sentiment, depend much on the careful observance of the rhetorical pauses. The teacher may impart an idea of their effect, by allowing each sentence to be read, first, without the rhetorical pauses,—secondly, with pauses made at wrong places, thirdly, with the pausing as marked.

Rule on the 'Oratorical' Pause.

The 'oratorical' pause is introduced in those passages which express the deepest and most solemn emotions, such as naturally arrest and overpower, rather than inspire, utterance.

Examples. "The sentence was—DEATH!" "There is one sure refuge for the oppressed, one sure resting-place for the weary,—THE GRAVE!" [Application—See page 76.]

VII.—RIGHT EMPHASIS.

Emphasis distinguishes the most significant or expressive words of a sentence.

It properly includes several functions of voice, in addition to the element of force. An eraphatic word is not unfrequently distinguished by the peculiar 'time', 'pitch', 'stress', and 'inflection' of its accented sound. But all these properties are partially merged, to the ear, in the great comparative force of the sound. Hence it is customary to regard emphasis as merely special force. This view of the subject would not be practically incorrect, if it were understood as conveying the idea of a special force superadded to all the other characteristics of tone and emotion, in the word to which it applies.

Emphasis is either 'absolute' or 'relative'. The former occurs in the utterance of a single thought or feeling, of great energy: the latter, in the correspondence or contrast of two or more ideas.

'Absolute' emphasis is either 'empassioned' or 'distinctive'. The former expresses strong emotion.—Example. "False wizard, AVAUNT!"*—The latter designates objects to the attention, or distinguishes them to the understanding.—Ex. "The fall of man is the main subject of Milton's great poem."

'Relative' emphasis occurs in words which express comparison, correspondence, or contrast.—Example. "Cowards

die many times; the brave, but once."

Rules on Emphasis.

RULE I. Exclamations and interjections usually require 'empassioned' emphasis, or the strongest force of utterance.

Examples. "Woe! to the traitor, WOE!"—"UP! comrades, UP!"—"AWAKE! ARISE! or be for EVER FALLEN!"

"Ye icefalls!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,

Beneath the keen full moon?—

* Three degrees of emphasis are usually thus denoted in type: the first, by Italic letters; the second, by small capitals; and the third, by large capitals. Thus, "You shall DIE, BASE DOG! and that before you cloud has passed over the sun!"—Sometimes a fourth, by Italic capitals—thus, "Never, NEVER, NEVER!"

Gon! GOD! the torrents, like a shout of nations, Utter: the ice-plain bursts, and answers, Gon! The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, GOD!"

RULE II. Every new incident in a narration, every new object in a description, and every new subject in a didactic passage, requires 'distinctive' emphasis, or a force of utterance sufficient to render it striking or prominent.

Examples. "Their frail bark was, in a moment, overset, and a watery grave seemed to be the inevitable doom of the whole party."—"The eye rested with delight on the long, low range of beautifully tinted clouds, which skirted the horizon."—"The power of faith was the subject of the preacher's discourse."

Rule III. All correspondent, and all antithetic, or conrasted words, require a force sufficient to distinguish them from all the other words in a sentence, and to make them stand out prominently. When the comparison or contrast is of equal force, in its constituent parts, the emphasis is exactly balanced, in the words to which it is applied: when one of the objects compared or contrasted, is meant to preponderate over the other, the emphasis is stronger on the word by which the preponderance is expressed.

Examples. "The gospel is preached equally to the rich and to the poor."—"Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools."—"The man is more KNAVE than fool."

Exercises in 'Relative' Emphasis.

1. "VIRTUE | is better than riches."

2. "Study | not so much to show knowledge, as to acquire it."

3. "They went out from us, but they were not of us."
4. "He | that cannot bear a jest, should not make one."

5. "It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them."

6. "I | that denied thee gold, will give my heart."
7. "You have done that | you should be sorry for."

8. "Why beholdest thou the mote | that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam | that is in thine own eye?"

9. "As it is the part of justice | never to do violence; so it is the part of modesty | never to commit offence."

10. "A friend | cannot be known | in prosperity; and an enemy | cannot be hidden | in adversity."

Note. Emphatic clauses, (those in which every word is emphatic,) are sometimes pronounced on a lower, sometimes on a higher key, but always with an intense force.

Examples.

1. "Heaven and earth will witness,-

If ! Rome! Must! fall,—that we || are innocent.'

2. "This state had then not one ship,—no, not! one!

3. "But youth, it seems, is not my only crime: I have

been accused | of acting a THEATRICAL part."

4. " As to the present ministry, I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen: Confidence is a plant of slow growth."

General Remark. Young readers are commonly deficient in emphasis, and, hence, feeble and unimpressive, in their style of read-Teachers should exert much vigilance on this point. At the same time, an overdone emphasis is one of the surest indications of defective judgment and bad taste. Faults which result from study are always the most offensive. [Application—See page 87.]

§ VIII.—correct inflections.

'Inflection' in elocution, signifies an upward or downward 'slide' of voice, from the average, or level of a sentence.

There are two simple 'inflections', or 'slides',—the upward or 'rising', and the downward or 'falling'. The former is usually marked by the acute accent, [']-the latter, by the

grave accent, ['].

The union of these two inflections, on the same syllable, is called the 'circumflex', or 'wave'.-When the circumflex commences with the falling inflection, and ends with the rising, it is called the 'rising circumflex',-|marked thus v,]when it begins with the rising, and ends with the falling, it is called the 'falling circumflex',—[marked thus, ^].
When the tone of the voice has no upward or downward

slide, but keeps comparatively level, it is called the 'mono-

tone',-[marked thus -].

Examples: RISING INFLECTION,—'Intensive', or high, upward slide, as in the tone of surprise, "Há! Is it póssible!" -in the usual tone of a question that may be answered by Yes or No, " Is it really so?"—' Moderate' rising inflection, as at the end of a clause which leaves the sense dependent on what follows it. "If we are sincerely desirous of advancing in knówledge, we shall not be sparing of exertion."—
'Slight' rising inflection, as when the voice is suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted: "When the visitor entered the room" * * * *

Note. The last mentioned inflection, may, for distinction's sake, be marked as above, to indicate the absence of any positive upward or downward slide, and, at the same time, to distinguish it from the intentional and prolonged level of the 'monotone.'

'FALLING' INFLECTION,—'intensive', or bold and low downward slide, as in the tone of anger and scorn: "Down, soothless insulter!"—The 'full', falling inflection, as in the cadence

at a period: "All his efforts were in vain."

The 'moderate' falling inflection, as at the end of a clause which forms complete sense: "Do not presume on wealth; it may be swept from you in a moment." "The horses were harnessed; the carriages were driven up to the door; the party were seated; and, in a few moments, the mansion was left to its former silence and solitude."

The 'suspensive', or slight falling inflection, as in the members of a 'series', or sequence of words and clauses, in the same syntactical connexion: "The force, the size, the weight, of the ship, bore the schooner down below the waves." "The irresistible force, the vast size, the prodigious weight of the ship, rendered the destruction of the schooner inevitable."

The 'suspensive' downward slide, is marked as above, to distinguish it from the deeper inflection at the end of a clause, or of a sentence.

TABLE OF CONTRASTED INFLECTIONS.

The Rising followed by the Falling.

"Will you gó, or stày?"
 "Will you ríde, or wàlk?"

3. "Did he travel for héalth, or for plèasure?"

4. "Does he pronounce correctly, or incorrectly?"

5. "Is it the rising, or the falling inflection?"

The Falling followed by the Rising.

" I would rather gò than stáy."
 " I would rather wàlk than ríde."

3. "He travelled for health, not pléasure."

4. "He pronounces correctly, not incorrectly."

5. "It is the falling, not the rising inflection."

EXAMPLES OF CIRCUMFLEX.

Tone of Mockery. "I've caught you, then, at last!" Irony. "Courageous chief!—the first in flight from pain!" Punning. "And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat shěep,

He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep."

EXAMPLE OF MONOTONE.

Awe and Horror.

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Rules on the Rising Inflection.

RULE I. The 'intensive' or high rising inflection, expresses surprise and wonder.—Example. "Há! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scórn?"

RULE II. The 'moderate' rising inflection takes place, where the sense is incomplete, and depends on something which follows.—Ex. "As we cannot discern the shadow moving along the díal-plate, so we cannot always trace our progress in knowledge."

Note. Words and phrases of address, as they are merely introductory expressions, take the 'moderate rising inflection.' -Example 1. "Friends, I come not here to talk."-2. "Sir, I deny that the assertion is correct."—3. "Sóldiers, you fight

for home and liberty!"

Exception. In emphatic and in lengthened phrases of address, the falling inflection takes place.—Example 1. "On! ye brave, who rush to glory or the grave!"-2. "Soldiers! if my standard falls, look for the plume upon your king's helmet!"*-3. "My friends, my followers, and my children! the field we have entered, is one from which there is no retreat." -4. "Gentlemen and knights,-commoners and soldiers, Edward the Fourth upon his throne, will not profit by a victory more than you."

RULE III. The 'suspensive', or slight rising inflection, occurs, when expression is suddenly broken off, as in the fol-

lowing passage in dialogue.

^{*} Shouting tone.

Ex. Poet. "The poisoning dame—Friend. You mean—

P. I don't. F. You'do."

Note. This inflection, prolonged, is used in the appropriate tone of reading verse, or of poetic prose, when not emphatic, instead of a distinct rising or falling inflection, which would have the ordinary effect of prosaic utterance, or would divest the expression of all its beauty.

Ex. 1. "Here waters, woods, and winds in concert join."

2. "And flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace

impart."

3. "The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn, along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,**

And the full choir that wakes the universal grove."

4. "White houses peep through the trees; cattle stand cooling in the pool; the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honeysuckle; * the stately green-house exhales the perfume of summer climates."

Rule IV. A question which may be answered by Yes or No, usually ends with the rising inflection.—Example. "Do you see you cloud?"

Exception. Emphasis, as in the tone of impatience, of extreme earnestness, or of remonstrance, may, in such cases as the above, take the falling inflection.—Example. "Càn you be so infatuated as to pursue a course which you know will end in your rùin!"—"Will you blindly rush on destruction?"—"Would you say so, if the case were your own?"

Rule V. The penultimate, or last inflection but one, is, in most sentences, a rising slide, by which the voice prepares for an easy and natural descent at the cadence.—Example. "The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers."

Exception. Emphasis may sometimes make the penultimate inflection fall, instead of rising; as the abruptness of that slide gives a more forcible effect.—Example. "They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of lo-

^{*} The penultimate inflection of a sentence, or a stanza, usually rises, so as to prepare for an easy cadence. See Rule V.

custs, they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a water spout, and deluged the land with blood."

Rules on the Falling Inflection.

RULF I. The 'intensive, downward slide', or 'low', falling inflection, occurs in the emphasis of vehement emotion.—Example. "On! ON! to the just and the glorious strife!"

RULE II. The 'full' falling inflection usually takes place at the cadence, or close, of a sentence.—Example. "No life is

pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

Exception. When the meaning expressed at the close of one sentence, is modified by the sense of the next, the voice may rise, instead of falling.—Examples. "We are not here to discuss this question. We are come to act upon it."—"Gentlemen may cry 'peace, péace!' But there is no peace."

Rule III. The 'moderate' falling inflection occurs at the end of a clause which forms complete sense, independently of what follows it.—Example. "Law and order are forgòtten: violence and rapine are abròad: the golden cords of society are loosed."

Exception. Plaintive expression, and poetic style, whether in the form of verse or of prose, take the 'slight' rising in-

flection, in its prolonged form.

Example 1. "Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew;
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue;
Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died;
And timid, trembling, came he to my side."

2. "The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in héaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course."

RULE IV. The 'suspensive', or slight falling inflection, takes place in every member but one of the 'series', or successive words and clauses, connected by the same conjunction,

expressed or understood.

Note 1. A succession of words is termed a 'simple series', —a succession of clauses, a 'compound series.' A succession of words which leave sense incomplete, is termed a 'commencing series', that which leaves complete sense, a 'concluding series'.—A 'commencing series' is read with

^{*} Rising slide, for contrast to the following clause.

the 'suspensive', or slight falling inflection, on every member but the last; a concluding series, with the 'suspensive' slide on every member, except the penultimate, or last but one.

Examples. 'Simple Commencing Series': "The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence."—'Simple Concluding Series': "Delighted existence teems in the air, the earth,* and the water."†—'Compound Commencing Series': "The fluid expanse of the air, the surface of the solid earth, the liquid element of water, teem with delighted existence."—'Compound Concluding Series': "Delighted existence teems in the fluid expanse of the air, the surface of the solid earth,* and the liquid element of water."†

Exception 1. Emphatic, abrupt, and disconnected series, may have the 'moderate' or the 'bold' downward slide, on every member, according to the intensity of expression.

Examples: 1. "His success, his fame, his life, were all at stake."—2. "The roaring of the wind, the rushing of the water, the darkness of the night, all conspired to overwhelm his guilty spirit with dread."—3. "Eloquence is action, noble, sublime, godlike action."—4. "The shore, which, but a few moments before, lay so lovely in its calm serenity, gilded with the beams of the level sun, now resounded with the roar of cannon, the shouts of battle, the clash of arms, the curses of hatred, the shrieks of agony."

Exception 2. Light and humorous description, gives the 'moderate' upward slide to all the members of a series.

Example. "Her bóoks, her músic, her pápers, her clóthes, were all lying about the room, in 'most admired disorder.'"

Exception 3. The language of pathos, (pity,) tenderness, and beauty,—whether in verse or prose,—takes the 'suspensive', or slight rising inflection, except in the last member of the 'commencing', and the last but one of the 'concluding' 'series', which have the usual 'moderate' rising inflection.

Ex.: 1. "No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid, Nor pink, nor rose, drooped, on his breast displayed."

2. "There rapt in gratitude, and joy, and love, The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon."

3. "There, (in the grave,) vile insects consume the hand of the artist, the brain of the philosopher, the eye which

† 'Full' falling inflection, for the cadence of a sentence.

^{* &#}x27;Penultimate' rising inflection, preparatory to the cadence, or closing fall of voice, at the end of a sentence.

sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed

irresistible eloquence."

Note 2. All series, except the plaintive,—as by their form of numbers and repetition, they partake of the nature of 'climax', or increase of signification,—should be read with a growing intensity of voice, and a more prominent inflection on every member.

Example. "The splendor of the firmament, the verdure of the èarth, the varied colors of the flowers which fill the air with their fragrance, and the music of those artless voices which mingle on every trée; all conspire to captivate our hearts, and to swell them with the most rapturous delight."

This remark applies, sometimes, even to the rising inflection, but, with peculiar force, to cases in which the language is obviously meant to swell progressively in effect, from word to word, or from clause to clause, and which end with a downward slide, on every member, as in the following instance.

"I tell you though you, though all the world, though an angel from HEAVEN, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it."

Rule V. All questions which cannot be answered by Yes or No, end with the falling inflection.

Ex.: 1. "When will you cease to trifle?"

2. "Where can his equal be found?"

- 3. "Who has the hardihood to maintain such an asser tion?"
 - 4. "Why come not on these victors proud?"5. "What was the object of his ambition?"
 - 6. "How can such a purpose be accomplished?"

Exception. The tone of real or affected surprise, throws such questions, when repeated, into the form of the rising inflection.—Example. "How can such a purpose be accomplished!—To the diligent àll things are possible."

Both inflections,—the Rising and the Falling,—in connexion.

Rule I. When negation is opposed to affirmation, the former has the rising, the latter the falling inflection, in whatever order they occur, and whether in the same or in different sentences.

Examples: 1. "He did not call mé, but ydu."

2. "He was esteemed not for wealth, but for wisdom."
3. "Study not for amúsement, but for improvement."

4. "He called you, not mé."

5. "He was esteemed for wisdom, not for wealth."
6. "Study for improvement, not for amúsement."

7. "This proposal is not a mere idle compliment. It proceeds from the sincerest and deepest feelings of our hearts."

8. "Howard visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of témples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grándeur; not to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or collate mánuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dùngeons; to plunge into the infection of hòspitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pàin; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depréssion, and contèmpt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglècted, to visit the forsáken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

Note. A similar principle applies to the reading of concessions and of unequal antitheses, or contrasts. In the latter, the less important member has the rising, and the preponderant one, the falling inflection, in whatever part of a sentence they occur, and even in separate sentences.

Example: 1. "Science may raise you to éminence. But virtue alone can guide you to happiness."

2. "I rather choose

To wrong the dèad, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honorable men."

Exception. When negation is emphatic or preponderant, it takes the falling inflection.—Example 1. He may yield to persuasion, but he will never submit to force."—2. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

RULE II. In question and answer, the falling inflection ends as far below the average level of the sentence, as the rising ends above it. In this way, a certain exact correspondence of sound to sound, in the inflections, is produced, which gives to the full downward slide of the answer, a decisive and satisfactory intonation, as a reply to the rising slide of the question.

Examples: 1. "Are they Hébrews?—So am 'I. Are they Israelites?—So am 'I."

2. "What would content you, in a political leader?—Talent? No!—Enterprise? No!—Courage? No!—Repu-

tátion? Nò!—* Vìrtue? Nò!—The man whom you would select, should possess not óne, but àll of these."

Rule III. When a question consists of two contrasted parts, connected in syntax, by the conjunction Or, used in a disjunctive sense, the former has the rising, and the latter, the falling inflection.

Ex.: 1. "Does he mean you, or mè?"

2. "Is this book yours, or mine?"

3. "Did you see him, or his brother?"

4. "Are the people vírtuous, or vicious; intélligent, or ignorant; áffluent, or indigent?"

Note. When Or is used conjunctively, the second inflection does not fall, but rises higher than the first.—Example. "Would the influence of the Bible,—even if it were not the record of a divine revelation, be to render princes more tyránnical, or subjects more ungóvernable; the rich more insolent, or the poor more disórderly; would it make worse párents, or children,—húsbands, or wíves,—másters, or sérvants,—friends, or néighbors?—or† would it not make men more vìrtuous,† and, consequently, more hàppy, in èvery situation?"

Rule on the Circumflex, or Wave.

The circumflex, or wave, applies to all expressions used in a peculiar sense, or with a double meaning, and to the tones of mockery, sarcasm, and irony.

Examples: 1. "You may avoid a quarrel with an îf."-

"Your if is the only peacemaker: much virtue in an if."

2. "From the very first night,—and to say it I'm bold,—I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught côld!"

3. "Go hang a câlfskin on these recreant limbs!"

4. "What a beautiful piece of work you have made by your carelessness!"

5. "The weights had never been accused of light conduct."

Rule on the Monotone.

The tones of grand and sublime description, profound reverence, or awe, of amazement and horror, are marked by the monotone, or perfect level of voice.

† The last Or is used disjunctively, and forms an example to the

Rule, and not to the Note.

^{*} In successive questions, the rising inflection becomes higher at every stage, unless the last has, as in the above example, the falling inflection of consummating emphasis.

Note. A monotone is always on a lower pitch than the preceding part of a sentence; and, to give the greater effect to its deep solemn note,—which resembles the tolling of a heavy bell,—it sometimes destroys all comma pauses, and keeps up one continuous stream of overflowing sound.

Exam. 1. "His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured. As when the sūn, nēw-rīsen,
Lōoks thrōugh the horizōntal mīsty āir,
Shorn of his béams, ōr from behīnd the mōon,
In dīm eclīpse, disāstrous twīlight shēds
On hālf the nātions, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

2. "And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it, from whose face the heavens and the earth fled away; and there was found no place for them."

3. "Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body."

Rule on 'Harmonic' Inflections.

'Harmonic' inflections,—or those which, in emphatic phrases, are intended to prevent the frequent occurrence of emphasis in the same phrase, from becoming monotonous to the ear,—are applied in clauses of which every word is emphatic, and is marked by a distinct and separate inflection.

Example. "He has been guilty of one of the most shame-ful dcts | that éver degràded | the nature | or the name | of man."

Note. In such cases the inflections usually alternate, in order to give the more vivid and pungent force to vehement emphasis.

Rule on Repeated Words, Phrases, and Sentences.

Words, phrases, and sentences which are repeated for effect, rise higher, or fall lower in inflection, besides increasing in force, at every repetition.

Example 1. "From these walls a spirit shall go forth, that shall survive when this edifice, shall be 'like an unsubstantial pageant, faded.' It shall go forth, exulting in, but not abusing, its strength. It shall go forth, remembering, in the days of its prosperity, the pledges it gave in the time of its depression. It shall go forth, uniting a disposition to correct abuses, to redress grievances. IT SHALL GO FORTH, uniting the disposition to improve, with the resolution to maintain and defend, by that spirit of unbought affection, which is the chief defence of nations."

2. "What was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame?—The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory, in the hearts of good men?—The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel?—THE LIVING LOVE OF LIBERTY. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself?—TO THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW."

EXERCISES ON INFLECTIONS.

RISING INFLECTION. RULE I.*— High Rising Inflection'.—

1. " Há! say you só?"

2. "Whát!—confer a crówn on the author of the public calamities?"

3. " Indéed !--acknowledge a tráitor for our sovereign ?"

RULE II. 'Moderate Rising Inflection.'—Exercise 1. "In every station which Washington was called to fill, he acquitted himself with honor."

2. "As the evening was now far advanced, the party

broke up."

3 "Where your tréasure is, there will your heart be lalso."

^{*} The pupil should repeat each rule from memory, before commencing the practice of the exercises adapted to it.

4. "Though we cannot discern the reasons which regulate the occurrence of events, we may rest assured that nothing can happen without the cognizance of Infinite Wisdom."

5. "Despairing of any way of escape from the perils which surrounded him, he abandoned his struggles, and gave him-

self up to what seemed his inevitable doom."

6. "Had I suffered such enormities to pass unpunished, I should have deemed myself recreant to every principle of justice and of duty."

Note and Exception. 'Words and phrases of address'.— Exercise. "Listen, Amèricans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we brèathe, while we perform these dutiful rights.—Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of pròmise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of frèedom! Blood which our fàthers shed, cry from the ground;—echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days;—glorious Washington! break the long silence of that votive canvass;—spèak, spèak, marble lips;—teach us the love of liberty protected by LAW!"

Rule III. Note.—' Poetic Series'.—Example 1. "Power, will, sensation, mémory, failed in turn."

- 2 "Oh! the dread mingling, in that awful hour, Of all terrific sounds!—the savage tone Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the shower Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'erthrówn, The deep, dull, tambour's beat!"
- 3. "All the while,
 A ceaseless murmur from the populous town,
 Swells o'er these solitudes; a mingled sound
 Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash
 Upon the stony ways, and hammer clang,
 And creak of engines lifting ponderous bulks,
 And calls and cries,* and tread of eager feet
 Innumerable, hurrying to and frò."
- 4. "Onward still the remote Pawnee and Mandan will becken, whither the deer are flying, and the wild horse roams, where the buffalo ranges, and the condor soars,—far towards the waves where the stars plunge at midnight, and amid which bloom those ideal scenes for the persecuted sav-

^{*} See foot note on next page.

age, where white men will murder no more for gold,* nor startle the game upon the sunshine hills."

Rule IV. 'Questions which may be answered by Yes or No'.—Exercise 1. "Has not the patronage of peers incréased? Is not the patronage of India now vested in the crówn? Are all these innovations to be made to increase the influence of the exécutive power; and is nothing to be done in favor of the pópular part of the constitution, to act as a cóunterpoise?"

2. "Your steps were hasty;—did you speed for nóthing?
Your breath is scanty;—was it spent for nóthing?
Your looks imply concern;—concern for nóthing?"

Exception. 'Emphasis'.—Exercise 1. "Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a free country.—I ask, does our liberty bear generous fruits?"

2. "Was there a village or a hamlet on Massachusetts Bày, which did not gather its hardy seamen to man the gundecks of your ships of war? Did they not rally to the battle, as men flock to a fèast?"

3. "Is there a man among you, so lost to his dignity and his duty, as to withhold his aid at a moment like this?"

Rule V. 'Penultimate Inflection'.—Exercise 1. "All is doubt, distrust,* and disgrace; and, in this instance, rely on it, that the certain and fatal result will be to make Ireland hate the connexion, contemn the councils of England, and despise her power."

2. "I am at a loss to reconcile the conduct of men, who, at this moment, rise up as champions of the East India Company's charter; although the incompetence of that company to an adequate discharge of the trust deposited in them, are themes of ridicule and contempt to all the world; and, although, in consequence of their mismanagement, connivance, and imbecility, combined with the wickedness of their servants, the very name of an Englishman is detested, even to a proverb, through all Asia; and the national character is become disgraced and dishonored."

3. "It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating that illustrious man; and, till time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race made in wisdom and in virtue, be de-

^{*} The penultimate inflection of a concluding series, or of a clause that forms perfect sense, is the same in kind with that which precedes a period, except in verse and poetic prose, which, in long passages of great beauty, retain the suspensive slide.

rived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of

Washington."

Exception. 'Emphasis'.—Exercise 1. "Let us bless and hallow our dwellings as the homes of freedom. Let us make them, too, the homes of a nobler freedom,—of freedom from vice, from evil passion,—from every corrupting bondage of the soul!"

2. "If guilty, let us calmly abide the results, and peaceably submit to our sentence; but if we are traduced, and really be innocent, tell ministers the trùth,—tell them they are tyrànts; and strain every effort to avert their oppression."

3. "Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.—In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round, in vain, for such another object on earth."

FALLING INFLECTION. RULE I. 'Intensive Downward Slide.' Exercise 1. "UP! all who love me! BLOW on BLOW!

And lay the outlawed felons Low!"

2. "'Macgregor! MACGREGOR!' he bitterly cried."

3. "On! countrymen, ON!—for the day,— The proud day of glory,—is come!"

4. "To ARMS! gallant Frenchmen, to ARMS?"

5. "Oh! SHAME on us, countrymen, shame on us ALL!

If we cringe to so dastard a race!"

6. "TRÈMBLE, ye traitors! whose schemes Are alike by all parties abhorred,—

TREMBLE! for, roused from your parricide dreams, Ye shall soon meet your fitting reward!"

Rule II. 'Full' Falling Inflection, in the cadence of a sentence.—Exercise 1. "The changes of the year impart a color and character to our thoughts and feèlings."

2. "To a lover of nature and of wisdom, the vicissitude of seasons conveys a proof and exhibition of the wise and be-

nevolent contrivance of the Author of all things."

3. "He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' or see the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath, lest she should break its slumbers,—without a veneration beyond all common feeling,—is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness, and the solitude of the dèsert."

Exception. 'Modified Cadence'.—Exercise 1. "This monument is a plain shaft. It bears no inscription, fronting the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dúst. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its súmmit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

2. "I speak not to you, sir, of your own outcast condition.

—You perhaps delight in the perils of martyrdom. I speak not to those around me, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor. They may be meek and hallowed

men,-willing to endure."

3. "The foundation on which you have built your hopes, may seem to you deep and firm. But the swelling flood, and the howling blast, and the beating rain, will prove it to be but treacherous sand."

Rule III. 'Moderate' Falling Inflection, of complete sense. Exercise 1. "Animal existence is made up of action and

slùmber: nature has provided a season for each."

2. "Two points are manifest: first, that the animal frame requires sleep; secondly, that night brings with it a silence, and a cessation of activity, which allow of sleep being taken without interruption, and without loss."

3. "Joy is too brilliant a thing to be confined within our own bosoms: it burnishes all nature, and, with its vivid coloring, gives a kind of factitious life to objects without sense

or motion."

4. "When men are wanting, we address the animal creation; and, rather than have none to partake our feelings, we find sentiment in the music of birds, the hum of insects, and the low of kine: nay, we call on rocks and streams and forests, to witness and share our emotions."

5. "I have done my dùty:—I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country:—I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust,—as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime,—as tyrannous,—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous."

Exception. 'Plaintive Expression'.

Exercise 1. "I see the cloud and the tempest near, The voice of the troubled tide I hear; The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief, The rushing waves of a wretched life."

2. "No deep-mouthed hound the hunter's haunt betrayed,
No lights upon the shore or waters played,
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wanderers man was nestling there."

3. "The dead leaves strow the forest walk,
And withered are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers:—
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines;
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines."

4. "What is human life, but a waking dream,—a long reverie,—in which we walk as 'in a vain show, and disquiet ourselves for naught?' In childhood, we are surrounded by a dim, unconscious present, in which all palpable realities seem for ever to elude our grasp; in youth, we are but gazing into the far future of that life for which we are consciously preparing; in manhood, we are lost in ceaseless activity and enterprise, and already looking forward to a season of quiet and repose, in which we are to find ourselves, and listen to a voice within; and in old age, we are dwelling on the shadows of the past,* and gilding them with the evanescent glow which emanates from the setting sun of life."

Rule IV. and Note 1. 'Simple Commencing Series.'

Ex. 1. "The old and the young are alike exposed to the shafts of Death."

2. "The healthy, the temperate, and the vírtuous, enjoy the true relish of pleasure."

3. "Birth, rank, wealth, léarning, are advantages of slight

value, if unaccompanied by personal worth."

4. "Gentleness, patience, kindness, candor, and courtesy,

form the elements of every truly amiable character."

5. "Sympathy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, generosity, liberality, and self-forgétfulness, are qualities which universally secure the esteem and admiration of mankind."

'Compound Commencing Series.'

Exercise 1. "In a rich soil, and under a soft climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up amid the flowers of art."

^{*} Falling slide of contrast to the preceding clause.

2. "All the wise institutions of the lawgiver, all the doctrines of the sage, all the ennobling strains of the poet, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them."

3. "The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are now understood and explained."

- 4. "The mighty pyramid, half buried in the sands of Africa, has nothing to bring down and report to us, but the power of kings, and the servitude of the people. If asked for its moral object, its admonition,* its sentiment, its instruction to mankind, or any high end in its erection, it is silent; —silent as the millions which lie in the dust at its base, and in the catacombs which surround it."
- 5. "Yes,—let me be frèe;† let me go and come at my own will; let me do business, and make journeys, without a vexatious police or insolent soldiery to watch my stèps; let me think, and do, and speak, what I please, subject to no limit but that which is set by the common weal; subject to no law but that which conscience binds upon me; and I will bless my country, and love its most rugged rocks, and its most barren soil."

Exception 3. 'Poetic and Pathetic Series'.

- Ex. 1. "Wheresoe'er thy lot command, Brother, pilgrim, stránger, God is ever near at hand, Golden shield from danger."
 - Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
 Alps to heaven soaring,
 Bow, to let the wishes pass
 Of a soul imploring."
 - 3. "From the phantoms of the night,
 Dreaming horror, pale affright,
 Thoughts which rack the slumbering breast,

* All emphatic series, even in suppositive and conditional expression, being, like enumeration, cumulative in effect, and corresponding, therefore, to climax in style, are properly read with a prevailing downward slide in the 'suspensive' or slight form, which belongs to incomplete but energetic expression, and avoids, accordingly, the low inflection of cadence at a period.

tion of cadence at a period.

† Emphasis, and length of clause, may substitute the 'moderate' falling slide for the slight 'suspensive' one. But the tone, in such cases, will still be perfectly free from the descent of a cadence, which belongs

only to the period.

Fears which haunt the realm of rest, And the wounded mind's remorse, And the tempter's secret force, Hide us 'neath Thy mercy's shade."

- 4. "From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth, From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth, From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow, From childhood's song, and affections vow; From all save that o'er which soul * bears sway, There breathes but one record,—'passing away!'"
- 5. "When the summer exhibits the whole force of active nature, and shines in full beauty and splendor; when the succeeding season offers its 'purple stores and golden grain,' or displays its blended and softened tints; when the winter puts on its sullen aspect, and brings stillness and repose, affording a respite from the labors which have occupied the preceding months, inviting us to reflection, and compensating for the want of attractions abroad, by fireside delights and home-felt joys; in all this interchange and variety, we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of seasons."
- 6. "In that solemn hour, when exhausted nature can no longer sustain itself, when the light of the eye is waxing dim, when the pulse of life is becoming low and faint, when the breath labors, and the tongue falters, when the shadow of death is falling on all outward things, and darkness is beginning to gather over the faces of the loved ones who are weeping by his bédside, a ray of immortal Hope, is beaming from

his features: it is a Christian who is expiring."

Note 2.—Exercise 1. 'Repeated and heightening Rising Inflection'. "I ask, will you in silence permit this invasion of your rights, at once wanton, mischievous, uncalled for, and unnécessary? Will you patiently tolerate the annihilation of all fréedom,—the appointment of a supreme dictator, who may, at his will, suspend all your rights, liberties, and privileges? Will you, without a murmur of dissent, submit to a tyranny which nearly equals that of the Russian autocrat, and is second to that of Bonaparte*?"

2. 'Repeated and increasing Falling Inflection'.

repeated.

^{*} The inflection of any clause always lies on the emphatic word; and, if that word is a polysyllable, on the accented syllable chiefly, although not always exclusively.

† This inflection both begins higher, and ends lower, every time it is

it the winter's stòrm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare mèals;—was it disèase,—was it the tòmahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hòpe, a ruined énterprise, and a broken hèart;—was it sóme, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken

company to their melancholy fate?"

3. "Yes, after he has destroyed my belief in the superintending providence of God,-after he has taught me that the prospect of an hereafter is but the baseless fabric of a vision, -after he has bred and nourished in me a contempt for that sacred volume which alone throws light over this benighted world,-after having argued me out of my faith by his sophistries, or laughed me out of it by his ridicule,—after having thus wrung from my soul every drop of consolation, and dried up my very spirit within me;—yes, after having accomplished this in the season of my health and my prosperity, the skeptic would come to me while I mourn, and treat me like a drivelling idiot, whom he may sport with, because he has ruined me, and to whom, in the plenitude of his compassion,-too late, and too unavailing,-he may talk of truths in which he himself does not believe, and which he has long exhorted me, and has at last persuaded me, to cast away as the dreams and delusions of human folly."

Simple Concluding Series.

Exercise 1. "It is a subject interesting alike to the óld, and

to the young."

2. "Nature, by the very disposition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and imposed upon men, at moderate intervals, a general intermission of their toils, their occupá-

tions, and their pursuits."

3. "The influence of true religion, is mild, and soft, and noiseless, and constant, as the descent of the evening dew on the tender herbage, nourishing and refreshing all the amiable and social virtues; but enthusiasm is violent, sudden, rattling as a summer shower rooting up the fairest flowers, and washing away the richest mould, in the pleasant garden of society."

Compound Concluding Series.

Exercise 1. "The winter of the good man's age is cheered with pleasing reflections on the past, and bright hopes of the future."

2. "It was a moment replete with joy, amazement, and anxiety."

3. "Nothing would tend more to remove apologies for inattention to religion, than a fair, impartial, and full account of the education, the characters, the intellectual processes, and the dying moments of those who offer them."

4. "Then it would be seen, that they had gained by their skepticism no new pleasures, no tranquillity of mind, no peace of conscience during life, and no consolation in the

hour of death."

5. "Well-doing is the cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benévolence, and makes

the current of our peculiar affections swift and deep."

6. "A distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, was sometimes a theme of speculation.—How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south*; diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!"

Exception 1.—'Disconnected Series'.—Exercise 1. "Youth, in the fulness of its spirits, defers religion to the sobriety of manhood; manhood, encumbered with cares, defers it to the leisure of old age; old age, weak and hesitating, is unable to enter on an untried mode of life."

2. "Let me prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found

at the bar of the Almighty."

3. "Religion will grow up with you in youth, and grow old with you in age; it will attend you, with peculiar pleasure, to the hovels of the poor, or the chamber of the sick; it will retire with you to your closet, and watch by your bed, or walk with you, in gladsome union, to the house of God; it will follow you beyond the confines of the world, and dwell with you for ever, in heaven, as its native residence."

^{*} Accidental 'falling' inflection, for contrast.

'Emphatic Series'.—Exercise 1. "Assemble in your parishes, villages, and hamlets. Resolve,—petition,—addrèss."

2. "This monument will speak of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have

sacrificed their lives for their country."

3. "I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowhere warmer than those of New England, soldiers nowhere braver, patriots nowhere purer, wives and mothers nowhere truer, maidens nowhere lovelier, green valleys and bright rivers nowhere greener or brighter; and I will not be silent, when I hear her patriotism or her truth questioned with so

much as a whisper of detraction."

4, "What is the most odious species of tyranny? That a handful of men, free themselves, should execute the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow-crèatures; that innocence should be the victim of opprèssion; that industry should toil for ràpine; that the harmless laborer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredàtion:—in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world."

Exception 3.—' Poetic Series'.

Ex. 1. "He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering stréams,

High-gleaming from afàr."

"Round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-fingered Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
And, softened into joy, the surly Storms."

3. "Hear him compare his happier lot, with his Who bends his way across the wintery wolds, A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow Beats in his face, and dubious of his paths, He stops and thinks, in every lengthening blast, He hears some village mastiff's distant howl, And sees far streaming, some lone cottage light; Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes, And clasps his shivering hands, or, overpowered

Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep, From which the hapless wretch shall never wake."

4. "There was neither tree, nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living créatures, nor visible remnant of what hu-

man hands had reared."

5. "And I, creature of clay, like those here cast around, I travel through life, as I do on this road, with the remains of past generations strewed along my trembling path; and, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, shortly rejoin the silent tenants of some cluster of tombs, and be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse."

RULE V.—[No separate exercises on this rule are deemed necessary; as it is so fully illustrated in the examples to the rule.]

Both Inflections, in connexion.

Rule I.—Exercise 1. "It is not a parchment pédigree,—it is not a name derived from the ashes of dead men, that make the only charter of a king. Englishmen were but slaves, if, in giving crown and sceptre to a mortal like ourselves, we

ask not, in return, the kingly virtues."

2. "The true enjoyments of a reasonable being do not consist in unbounded indulgence,* or luxurious éase, in the tumult of pássions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amúsements. Yielding to immóral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trísling ones, debàses it: both, in their degree, disqualify it for genuine góod, and consign it over to wrètchedness."

3. "What constitutes a state?—

Not high raised battlements, or labored mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, proud návies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,-

Where low-browed baseness wasts perfume to pride!
No!—mèn,—high-minded men,—

Men who their dúties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Note. 'Concession and Unequal Antithesis.'

Ex. "The clouds of adversity may darken over the Christian's

^{*} The penultimate inflection falls, when a sentence ends with the rising slide

páth. But he can look up with filial trust to the guardian

care of a beneficent Fàther."

2. "I admit that the Greeks excelled in acuteness and versatility of mind. But, in the firm and manly traits of the Roman character, I see something more noble,—more worthy of admiration."

3. "We war against the lèaders of evil,—not against the helpless tóols: we war against our opprèssors,—not against

our misguided bréthren."

"Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering: better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh."

Exception. 'Emphatic Negation'.

Exercise 1. "I'll keep them all;

He shall not have a Scot of them;

Nò, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not."

2. "Do not descend to your graves with the disgraceful censure, that you suffered the liberties of your country to be taken away, and that you were mutes as well as cowards. Come forward, like men: protest against this atrocious attempt."

3. "I am not sounding the trumpet of war. There is no man who more sincerely deprecates its calamities, than I

do."

4. "Rest assured that, in any case, we shall not be willing to rank last in this generous contest. You may depend on us for whatever heart or hand can do, in so noble a cause."

5. "I will cheerfully concede every reasonable demand, for

the sake of péace. But I will not submit to dictation."

Rule II. 'Question and Answer'.—Exercise 1. "Do you think these yells of hostility will be forgótten?—Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country, that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills?—Oh! they will be heard there:—yès, and they will not be forgotten."

2. "I will say, what have any classes of you, in Ireland, to hope from the French? Is it your property you wish to pre-

serve ?-Look to the example of Holland; and see how that nation has preserved its property by an alliance with the French! Is it independence you court?—Look to the example of unhappy Switzerland: see to what a state of servile abasement that once manly territory has fallen, under France! Is it to the establishment of Catholicity that your hopes are directed?—The conduct of the First Consul, in subverting the power and authority of the Pope, and cultivating the friendship of the Mussulman in Egypt, under a boast of that subversion, proves the fallacy of such a reliance.—Is it civil liberty* you require?—Look to France itself, crouching under despotism, and groaning beneath a system of slavery, unparalleled by whatever has disgraced or insulted any nation."

3. "Shall I be left forgotten, in the dust,

When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive? Shall Nature's voice,—to man alone unjust,—

Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive With disappointment, pénury, and páin?

Nò: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,

And man's majestic beauty bloom again, Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

RULE III. 'Disjunctive "Or"'.—Exercise 1. "Will you rise like men, and firmly assert your rights, or will you tamely

submit to be trampled on?"

2. "Did the Romans, in their boasted introduction of civilization, act from a principle of humane interest in the welfare of the world? Or did they not rather proceed on the greedy and selfish policy of aggrandizing their own nation, and extending its dominion?"

3. "Do virtuous hábits, a high standard of morálity, proficiency in the arts and embellishments of life, depend upon physical formátion, or the látitude in which we are pláced? -t Do they not depend upon the civil and religious institu-

tions which distinguish the country?"

[The remaining rules on 'inflection,' as they are of less frequent application, are thought to be sufficiently illustrated by the examples appended to each rule. A repetition of these, however, may be useful, as an exercise in review.]

^{*} In paragraphs constructed like the above, the successive questions rise one above another, in inflection, so as at last to reach a very high

[†] The above rule applies to cases in which the conjunction Or is, or may be, understood.

§ IX.—JUST STRESS.

The next characteristic of good reading and speaking, is just 'stress'. This word,—as used by Dr. Rush, in his Philosophy of the voice,—is meant to designate a peculiar modification of force, which distinguishes speech from music. A long drawn musical sound has its most forcible part,—in consequence of 'swell' and 'diminish',—at the middle portion of the note. The tones of speech on the contrary,—although, in a few cases, they approach to this mode of voice,—usually have the chief force of each sound at the opening or the closing part. In music, the increase of force is, comparatively, gradual; in speech and reading, it is frequently abrupt. To these distinctive modes of voice the term 'stress' is applied.

To understand the application of this term, in detail, it becomes necessary to advert to the mode of creating vocal sounds. In vocal music, the result is obtained by full 'inspiration', (inhaling or drawing in the breath,) and, comparatively slight 'expiration', (giving forth the breath.) In this mode, much breath is drawn in, much retained, or withheld, and little given out at a time; and thus are produced those smooth, pure, and gradually increasing tones, which are appropriate to music,—all the breath that is given forth, being converted into sound, and none escaping, that is not vocalized. In notes of very short duration, singing and speech are, it is true, brought nearer to a resemblance. But this resemblance is more apparent than real; as may be observed in the execution of every good singer, which, in the most rapid passages, still produces the genuine effect of song, as differing from speech. The resemblance is owing solely to the brevity of sound, in such cases, which does not afford time for broad and marked distinctions to be drawn by the ear.

The modes of voice which constitute speech, or are exem plified in reading, are the following:

I. RADICAL STRESS. This form of force includes two modes, — 'explosion' and 'expulsion'.

1. 'Explosion' is an abrupt and instantaneous burst of voice,—as, for example, in violent anger.

This, being an instinctive, unconscious, involuntary, impulsive emotion, does not allow time or disposition for any intentional or deliberate effect, but makes the creation of vocal sound seem an irrepressible, spontaneous, electric production of nature, lying equally out of the reach of the understanding and the will. This tone has its contrast in the deep, calm, and regular swell of the tone of reverence, or the ample volume, and deliberate force, of conscious authority and command, in which the speaker is self-possessed and self-directed, and controls his vocal effects for purposes understood or felt.

Contrast, for instance, the following angry shout of Douglas, when enraged by the defiance of Marmion, with the examples of reverential invocation and authoritative command, which occur in subsequent paragraphs.

Example of 'Explosion'.

"UP DRAWBRIDGE! GROOM! What, WARDER, HO! Let the PORTCULIS FALL!"

The sounds of all the accented vowels, in this style, fall upon the ear with an instantaneous, clear, sharp, abrupt, and cutting force, at the initial or 'radical' part of each.

2. 'Expulsion',—a conscious, intentional, and deliberate force, coming upon the ear with great power; as, for example, in the language of authoritative command.

Example of 'Expulsion'.

"Vànguard! to right and left the front unfold!"

In this style, bold and forcible as it is, and even sudden as is its commencement, the accented vowels do not startle the ear with the abrupt shock of the tone of anger, exemplified above. There is a partial, though very brief, swell, perceptible, in the 'radical', or initial part, of each sound.—Both of the preceding examples are classed under the head of 'radical' stress; as their chief force lies in the 'radical', or first part of each sound.

II. MEDIAN STRESS. This mode of force is exhibited in, 1. 'Effusion',—a moderate, gentle, and gradual swelling of tone,—as, for example, in the calm and tranquil utterance of reverential feeling, in which no disturbing impulse agitates or forces out the breath, but the voice, somewhat as in music, glides out, with a smooth effusive stream of sound, enlarging as it flows, but never bursting out into irregular violence.

Example of 'Effusion'.

"But chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer, Before all temples, the upright heart and pure, Instruct me, for Thou know'st."

The 'effusive' style avoids every thing abrupt or sudden in the formation of sound, and swells gradually to its 'acmé', (chief point,) at the middle of each sound,—in the manner of music; and from this point 'diminishes', or decreases, to the close. This species of 'stress' is accordingly denominated 'median',—from the word medium, or middle.

2. 'Suppression',—a powerful force of 'explosion' or 'expulsion', kept down, in the very act of giving forth the voice, and converted into the 'median' form, as in the case of a person communicating, in great earnestness of feeling, with an-

other, standing at a distance, and yet exceedingly anxious not to be heard by a third person, still farther off,—or, as in the tone of extreme earnestness, uttered by the watcher in the chamber of a sick person.

Examples of 'Suppression'.

1. "Hark! James, listen! for I must not speak loud. I do not wish John to hear what I am saying!"

2. "Step softly! speak low! make no noise!"

This mode of voice may be termed a 'half whisper'; it is the 'aspirated' and 'impure' tone, which lies half way between the ordinary tone of the voice and a whisper. It is caused by allowing a vast quantity of breath, not 'vocalized', to rush out along with the sound of the voice. It is, in fact, 'explosion', or 'expulsion', merged, as it were, or drowned, in a stream of 'aspiration', and made to assume the style of 'median stress'.

III. Vanishing Stress. Besides the 'radical', or initial, and the 'median', or middle, 'stress', there is also a 'vanishing', or final 'stress', which begins softly, swells onward, and bursts out suddenly, and leaves off abruptly, at the very close of a sound, as in the jerking termination of the tone of impatient feeling.

Thus, in the language of maddened impatience, as uttered by Queen Constance, in her frenzy of grief and disappointment, at the overthrow of all her hopes for her son, in consequence of the peace formed between France and England:

Example of 'Vanishing Stress'.

"War! war!—no peace: peace is to me a war!"

In tones of this class, the voice withholds its force, and delays the explosion or expulsion, till the last moment of the emphatic sound, and then throws it out with an abrupt, wrenching force, which resembles that of a stone suddenly jerked from the hand. This species of stress, as it lies at the 'vanish', or last point, of a sound, is termed 'vanishing stress'.

IV. Compound Stress. The designation of 'compound stress', is applied to that mode of forming tones, which throws out the force of the voice in such a manner as to mark, with great precision, the 'radical' and the 'vanish', or the beginning and the end, of each accented or emphatic sound.

Thus, in the tone of surprise, which is marked by a bold, 'upward slide', beginning very low, and ending very high, the voice strikes with peculiar force on the first and last points of the slide, in order to stamp it more distinctly on the ear, as the vehicle of intense emotion. A striking example again occurs in the language of Queen

Constance, in the situation mentioned before, when overwhelmed with astonishment at the news she has jast received.

Example of 'Compound Stress'.

"Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! Gone to be friends!"

V. Thorough Stress. This designation is applied to that species of force, which marks all the forms of 'stress', 'radical', 'median', and 'vanishing', with intense power, on the same sound; so as to cause the character of all to be deeply felt, as in a bold shout, or any other very impressive form of voice, which indicates intense emotion.

Example of 'Thorough Stress'.
"Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"

In this shout of the arch-fiend to his fallen host, the tone, it will be perceived, is not that of mere volume or quantity, of mere loudness or physical force, as in the mechanical act of calling, or the voice of a public crier. It has the wide 'falling inflection' of authority and command, and the forcible 'radical' stress and 'expulsive' utterance of courage; and to preserve the effect of all these, it must not only begin and close vividly, but exhibit a 'median' 'swell', and a distinct 'vanish'. It must, in other words, give distinctive force and character to the beginning, the middle, and the end of each accented sound.

VI. INTERMITTENT STRESS, OR TREMOR. The 'tremor', (trembling,) or 'intermittent' stress, takes place in the utterance of all those emotions which enfeeble the voice, by their overpowering effect on feeling; as, for example, in fear and grief, and sometimes joy, when extreme. This mode of utterance characterizes, also, the feeble voice of age, or the tone of a person shivering with cold.

Examples of the former will be found in the section on 'Expressive Tones'. Of the latter we have instances in the language, both of the old woman and the farmer, in Wordsworth's ballad, 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill'.

Examples of Tremor.

1. "She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—

[Tremor] { 'God! who art never out of hearing,
Oh! may he never more be warm!""

2. "No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
'Poor Harry Gill is very cold!""

Exact discrimination and disciplined facility, in distinguishing and executing the different forms of 'stress', are indispensable to the life and appropriateness of good reading. Without the command of clear and full 'radical stress', the voice has no efficacy: without the expression embodied in the 'median' and 'vanishing' forms, it is destitute of feeling. The preceding examples should be practised till they become perfectly familiar. The importance of this branch of elocution, in connexion with expressive tones, will be yet more distinctly perceived, when the student arrives at that stage of the subject, in which frequent references are made to the distinctions of 'stress'.

§ X.—EXPRESSIVE TONES.

The word 'tone', in elocution, may be used, as in music to signify the interval which exists in successive sounds of the voice, as they occur in the gamut, or musical scale. But it is commonly used as equivalent, nearly, to the term 'expression', in music, by which is meant the mode of voice as adapted, or not adapted, to feeling. Thus we speak of the 'tones' of passion,—of a 'false' tone,—of a 'school' tone.

Every tone of the voice implies, 1. a certain 'force', or 'quantity', of sound;—2. a particular 'note', or 'pitch';—3. a given 'time', or 'movement';—4. a peculiar 'stress';—5. a special 'quality', or character;—6. a predominating 'inflection'. Thus, the tone of awe, has a 'very soft force', a 'very low pitch', a 'very slow movement', 'median stress', and 'pectoral quality', or that deep murmuring resonance, which makes the voice seem as it were partially muffled in the chest, together with a partial 'monotone', prevailing at the opening of every clause, and every sentence. All these properties belong to the natural utterance of awe; take away any one, and the effect of emotion is lost,—the expression sounds deficient to the ear.

[xx] Example 1. "The bell | strikes | one.—We take no note of time,

[=] But from its loss: to give it, then, a tongue, [m.s.] Is wise | in man. As if an angel | spoke | [p.q.] I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright, It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they ?—With the years beyond the flood."

^{*} These marks indicate [xx] 'very soft,' [$_{0}$ $_{0}$ 'very low', [=] 'very slow'; [m. s.] 'median stress'; [p. q.] 'pectoral quality'. See Key to the Notation of 'Expressive Tone', on next page.

The first five of the properties of voice which have been enumerated, are the ground of the following classification and notation.

KEY TO THE NOTATION OF 'EXPRESSIVE TONE.'

'Force'.

[1] 'loud'; [11] 'very loud'; [x] 'soft'; [xx] 'very soft'; [<] 'increase'; [>] 'decrease'.

'Pitch'.

[°] 'high'; [°°] 'very high'; [o] 'low'; [oo] 'very low'.

. 'Key'.

[#] 'lively',—(full tone;) [b] 'plaintive',—('semitone'.)
'Time'.

[\cup] 'quick'; [\cup \cup] 'very quick'; [—] 'slow'; [=] 'very slow'.

'Stress'.*

[r.s.] 'radical stress'; [m.s.] 'median stress'; [v.s.] 'vanishing stress'; [c.s.] 'compound stress'; [th.s.] 'thorough stress'; [s.s.] 'suppressed stress'; [tr.] 'tremor'; [ef.s.] 'effusive stress'; [expul.s.] 'expulsive stress'; [explo.s.] 'explosive stress'.

'Quality'.†

[h.q.] 'harsh quality'; [sm.q.] 'smooth quality'; [a.q.] 'aspirated quality'; [pu.t.] 'pure tone'; [p.q.] 'pectoral quality'; [g.q.] 'guttural quality'; [o.q.] 'oral quality'; [oro.q.] 'orotund quality'.

Combinations.

[h.g.q.] 'harsh guttural quality'; [sm.p.q.] 'smooth pectoral quality', &c

The above Key, though, at first sight, intricate, will occasion no serious difficulty to students who have read attentively the Sections on 'Stress' and 'Quality.' The notation will be found of great service, not only by suggesting appropriate 'expression', which a young reader might otherwise overlook, but by enabling the pupil to prepare for the exercise of reading or declaiming, by previous study and practice.

It is a humiliating fact, that, in many schools, the sublimest and most beautiful strains of poetry,—take, for example, Milton's invocation, "Hail holy Light!"—are, from the neglect of 'expressive tone', called out in the same voice with which a clerk repeats the number or the mark on a bale of goods, or read with the 'free and easy' modulation of a story told by the fireside,—or perhaps, with

^{*} See § IX. 'STRESS'. † See § I. 'QUALITY'.

the pompous mouthing of the juvenile hero of a 'spouting club', with the languishing tone of a sick person, or with the suppressed, half-whispering utterance of a conscious culprit.

The notation of 'expression' has been adopted with a view to the early formation of correct habit.

RULES ON EXPRESSIVE TONE.

RULE I. The tones of anger, vexation, alarm, fear, and terror, have an utterance 'extremely loud, high, and quick', 'abrupt', and 'explosive',—or, sometimes marked by 'expulsive' and by 'vanishing' stress,—an 'aspirated', 'harsh', and 'guttural' voice, and are characterized, throughout, by the 'falling inflection'.

Example of Anger.

Notation. "He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half [1] a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, [°°] scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my [00] friends, heated mine ènemies: and what's his rèa-[h. g. q.] son? I am a Jèw.—Hath not a Jew éyes, hath not [exploss.] a Jew hands, organs, diménsions, sénses, afféctions, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the See Key same wéapons, subject to the same diséases, healed by to the same méans, warmed and cooled by the same win-Notation. ter and summer as a Christian is?"

Vexation.

[11] "Sáy you so? sáy you so?—I say unto you again, you are a shàllow, cówardly, hìnd, and you [ou] lìe. Our plot is a good plot as ever was làid; our [explo.s.] friends true and cònstant; a gòod plot, good [a. p. friends, and full of expectàtion: an excellent plot, & very good friends. What a fròsty-spirited rogue g. q.] is this!—An I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.—Oh! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed mìlk with so honorable an àction!"

Alarm.

[II] [° °] [∪ ∪] [expul. s.] [a. & oro. q.] [Shouting, Calling.] "Strike on the tinder, Hd! Give me a TAPER; call up all my PROPLE!
Get MORE tapers;
Raise all my kindred!—

Call up my BROTHER!—
Some | one way, some another!
Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night!"

Fear.

[11] "Oh! save me, Hubert, SAVE me: my eyes are dut, [°°] Even with the fierce Looks of these bloody men!

[00] Alàs! what need you be so boisterous rough?

[expul. I will not struggle,—I will stand | stone | still. r.s.] For HEAVEN's sake, Hubert! let me not be BOUND!

[a.o.g.] Nay, HEAR me, Hubert! drive these men away,

f'Tre- And I will sit as quiet as a LAMB;

mor', I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, through-Nor LOOK | upon the irons | angerly;

out.] Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you, Whatever torments you do put me to."

Terror.

"AWAKE! AWAKE!-

[expul. Ring the ALARUM BELL: MURDER! and TREASON!

& m.s. Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! AWAKE? pro- Shake off this downy slèep, death's counterfeit,

longed.] And look on death itself!—Ur! ur! and see [g.40.q.] The great DOOM's image!—MALCOLM! BANQUO! Shout. As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

[Call.] To countenance this horror!"

RULE II. Wonder and astonishment are expressed by 'loud. high, and slow utterance'; 'vanishing stress'; 'aspirated' and slightly 'guttural' 'quality'; and prolonged 'downward slide'. -Astonishment exceeds wonder, in the degree of these properties.

Example of Wonder.

"What is 't ?-- a spirit?

See! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, It carries a brave form !-but 't is a spirit !-

I might call him

[a. o. q.] A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble!"

Astonishment.

"Alonzo. What harmony is this?—my good friends, HARK!

Gonzalo. Màrvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, HEAVENS!-- What were [a.p.q.] THÈSE?

Sebastian. A living dròllery! Now I will believe

That there are unicorns: that, in Arabia,
There is one trèe, the phanix' throne; one phanix
At this hour rèigning there.
Antonio.

I'll believe both;

Antonio. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 't is TRUE."

Note. Amazement, when it does not go to the utmost extreme, has a louder, but lower and slower utterance, than astonishment: the other properties of voice are of the same description as those expressed in astonishment, but increased in degree.

Amazement.

[1] "Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you [*] In this strange stare?

[-] [] Alonzo. Oh! it is monstrous! monstrous!

[v. s.] Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it; [a. f. The winds did sing it to me; and the THUNDER,

p. q.] That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounced The name of PROSPER; it did bass my trespass!"

Rule III. Horror and extreme amazement have a 'softened' 'force', an extremely 'low' note, and 'slow' movement, a 'suppressed stress', a deep 'aspirated pectoral quality', and a prevailing 'monotone'.

Example of Horror.

[x] "Now, o'er the one half world

[o o] Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse

[-] The curtained slèeper; witchcraft celebrates [s.s.] Pale Hécate's offerings; and withered murder,

a.p. Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,

q.] Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost.—[oo] Thou sure and firm-set earth! Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear The very stones prate of my whereabouts, And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it."

^{*} The omission of any mark, indicates the moderate or middle 'pitch', 'force', or 'rate'. The absence of the notation for 'pitch', in the above case, is equivalent to 'middle pitch'.

Extreme Amazement.

[x] "Oh! ànswer me:
[o] Let me not bùrst in ignorance! but tell

Who the consulation

[=] Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death, [s. s.] Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,

[a. p. q.] Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
[Tremor.] Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! [o] What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?"

RULE IV. Awe has usually a 'suppressed' force, a 'very low' note, and a 'very slow' movement. Solemnity, reverence, and sublimity, have a 'moderate' force, a 'low' note, and a 'slow movement'.—All four of these emotions are uttered with 'effusive median stress', and deep, but 'pure', 'pectoral quality'; together with a prevalent 'monotone'.

Note. When great force is expressed in the language, the tone becomes 'loud' in awe.

Example of Awe.

[] "O Thou unutterable Potentate!

[] Through nature's vast extent, sublimely great!— [=] But here, on these gigantic mountains, here,

[ef. Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength, and spirit,

m.s.] In terrible sublimity appear!

[pu. Thy awe-imposing voice is heard,—we hear it!—
t. The Almighty's fearful voice: attend! It breaks
p.q.] The silence, and in solemn warning speaks.

[o] Thou breathest! [loo—] forest oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks towards the skies.

[adamantine mountains break, Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven!

[o] At God's almighty will,
[lo—] The affrighted world falls headlong from its sphere!
[o] = Planets, and suns, and systems disappear!"

Solemnity.

[o][—] "Fāther! thỹ hānd [ef. Hath rēared thēse vēnerable columns; Thou m.s.] Didst wēave this vērdant roof. Thou didst look down [pu.t. Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose

p.q.] All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,

[x_{on} =]Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold

Communion with his Maker !"

Reverence.

[x. —] "Oh! let me öften to these solitudes
[ef. m. s.] Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
[pu.t.p.q.] My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

And tremble, and are still.

[xx_o =] Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of Thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives!"

Sublimity.

[6] "Hàil! hōly Līght, ōffspring of hēaven first bōrn,— [ef. Or, of the Eternal, coeternal bèam

m. s.] May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light,

[oro. And never but in unapproached light

q.] Dwelt from eternity,—dwelt then in thee, Bright effluence of bright essence increate;

[o] Or hearst thou, rather, pure ethereal stream, Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sún, Before the heavens thou wert, and, at the voice Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest The rising world of waters, dark and deep, Won from the void and formless infinite.

RULE V. Revenge is 'loud' and 'low' in utterance: when deliberate, it is 'slow',—when violent, it is 'quick': it has the 'median stress'; and 'aspirated' 'pectoral' and 'guttural quality', combined. It is marked by a prevalent 'downward slide'.

Example 1.

[1] "ON them, Hussars!—Now give them REIN and HEEL! Think of the ORPHANED CHILD, the MURDERED SIRE:

[expul. Earth cries for BLOOD,—[II] in THÙNDER on them s.] WHÈEL!

[oro.q.] This hour to Europe's fate shall set the TRIUMPH SEAL!"

[1] 2. Shylock. "There I have another bad match: a [] BANKRUPT, a PRODIGAL, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; —a BEGGAR, that used to come [expul.s.] so smug upon the mart: let him look to his BOND: [h. g. & he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to pec. q.] HIS BOND: he was wont to lend money for a CHRISTIAN COURTESY: LET HIM LOOK TO HIS BOND!"

RULE VI. Scorn is characterized by 'loudness', by drawling 'slowness', and a tone which, in the emphatic words, begins on a 'high' and slides to a 'low' note; by 'thorough stress', and often, a laughing 'tremor', making the beginning, the middle, and the end, of every emphatic sound, distinct, and prominent, and cutting to the ear. The 'quality' of the voice in this tone, is strongly 'aspirated', but not 'guttural': the 'inflection' is usually 'falling', but, sometimes, becomes the 'wave', or 'circumflex'.

Example 1.

[11] "Thou SLAVE, THOU WRETCH, THOU COW-ARD!

[th. s.] Thou little văliant, great in vîllany!

[a.o.q.] Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou FORTUNE's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!"

[ll —] 2. "Pàle, TRÈMBLING, CÒWARD!—[Tremor.] thère I throw my gàge:

[a. q.] By thàt, and all the rights of knighthood èlse, Will I make gòod against thee, arm to Arm, What I have spôke, or thou canst worse devise."

RULE VII. Indignation is marked by full 'loudness', 'low' note, and deliberate 'slowness'; a swelling 'median stress'; and the effect arising from the blending of 'pectoral' and 'guttural' tone, to all the extent consistent with 'pure' 'orotund', in vehement style. The characteristic inflection is uniformly 'falling'.

[1] Exam. "In this complicated crisis of danger, wéakness, and calàmity, terrified and insulted by 6*

[expul.m.s.] or acting only to be DESTRÒYED, WHÈRE || is the [oro.q.] MAN || who will venture to flatter us with the hope of success from persevèrance in measures productive of thèse dire effècts?—Whò | has the EFFRÒNTERY to attempt it? WHÈRE || is that man? Let him, if he DÀRE, STAND FORWARD, and SHOW his FÀCE."

RULE VIII. Courage, joy, ardent love, and ardent admiration, are distinguished by 'loud', 'high', and 'lively' utterance; swelling 'median stress'; perfectly smooth and 'pure' 'quality' of tone; and frequent 'falling' inflections.

Note. Joy is sometimes expressed by 'tremor', ardor by

'aspiration', and courage by 'orotund' utterance.

Example 1. Courage and Ardent Admiration.

[]] "Now | for the Fight!—now | for the CANNON PEAL!—

[vv] FORWARD!—through blood, and toll, and [expul.r.s.] cloud, and fire!

[oro. q.] Glorious—the shout, the shock, the crash of stèel.

The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!"
2. Joy.

"Thou Child of Joy!

Shour round me: let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd Boy!"

3. Ardent Love and Admiration.

"Oh! speak agàin, bright àngel; for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of hèaven

[m.s.] Unto the white upturned wondering eyes [pu.o.q.] Of mòrtals, that fall back to gàze on him, When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, And sails upon the bosom of the air."

Rule IX. Excessive grief and sorrow, are expressed by 'loud' 'high' and 'slow' utterance; 'tremor', or 'intermittent stress'; and 'pure' 'quality',—where not interrupted by sob, or 'aspiration'. The 'falling inflection' prevails throughout the utterance of these emotions.

Example.

[1][°] "Capulet. 'Hà! let me sèe her:—Out, alàs! she 's còld: [—] Her blood is sèttled; and her joints are stiff;

[a. q.] Life and these lips have long been separated;

[tr.] Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

[sob] Accursed time! unfortunate old man!"

[11] "Lady Capulet. 'Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

[-] Most miserable hour that e'er time saw,

[explo.s.] In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

[tr.] But dne, poor dne, dne poor and Ldving child,

[a. q.] But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

[sob] And cruel death | hath catched it from my sight!""

RULE X. Moderate grief and sorrow, pity, and tender love and admiration, are expressed by 'softened force', 'high' notes, and slow 'movement'; by prolonged and swelling 'median stress'; and by 'pure', but 'chromatic', or plaintive utterance. The 'rising inflection', in the form of 'semitone', (half tone,) prevails in the expression of these emotions.

Example of Moderate Grief.

[x] "Enamored déath, with sweetly pensive grace

[o] Was awful beauty to his silent face.

[—] No more his sad eye looked me into tears! [m.s.] Closed was that eye, beneath his pale, cold brow;

[pu. And on his calm lips, which had lost their glów, q.] But which, though pale, seemed half-unclosed to spéak,

[b] Loitered a smile, like moonlight on the snow."

Pity.

[x] "Morn cáme again;
[°] But the young lamb was dèad.
[—] Yet the poor mother's fond distress

[m. s.] Its every art had tried

[pu. q.] To shield, with sleepless tenderness,

The weak one at her side.

Round it, all night, she gathered warm

Her woolly limbs,—her head

Close curved perces its feeble form:

Close curved across its feeble form;

[>] Day dawned, and it was dead.—

[xx° =] It lay before her stiff and cold,—

Yet fondly she essayed
To cherish it in love's warm fold;
Then restless trial made,

Moving, with still reverted face, And low, complaining bléat, To entice from their damp resting place Those little stiffening feet."

Tender Love and Admiration.

"Hushed were his Gertrude's lips, but still their bland [x]And beautiful expression | seemed to melt [-] With love that could not die! and still his hand

[m.s.] She presses to the heart no more that felt.
[pu.q.] [o] Ah! heart, where once each fond affection dwélt, And features | yet | that spoke a soul more fair!"

Rule XI. Impatience, eagerness, and hurry, are denoted by 'loud' 'high', and 'quick movement'; impatience, by 'vanishing', or final 'stress'; eagerness, by 'expulsive median stress'; hurry, by abrupt 'radical' or initial 'explosive' 'stress': all three emotions are sometimes marked by the 'tremor', and by 'aspirated', and sometimes, 'anhelose' or panting utterance,—eagerness occasionally by the 'orotund'. The 'falling inflection' characterizes the tones of these emotions.

Example of Impatience.

"Mortimer. Fie! cousin Percy,—how you cross my father!

Hotspur. I cannot chòose: sometimes he angers me, [explo. With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Mérlin, and his pròphecies;

[a. q.] And of a drágon, and a finless fish, A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven, A couching lion, and a ramping cat, And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff, As puts me from my fàith. I tell you what,— He held me, but last night, at least NINE HOURS, In reckoning up the several DEVILS' names That were his lackeys: I cried 'humph!'—and 'well!' 'go tò!'—

But marked him not a word. Oh! he's as tedious As is a tired horse, a railing wife; Worse than a smoky House:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic in a WINDMILL. FAR, Than feed on cates, and have him TALK to me, In any summer-house in CHRISTENDOM."

Eagerness.

[1] "Hotspur. Send danger from the éast unto the west,

[°] So honor cross it from the north to south,

[v] And let them grapple:—Oh! the blood more stirs,

[expul. To rouse a Lion, than to start a HARE.

v. s.] By hèaven, methinks it were an easy leap,

[oro.q.] To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon; Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honor by the locks: So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear, Without co-rival, all her dignities."

Hurry.

[11 ° v v] "Sisters! hence, with spurs of speed! Each her thundering falchion wield;

[explo. r. s.] Each bestride her SABLE STEED: HURRY! HURRY to the Fleld!"

Rule XII. Melancholy is distinguished by 'soft', or faint and languid utterance, 'very low pitch', and 'very slow movement'; a gentle 'vanishing stress'; 'pure' but 'pectoral' 'quality'; and the 'monotone', or, occasionally, the plaintive 'semitone'.

Example:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

[..] Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, [=] To the last sýllable of recorded time;

[v. s.] And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

[pu.t.] The way to dusty death.—Oùt, oùt, brief candle! [pec. q.] Life's but a walking shadow,—a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

[>] And then | is heard no more."

Rule XIII. Despair has a 'softened force', a 'very low' note, and a 'very slow movement'; 'vanishing stress'; deep 'pectoral quality'; and a prevalent 'falling inflection' or an utter 'monotone'.

Example.

[x] "I have lived long enough; my way of life

[o o] Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:

[=] And that which should accompany old age, [v. s.] As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

[p.q.] I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Cùrses, not loud, but dèep, mouth-honor, brèath, Which the poor heart would fain dený, but dàre not."

Rule XIV. Remorse has a subdued or 'softened' force, very 'low pitch', and 'slow movement'; a strongly marked 'vanishing stress'; a deep 'pectoral' and 'aspirated' 'quality'; and a prevailing 'falling inflection', with, occasionally, the 'monotone'.

Example.

[x][oo] "Oh! my offence | is RANK,—it smells to HEAVEN:
[—] It hath the primal | ELDEST | curse | upon 't,

[s.6] A BRÒTHER'S | MÙRDER!—Pray can I not, v.s.] Though inclination be as sharp as will;

[a.pec. My stronger guilt || defèats my strong intent.—

q.] Oh! WRÈTCHED state! Oh! bốsom, black as DÈATH!
Oh! LìMED soul, that, struggling to be frée,
Art more engàged!"

Note. Self-reproach has a tone similar to the preceding, but less in the extent of each property, except 'force', in which it exceeds remorse, and 'pitch', in which it is higher.

Example.

[I] "Oh! what a rògue and peasant slàve am I!
[—] Is it not monstrous that this player here,

[v. s.] But in a fiction, a dream of passion,

[a. q.] Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage wanned,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hècuba!

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hècuba,
That he should weep for hèr. Whàt would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That 'I have? He would drown the stage | with tears,
And cleave the general èar with horrid spèech!
Make mad the guílty, and appal the frèe,
Confóund the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of éyes and èars."

RULE XV. Mirth is distinguished by 'loud,' 'high,' and 'quick' utterance; and an approach to the rapid, repeated 'explosions' of laughter, in a greater or less degree, according to the nature of the passage which contains the emotion.

To these properties are added 'aspirated quality', and the 'falling inflection', as a predominating one.

[| ° v] "A Fòol, A Fòol! I MET A Fòol i' the forest,

[explo. s.] A motley fool;—a miserable world;
[a. q.] As I do live by food, I met a fool;

[Laughing Who laid him down, and basked him in the sùn, voice.] And railed on lady Fórtune | in good tèrms, In good sét tèrms, and yet a mótley fool!"

Rule XVI. Gaiety and cheerfulness are marked by 'moderate force', 'high pitch', and 'lively movement'; moderate 'radical stress'; and smooth, 'pure quality' of tone, with varied 'inflections'.

Example.

[°] "Celia. I prày thee, Rosalind, sweet my cóz, be

[v] mèrry.

[r. s.] Rosalind. Well, I will forgèt the condition of my [pu.t.] estate, to rejoice in yours.—From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports; let me sèe; what think you of falling in love?

Celia. I prythee, do, to make sport withal; but love

no man in good ěarnest.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fòrtune, from her whèel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed èqually.

Rosalind. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful | blind | woman | doth most mistake her gifts to women."

RULE XVII. Tranquillity, serenity, and repose, are indicated by 'moderate force', 'middle pitch', and 'moderate movement'; softened 'median stress'; 'smooth' and 'pure' 'quality' of tone; and moderate inflections.

Example.

[] [] * "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! [m. s.] Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

[sm. q.] Creep in our ears! soft stillness, and the night, Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,

^{* &#}x27;Middle pitch', 'moderate force', and 'moderate movement'.

But | in his motion | like an angel | sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim: Such harmony is in immortal souls!"

The careful study and practice of tones cannot be too strongly urged on the attention of young readers. Reading, devoid of tone, is cold, monotonous, and mechanical, and false, in point of fact. It defeats the main end of reading, which is to impart thought in its natural union with feeling. Faulty tones not only mar the effect of expression, but offend the ear, by their violation of taste and propriety. Reading can possess no interest, speech no eloquence, without natural and vivid tones.

The foregoing examples should be practised with close attention, and persevering diligence, till every property of voice exemplified in

them, is perfectly at command.

§ XI. APPROPRIATE MODULATION.

The word 'modulation' is the term applied, in elocution, to those changes of 'force', 'pitch', and 'movement', 'stress', 'quality', and 'inflection', which occur, in continuous and connected reading, in passing from the peculiar tone of one emotion to that of another. 'Modulation', therefore, is nothing else than giving to each tone, in the reading or speaking of a whole piece, its appropriate character and expression.

The first practical exercise which it would be most advantageous to perform, in this department of elocution, is, to turn back to the exercises on 'versatility' of voice, and repeat them till they can be executed with perfect facility and precision. The next exercise should be a review, without the reading of the intervening rules, of all the examples given under the head of 'tones'. A very extensive and varied practice will thus be secured in 'modulation'. It should be required of the pupil, while performing this exercise, to watch narrowly, and state exactly, every change of tone, in passing from one example to another. The third course of exercise in 'modulation', is to select those of the pieces contained in this book, which are marked for that purpose, as the notation will indicate. A fourth course of practice may be taken on pieces marked in pencil, by the pupils themselves, under the supervision of the teacher.

This statement w.", it is thought, be a sufficient explanation of the reason why no separate exercises are given under the head of modulation, in Part I. of this volume. The closing remarks of Sec-

tion X. apply equally to § XI.

Suggestions to Teachers.

The compilers of this volume are well aware, that, in numerous schools, it is exceedingly difficult to command sufficient time for the

thorough and effectual performance of exercises in reading, and still more so, to find time for the systematic study of elocution: they would, however, respectfully suggest, that, as the complaint against bad reading is still so loud and general, some efforts for the removal of the grounds of this complaint, must be made. If so, these efforts, to be successful, must be systematic; and, if systematic, they cannot be hurried and superficial. Every teacher can best decide, in his own case, how much time he can create for such purposes. But it would, at all events, be practicable to make time by diminishing the quantity of reading usually attempted in a lesson.—A class who have learned in a day, to read ONE PARAGRAPH distinctly and impressively, have done more than has heretofore been effected, in successive YEARS of desultory and irregular practice.

- *** Teachers and students who wish for a more extensive statement of the general principles of elocution, or to devote their attention to the subject of gesture in connexion with declamation, may find it serviceable to peruse the American Elocutionist,* by one of the editors of the present work.
- * The American Elocutionist; comprising 'Lessons in Enunciation', 'Exercises in Elocution', and 'Rudiments of Gesture'; with a Selection of new Pieces for practice in Reading and Declamation; and engraved Illustrations in Attitude and Action. Designed for Colleges, Professional Institutions, Academies, and Common Schools. By William Russell. Boston: Jenks and Palmer.

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PART II.—PIECES FOR PRACTICE IN READING AND DECLAMATION.

LESSON I.—PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA.—ACTS, XXVI. CHAPTER.

I THINK myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially, as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning, (if they would

10 testify,) that after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers; to which promise, our twelve tribes, continually serving God day and night, hope to come: and for this hope's sake, king

15 Agrippa, I am accused by the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: and this I did in Jerusalem.

20 Many of the saints I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests: and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I often punished them in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them,

25 I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

But as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them who journeyed

30 with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking to me and saying, in the Hebrew

tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.* And I said, who art thou, Lord? And he replied, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things, which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, to whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance amongst them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but showed first to them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and through all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes, the Jews caught in the temple; and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying no other things than wose which the prophets and Moses declared should come; that Christ should suffer; that he would be the first wn should rise from the dead; and that 25 he would show light and of the Gentiles.

LESSON II.—CULTIVATION OF THE MIND .- S. REED.

[This piece is intended as an exercise in the application of *Rhetorical Pauses*, according to the Rules contained in the Section on Pausing, in Part I., page 25.]

It was the design of Providence, that the infant mind | should possess the germ | of every science. If it were not so, the sciences could hardly be learned. The care of God || provides | for the flower of the field | a place | wherein it may grow, regale the sense | with its fragrance, and delight the soul | with its beauty. Is nis providence | less active | over those, to whom this flower offers its incense?—No. The soil | which produces the vine || in its most healthy luxuriance, is not better adapted

^{*} Sharp-pointed instruments.

to that end, than the world we inhabit, to draw forth the latent energies of the soul, and fill them | with life | and vigor. As well might the eye | see | without light, or the ear | hear | without sound, as the human mind | be 5 healthy | and athletic | without descending into the natu-

ral world, and breathing the mountain air.

Is there aught in Eloquence | which warms the heart? She draws her fire | from natural imagery. Is there aught in Poetry | to enliven the imagination? There | is the secret | of all her power. Is there aught in Science | to add strength | and dignity | to the human mind? The natural world || is only the body, of which | she | is the soul. In books, science | is presented to the eye of the pupil, as it were, in a dried | and preserved | state. The time may

15 come, when the instructor | will take him by the hand, and lead him | by the running streams, and teach him all the principles of Science, as she comes from her Maker; as he would smell the fragrance | of the rose, without

gathering it.

This love of nature; this adaptation of man 1 to the place assigned him 1 by his heavenly Father; this fulness 1 of the mind 1 as it descends into the works of God,—is something, which has been felt 1 by every one,—though to an imperfect degree,—and 1 therefore 1 needs no explanation. It is the part of science, that this 1 be no longer a blind affection; but 1 that the mind 1 be opened 1 to a just perception 1 of what it is, which it loves. The af-

fection, which the lover first feels | for his future wife, may be attended | only by a general sense | of her exter30 nal beauty; but his mind | gradually opens | to a perception of the peculiar features of the soul, of which | the external appearance | is only an image. So it is | with nature. Do we love to gaze on the sun, the moon, the

stars, and the planets? This affection | contains | in its

35 bosom | the whole science of astronomy, as the seed |
contains the future tree. It is the office of the instructor
| to give it an existence | and a name, by making known
the laws, which govern the motions of the heavenly
bodies, the relation of these bodies to each other, and

40 their uses.

Have we felt delight ' in beholding the animal creation,
—in watching their pastimes ' and their labors? It is the
office of the instructor ' to give birth to this affection, by
describing the different classes of animals, with their pe-

culiar characteristics, which inhabit the earth, the air, and the sea. Have we known the inexpressible pleasure | of beholding the beauties | of the vegetable world? This affection | can only expand | in the science of botany.

5 Thus it is, that the love of nature | in the mass || may become the love of all the sciences, and the mind will grow and bring forth fruit || from its own inherent power of development.

LESSON III.—PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—DR. HUMPHREY. [Marked for Rhetorical Pauses.]

That | is! undoubtedly | the wisest! and best regimen, which takes the infant! from the cradle, and conducts him along, through childhood! and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner! as to give strength! to his arm, 5 swiftness! to his feet, solidity! and amplitude! to his muscles, symmetry! to his frame, and expansion! to his vital energies. It is obvious, that this branch of education | comprehends, not only food! and clothing, but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else! is requisite to the full development! of the physical constitution. The diet | must be simple, the apparel | must not

be too warm, nor the bed | too soft.

Let parents | beware | of too much restriction | in the management of their darling boy. Let him, in choosing 15 his play, follow the suggestions of nature. Let them not be discomposed | at the sight of his sand-hills | in the road, his snow-forts | in February, and his mud-dams | in April: nor when they chance to look out | in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading | and sailing, and sporting | along with the water-fowl. If they would make him hardy | and fearless, they must let him go abroad | as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself | by the hour together, in smoothing | and twirling | the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up | all day | with a stove, and graduating his sleeping-room | by Fahrenheit, they must let him face the keen

edge of a north wind, when the mercury ' is below cipher, and, instead of minding a little shivering ' and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him 30 out again. In this way, they will teach him ' that he was not born to live in the nursery, nor to brood over the fire; but to range abroad, as free as the snow ' and the air, and to gain warmth ' from exercise.

I love ' and admire ' the youth, who turns not back ' from the howling wintry blast, nor withers ' under the blaze of summer; who never magnifies 'mole-hills into mountains'; but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the 5 eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing ' that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibility. Who would think ' of planting the mountain oak ' in a green-house? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon ' in a lady's flower-pot? Who does not know, that, in or-10 der to attain their mighty strength ' and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain ' and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of the tempest?

LESSON IV.—SELF-EDUCATION.—D. A. WHITE. [Marked for Rhetorical Pauses.]

Education is the personal and practical concern of every individual, and at all periods of life.—Those | who have been favored | with advantages of early instruction, or | even | with a course of liberal education, ought to 5 consider it | rather as a good foundation to build upon, than as a reason | for relaxing | in their efforts | to make advances in learning. The design of early education, it should be remembered, is not so much to accumulate information, as to develop, invigorate, and discipline | the 10 faculties; to form habits of attention, observation, and industry, and | thus | to prepare the mind | for more extensive acquirements, as well as for a proper discharge | of the duties of life.

Those, who have not the privileges of early instruction,

must feel the stronger inducement | to avail themselves |

of all the means | and opportunities | in their power, for
the cultivation of their minds | and the acquisition of
knowledge. It can never be too late || to begin | or to
advance | the work of improvement. They will find distinguished examples of success | in the noble career of
self-education, to animate their exertions. These will
teach them, that no condition in life | is so humble, no
circumstances | so depressing, no occupation | so laborious, as to present insuperable obstacles to success | in the
acquisition of knowledge. All such disheartening obstacles, combined, may be surmounted, as they have been |
in a thousand instances, by resolute | and persevering determination | to overcome.

Some of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, rose from the condition of slaves; and many of the most learned | among the moderns, have educated themselves | under circumstances | scarcely less depressing | than those of servitude. Heyne,* the first classical scholar of Germany, during the last century, and the brightest ornament | of the university of Göttingen,† raised himself | from the depths of poverty, by his own persevering, determined

spirit of application, rather than by the superior force of 10 his natural genius. Gifford, the elegant translator of Juvenal, struggled with poverty | and hardships | in early life, and nobly persevered, till he gained the high rewards of British learning; and Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer | and mechanician, was the son of a day-laborer,

15 and, at an early age, was placed at service | with several farmers | in succession; yet, without teachers, and almost without means | of instruction, he attained to high rank | among the philosophers of his age, and, as a lecturer, was listened to | by the most exalted, as well as the humblest |

20 in rank and station. By his clear and simple manner of teaching the physical sciences, he rendered the knowledge of them of more general, than it had ever before been in England; and through his learned publications he became also the instructor of colleges and

25 universities.

All these extraordinary men | have left memoirs of themselves, detailing the struggles | through which they have passed, which will forever teach persevering resolution, against opposing obstacles, to all | who have a love of knowledge | or a desire of improvement. What en-

30 of knowledge | or a desire of improvement. What encouragement | may they not afford | to those who have no such struggles to encounter, and who can obtain | without difficulty | the means of instructing themselves! There would seem to be no apology, at the present day, in this

35 country | at least, for extreme ignorance, in any situation or condition of life. The most valuable knowledge, that which is essential to moral cultivation, is certainly within the reach of all.

Innumerable | are the instances of successful self-in-40 struction, not only among men of bright natural talents,

* Pronounced, Hinay.

[†] The o, in this word, is not sounded as in any English word: it resembles αu , in the French word $c\alpha ur$,—the ng sound as in the English word singer.

but among those of apparently moderate powers; not only against the force of early disadvantages, but against that of the most adverse circumstances of active and public | employment. The highest honors of learning | have been won I amidst laborious professional duties | and the pressing cares of state. Hardy seamen, too, who have spent their days | in conflict with the storms of the ocean, have found means I to make themselves distinguished I in science | and literature, as well as by achievements in 10 their profession. The lives of Columbus, Cook, and Lord Collingwood | gloriously attest this fact. Our own country | has produced her full proportion | of self-taught men, -statesmen | and civilians, philosophers | and men of science. At their head | stand Washington | and Frank-15 lin, neither of whom | enjoyed, in early life, advantages of education, equal | to those which are afforded | by some of our free schools | to the humblest of the people.

LESSON V .- CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE .- WEBSTER.

[This, and the two following pieces, are meant to be studied, and marked in pencil, by pupils, themselves,—under the guidance, at first, of the teacher. The marking to be applied as an extension of practice on *Rhetorical Pauses*.]

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral entonements. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way,—they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the learth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, 20 their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric

is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent: then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence: or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

LESSON VI.—INDUSTRY INDISPENSABLE TO THE ORATOR.—
H. WARE, JR.

[To be marked for Rhetorical Pauses, by the reader.]

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that 5 industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miser-10 able mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and only after the most laborious process dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before the

20 eye.

But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that

he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression! And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various and most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural tal-15 ent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no efforts to improve. 20 That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Demosthenes and Cicero, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, 25 and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame?-They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them.

LESSON VII.—GENIUS.—ORVILLE DEWEY.

[To be marked for Rhetorical Pauses, by the reader.]

The favorite idea of a genius, among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when, at midnight, or at odd times and intervals, and now and then strikes out, "at a heat," as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the person of our Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles; "loose fellows about town, or loungers in the country;" who slept in alehouses, and wrote in bar-rooms; who took up the pen as a magician's wand, to supply their wants, and, when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their

carousals. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage; who muses in the fields, or dreams by the fireside: whose strong impulses,—that is the cant of it,-must needs hurry him into wild irregular-5 ities, or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor; such a one as Newton or Milton! What! they must have been irregu-

lar, else they were no geniuses.

"The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough,
10 if he would only study." Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that the genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study: that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all read-

15 ing is study.

Attention it is,—though other qualities belong to this transcendant power,—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the 20 mind, which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or one series of ideas, which collects in one point the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And, while the fire burns within, the outside may be indeed cold, indifferent, negligent, absent 25 in appearance; he may be an idler or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within.

And what though "it bursts forth," at length, as has been said, "like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?" It only shows the intense action of 30 the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, clear, and calm day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, 35 or at the crisis of a nation's peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of Demos-

thenes, was once a feeble infant thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawning. A father's care guarded its early youth. It soon trod with youthful steps the halls of 40 learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it, even as it finds them here. It went on; but silence was upon its path; and the deep strugglings of the inward soul silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues."

The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected energies and treasures; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth imbodied in the form of liv-

5 ing, commanding, irresistible eloquence.

The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange, that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it, than there is in the towering of 10 the preëminent forest-tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and waving of the boundless harvest.

LESSON VIII .- ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM .- W. C. BRYANT. [Marked for Rhetorical Pauses, in poetry.]

Here | are old trees, tall oaks | and gnarled pines, That stream | with gray-green mosses; here | the ground Was never trenched by spade; and flowers | spring up | Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet |

5 To linger here, among the flitting birds, And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds ! That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass, A fragrance | from the cedars, thickly set | With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades,-

10 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old,-My thoughts | go up the long | dim | path of years, Back | to the earliest days of Liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets | dream, A fair young girl, with light | and delicate limbs,

15 And wavy tresses | gushing from the cap With which the Roman master | crowned his slave | When he took off the gyves. A bearded man, Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand I Grasps the broad shield, and one i the sword; thy brow,

20 Glorious in beauty | though it be, is scarred | With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs | Are strong with struggling. Power | at thee has launched His bolts, and | with his lightnings | smitten thee; They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.

25 Merciless power | has dug thy dungeon deep, And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires, Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound, The links are shivered, and the prison walls Fall outward; terribly that springest forth,

As springs the flame | above a burning pile, And shoutest to the nations, who return Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor | flies.

Thy birthright | was not given | by human hands of Thou wert twin-born | with man. In pleasant fields While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him, To tend the quiet flock | and watch the stars, And teach the reed to utter simple airs.

Thou | by his side, amid the tangled wood,

Didst war upon the panther ' and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou ' with him ' didst draw
The earliest furrows ' on the mountain side,
Soft ' with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,

15 Hoary | with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born | than thou; and | as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper | trembles | in his fastnesses.

Oh! not yet |

20 Mays't thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by |

Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids |

In slumber; for thine enemy | never sleeps,

And thou | must watch | and combat || till the day

Of the new earth | and heaven. But wouldst thou rest

Awhile | from tumult | and the frauds of men,
These old | and friendly solitudes | invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees |
Were young | upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains | on the rock | were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

LESSON IX.—SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.
[To be marked for Rhetorical Pauses.]

I stood upon the hills, where heaven's wide arch Was glorious with the sun's returning march, And woods were brightened, and soft gales Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

The clouds were far beneath me:—bathed in light They gathered midway round the wooded height,

And in their fading glory shone Like hosts in battle overthrown,

As many a pinnacle with shifting glance,

10 Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,

And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted,—and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow

Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade,
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.
I heard the distant waters dash,—

I saw the current whirl and flash;—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,

The music of the village-bell

15 Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills, And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,

Was ringing to the merry shout
That faint and far the glen sent out,—

Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke
20 Through thick-leaved branches from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep

Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,

Go to the woods and hills !—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LESSON X .- THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER .- E. COOPER.

[This, and the two following pieces, are marked as exercises in application of the rules contained in the Section on Emphasis, Part I., page 28.]

The true Christian must show that he is in earnest about religion. In the management of his worldly affairs, he must let it clearly be seen, that he is not influenced by a worldly mind; that his heart is not upon earth; that he pursues his worldly calling from a principle of DUTY, not from a sordid love of gain; and that, in truth, his treasures are in HEAVEN. He must, therefore, not only "provide things honest in the sight of all men;" not only avoid every thing which is fraudulent and untot only avoid every thing which is fraudulent and untot just in his dealings with others; not only openly protest against those iniquitous practices which the custom of trade too frequently countenances and approves;—but, also, he must "let his moderation be known unto all men."

He must not push his gains with seeming eagerness, even to the utmost LAWFUL extent. He must exercise forbearance. He must be content with moderate profits. He must sometimes even forego advantages, which, in themselves, he might innocently take, lest he should seem to give any ground for suspecting that his heart is secretly

set upon these things.

Thus, also, with respect to worldly pleasures; he must endeavor to convince men that the pleasures which RELI-10 GION furnishes, are far greater than those which the world can yield. While, therefore, he conscientiously keeps from joining in those trifling, and, too often, profane amusements, in which ungodly men profess to seek their happiness, he must yet labor to show, that, in keeping

15 from those things, he is, in respect to real happiness, no loser, but even a GAINER by religion. He must avoid every thing which may look like moroseness and gloom. He must cultivate a cheerfulness of spirit. He must endeavor to show, in his whole deportment, the contentment

20 and tranquillity which naturally flow from heavenly affections, from a mind at peace with God, and from a hope full of immortality.

The spirit which Christianity enjoins and produces, is so widely different from the spirit of the world, and so im-25 mensely superior to it, that, as it cannot fail of being noticed, so it cannot fail of being admired, even by those who are strangers to its power. Do you ask in what particulars this spirit shows itself? I answer, in the exercise of humility, of meekness, of gentleness; in a patient bear-

30 ing of injuries; in a readiness to forgive offences; in a uniform endeavor to overcome evil with good; in self-denial and disinterestedness; in universal kindness and courtesy; in slowness to wrath; in an unwillingness to hear or to speak evil of others; in a forwardness to defend, to

35 advise, and to assist them; in loving our enemies; in blessing them that curse us; in doing good to them that hate us. These are genuine fruits of true Christianity.

The Christian must "let his light shine before men," by discharging in a faithful, a diligent, and a consistent 40 manner, the personal and particular duties of his station.

As a member of society, he must be distinguished by a blameless and an inoffensive conduct; by a simplicity and an ingenuousness of character, free from every degree of guile; by uprightness and fidelity in all his engagements.

As a neighbor, he must be kind, friendly, and accommodating. His discourse must be mild and instructive. He must labor to prevent quarrels, to reconcile those who differ, to comfort the afflicted. In short, he must be "ready for every good work;" and all his dealings with others must show the HEAVENLY PRINCIPLE, which dwells and works in his HEART.

LESSON XI.—POPULAR GOVERNMENT.—DR. SHARP. [Marked for *Emphasis*.]

The real glory and prosperity of a nation does not consist in the hereditary rank or titled privileges of a very small class in the community; in the great wealth of the few, and the great poverty of the many; in the splendid palaces of nobles, and the wretched huts of a numerous and half-famished peasantry. No! such a state of things may give pleasure to proud, ambitious, and selfish minds, but there is nothing here on which the eye of a patriot can rest with unmingled satisfaction. In his deliberate judgment.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A BREATH can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

It is an intelligent, virtuous, free, and extensive population, able, by their talents and industry, to obtain a competent support, which constitutes the strength and pros-

20 perity of a nation.

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It is not the least advantage of a popular government, that it brings into operation a greater amount of talent than any other. It is acknowledged by every one, that the occurrence of great events awakens the dormant energies of the human mind, and calls forth the most splendid and powerful abilities. It was the momentous question, whether your country should be free and independent, and the declaration that it was so, which gave to you orators, statesmen, and generals, whose names all future ages will delight to honor.

The characters of men are generally moulded by the circumstances in which they are placed. They seldom put forth their strength, without some powerfully exciting mutives. But what motives can they have to qualify them-

selves for stations, from which they are forever excluded on account of PLEBEIAN EXTRACTION? How can they be expected to prepare themselves for the service of their country, when they know that their services would be RE
5 JECTED, because, unfortunately, they dissent from the established religion, and have honesty to avow it!

But in a country like ours, where the most obscure in dividuals in society may, by their talents, virtues, and public services, rise to the most honorable distinctions, and 10 attain to the highest offices which the people can give, the most effectual inducements are presented. It is indeed true, that only a few who run in the race for political honor, can obtain the prize. But, although many come short, yet the exertions and the progress which they make, are 15 not lost either on themselves or society. The suitableness of their talents and characters for some other important station, may have been perceived; at least the cultivation of their minds, and the effort to acquire an honorable reputation, may render them active and useful members of the 20 community. These are some of the benefits peculiar to a POPULAR government; benefits which we have long enjoyed.

LESSON XII.-REVERENCE FOR LAW.-J. HOPKINSON.

From a Eulogium on Hon. Bushrod Washington.—Trial of General Bright, for obstructing the execution of a process of the Supreme Court of the United States.

[The type indicates, as before, the degree of Emphasis.]

Mark the conduct of Pennsylvania, at this unprecedented, trying crisis. Can she recede from her absolute assertion of right? Can she take back her unqualified menaces of resistance, and promises of protection to her citizens?—A judge, in himself a weak and helpless individual, supported by no power but the LAW, pronounces a sentence of CRIMINAL CONDEMNATION upon the ASSEMBLED REPRESENTATIVES of the people,—upon their SUPREME EXECUTIVE AUTHORITY; upon THEMSELVES; and orders the minister of their will, surrounded by a military force under his command, to a COMMON GAOL.—And this is submitted to with a REVERENTIAL AWE; not a murmur from the prisoner; not a movement by the people, to rescue him from a punishment inflicted upon him for obeying their mandates, for sustaining their authority, and defend-

ing their interests.—And why?—Because the LAW had

spoken,—it was the judgment of the LAW.

The people were wise and virtuous; they loved their country above all things; and to her they willingly sur5 rendered their strength, their passions, their pride, and their interest. A jury of Pennsylvania, instructed and convinced that the supremacy of the LAW had been violated, gave up the offenders,—their fellow-citizens, respected, and worthy of respect,—to its penalties.—What a judge!

10 —how fearless in his duty!—What a people! how magnanimous in their submission! How worthy of each other! No proud and passionate assertion of sovereignty; no violent menaces of insulted power; no rebellious defiance of the federal authority; no inflammatory combinations to 15 resist it; and to shatter, in their madness, the beautiful fabric of our Union.

In short, no nullification,—a new and portentous word,—but a calm and noble submission to the concentrated power of all the States, in a government MADE and ADOPTED by all; which all are BOUND, by their solemn and pledged faith, by their hopes of peace, safety, and happiness, to

MAINTAIN and OBEY.

It is only by such efforts of patriotism that this great and growing Republic can be preserved. If, whenever the 25 pride of a state is offended, or her selfishness rebuked, she may assume an attitude of defiance, may pour her rash and angry menaces on her confederated sisters, may claim a sovereignty altogether independent of them, and acknowledge herself to be bound to the Union by no ties but such as she may dissolve at pleasure; we do indeed hold our political existence by a most precarious tenure; and the future destinies of our country are as dark and uncertain as the most have been haven and alongous.

tain, as the past have been happy and glorious.

Happy is THAT country, and only that, where the laws

35 are not only just and equal, but supreme and irresistible;
—where selfish interests and disorderly passions are curbed
by an arm to which they must submit.—We look back
with horror and affright to the dark and troubled ages,
when a cruel and gloomy superstition tyrannized over the
40 people of Europe; dreaded alike by kings and people; by
governments and individuals; before which the LAW had
NO FORCE; JUSTICE NO RESPECT; and MERCY NO INFLUENCE.
The sublime precepts of morality, the kind and endearing
charities; the true and rational reverence for a bountiful

Creator, which are the elements and the life of our religion, were TRAMPLED upon in the reckless career of AMBI-TION, PRIDE, and the LUST of POWER. Nor was it much better when the arm of the warrior, and the sharpness of 5 his sword, determined every question of right; and held the weak in bondage to the strong; and the revengeful feuds of the great, involved, in one common ruin, themselves and their humblest vassals .- These disastrous days are GONE, never to return. There is no power but the 10 LAW, which is the power of ALL; and those who administer it are the MASTERS and the MINISTERS of ALL.

LESSON XIII .- BIRTHPLACE OF LIBERTY .- PROF. STUART.

[This, and the two following pieces, are intended to be marked by the reader, as an exercise in applying the rules of Emphasis.]

The members of the legislature * now before me, are convened on holy ground. Here is the sacred place where liberty, in its best form, first struggled into being. This is the very spot where the pulsation of the heart of 5 true freedom began to beat: I, who was born and nurtured in another state, may venture to say this without the appearance of self-gratulation. The remembrance of early days rushes upon my mind, and rekindles the enthusiasm with which I then read the story of your efforts 10 and sufferings on this ground, in behalf of your country's

freedom, while I bedewed with tears the pages which recorded them. Increasing years have not diminished that feeling; and it has been greatly augmented by a personal knowledge of this place and people. It is now my most

15 fervent supplication to God, that here, where freedom began, her reign may continue down to the end of time. Here may the flame of Christian liberty, which has been kindled, burn brighter and brighter, until states and empires shall be no more!

But if, in the inscrutable purposes of Heaven, and in judgment to our race, the cause of Freedom must again sink; if she is to be wounded in every part, and the current of her blood to be drained from every vein and artery of the body,-may the seat of life here still remain in 25 action! But if even the very heart too must be drained of its last drop, and life cease to beat, then let the funeral obsequies of human happiness be kept in solemn sadness;

^{*} Of Massachusetts.

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let the heavens be hung with black, and the earth clothed with habiliments of mourning, in token of grief, that the liberty of man is no more.

> LESSON XIV.—CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—Smyth. [To be marked for Emphasis, by the reader.]

To the historian, few characters appear so little to have shared the common frailties and imperfections of human nature, as that of Washington. There are but few particulars that can be mentioned even to his disadvantage. 5 Instances may be found where, perhaps, it may be thought that he was decisive to a degree that partook of severity and harshness, or even more; but how innumerable were the decisions which he had to make!-how difficult and how important, through the eventful series of twenty years

10 of command in the cabinet or the field!

Let it be considered what it is to have the management of a revolution, and afterwards the maintenance of order. Where is the man who, in the history of our race, has ever succeeded in attempting successively the one and the 15 other?—not on a small scale, a petty state in Italy, or among a horde of barbarians; but in an enlightened age, when it is not easy for one man to rise superior to another, and in the eyes of mankind,-

"A kingdom for a stage, And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

The plaudits of his country were continually sounding in his ears; and neither the judgment nor the virtues of the man were ever disturbed. Armies were led to the field with all the enterprise of a hero, and then dismissed with all the equanimity of a philosopher. Power was accepted, was exercised, was resigned, precisely at the moment and in the way that duty and patriotism directed. Whatever was the difficulty, the trial, the temptation, or the danger, there stood the soldier and the citizen, eter-30 nally the same, without fear and without reproach, and there was the man who was not only at all times virtuous, but at all times wise.

The merit of Washington by no means ceases with his campaigns; it becomes, after the peace of 1783, even more 35 striking than before; for the same man who, for the sake of liberty, was ardent enough to resist the power of Great Britain, and hazard every thing on this side the grave, at a later period had to be temperate enough to resist the same spirit of liberty, when it was mistaking its proper

objects, and transgressing its appointed limits.

The American revolution was to approach him, and he was to kindle in the general flame: the French revolution 5 was to reach him, and to consume but too many of his countrymen; and his "own ethereal mould, incapable of stain, was to purge off the baser fire victorious." But all this was done: he might have been pardoned, though he had failed amid the enthusiasm of those around him, and when liberty was the delusion; but the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington.

As a ruler of mankind, he may be proposed as a model.

Deeply impressed with the original rights of human nature, he never forgot that the end, and meaning, and aim, of all just government, was the happiness of the people; and he never exercised authority till he had first taken care to put himself clearly in the right. His candor, his patience, his love of justice, were unexampled; and this, though naturally he was not patient,—much otherwise,—

highly irritable.

He therefore deliberated well, and placed his subject in every point of view, before he decided; and his understanding being correct, he was thus rendered, by the 25 nature of his faculties, his strength of mind, and his principles, the man, of all others, to whom the interests of his fellow-creatures might, with most confidence, be intrusted; —that is, he was the first of the rulers of mankind.

LESSON XV.—IMPRESSIONS FROM HISTORY.—G. C. VERPLANCK.

From a Discourse before the New York Historical Society.

[To be marked for Emphasis, by the reader.]

The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels, on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems, and strange, antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned

with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the 5 affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune,—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny,—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power, and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively

15 dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty, amid the ruins of ancient magnificence, and the "toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven 20 enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets, inscribed with the names of the best bene-

25 factors of mankind.

"Patriots are here, in Freedom's battles slain, Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain, Bards worthy Him who breathed the poet's mind, Founders of arts that dignify mankind, And lovers of our race, whose labors gave Their names a memory that defies the grave."

Doubtless, this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

What, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others?

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil

and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents 5 always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful 10 facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never 15 exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations: every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No,—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What! though the arts have reared few 20 monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple, and hallowed 25 asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge,—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!"

30 "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

LESSON XVI.—THE GENIUS OF DEATH.—Croly.
[Marked for Emphasis, as applied to Poetry.]

What is DEATH? 'T is to be FREE!

No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:

All alike are humble there!

The mighty grave

Wraps lord and slave;

Nor pride nor poverty DARES come
Within that refuge-house, the TOMB!

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Spirit with the drooping wing, And the ever-weeping eye,

Thou of ALL EARTH'S KINGS art KING!

Empires at thy footstool lie! Beneath thee strewed Their multitude

Sink, like waves upon the shore: Storms shall never rouse them more!

WHAT 's the grandeur of the EARTH To the grandeur round THY THRONE! Riches, glory, beauty, birth,

To thy kingdom ALL have gone. Before thee stand

The wondrous band: Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,

Who darkened nations when they died!

Earth has Hosts; but thou canst show Many a MILLION for her one; Through thy gates the mortal flow Has for countless years roll'd on: Back from the tomb

No step has come; There fix'd, till the LAST THUNDER'S sound Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

LESSON XVII.-THE DEEP .- J. G. C. BRAINARD.

[To be marked for *Emphasis*, by the reader.]

There's beauty in the deep:— The wave is bluer than the sky; And though the light shine bright on high, More softly do the sea-gems glow, That sparkle in the depths below; The rainbow's tints are only made When on the waters they are laid; And sun and moon most sweetly shine Upon the ocean's level brine.— There 's beauty in the deep.

There 's music in the deep: It is not in the surf's rough roar, Nor in the whispering, shelly shore,— They are but earthly sounds, that tell

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How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks away!—
There 's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.—
There's quiet in the deep.

LESSON XVIII.—POPE AND DRYDEN.—Johnson.

[This piece is marked in application of the rules of Inflection, stated in Part I., § viii., page 30.]

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and, perhaps, his character may receive some illustration, if he be

5 compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Drýden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical préjudices, and 10 the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the pèople; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent 15 powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration: when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment hap-20 pened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best; he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his 10 hánds, while he considered and rèconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of Thirty-èight: of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the

Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Riad*, and freed

25 it from some of its imperfections; and the Essay on Criticism received many improvements, after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted

30 the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His

35 mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of 40 Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in

10 Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Drýden, and more cértainty in that of Pòpe.

Póetry was not the sole praise of either: for both ex-

celled likewise in pròse: but Pope did not borrow his prose from his prèdecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and váried; that of Pope is cáutious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope 5 constràins his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vèhement and rápid; Pope is always smòoth, úniform, and gèntle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetátion: Pope's is a 10 velvet làwn, shaven by the síthe and levelled by the ròller. Of génius, that power which constitutes a póet; that

quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton, must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

20 Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necess-

sity; he composed without consideration, and published

without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire

30 the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

LESSON XIX.—THE PURITANS.—Macaulay. [Marked for Inflections.]

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for

whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure

5 worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference be-

10 tween the grèatest and méanest of mankind, seemed to vànish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whóle ràce from Him on whom their òwn eyes were cónstantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but Hís fàvor; and cónfident of that favor,

15 they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply réad in the óracles of God. If their names were not found in the règisters of héralds, they felt assured that they were

20 recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of ménials, legions of ministering àngels had charge over them. Their pálaces were houses not made with hànds: their díadems, crowns

of glory which should never fade away!

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a migh-

30 tier hànd. The very mèanest of them was a being to whose fate a mystèrious and térrible impòrtance belonged,
- on whose slightest áction the spirits of líght and dàrkness looked with ánxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were creàted, to enjoy a felicity
35 which should continue when heaven and earth should

have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to éarthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake èmpires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For 40 his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pèn of the evangelist, and the harp of the pròphet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of

nó vùlgar ágony, by the blood of nò éarthly sàcrifice. It was for him that the sùn had been dàrkened,* that the ròcks had been rènt, that the dèad had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expíring 5 Gòd!

Thus the Puritan was made up of twò different mèn, the one all self-abàsement, pènitence, gràtitude, pássion; the other pròud, càlm, infléxible, sagàcious. He próstrated himself in the dùst before his Máker: but he set 10 his fòot on the néck of the kìng. In his devòtional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and gróans, and tèars. He was half màddened by glòrious or térrible illusions. He heard the lyres of ángels, or the tèmpting whispers of fiènds. He caught a gleam of the beatific 15 vision, or woke scrèaming from dreams of everlásting fire. Like Váne, he thought himself intrusted with the scèptre of the millénnial yèar. Like Flèetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his sóul that Gòd had hid his fàce from him. But when he took his séat in the council, or girt on his swòrd for wár, these tempestuous workings of the soul

had left no percéptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their hýmns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or

in the field of battle.

The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a cóolness of jùdgment, and an immutability of púrpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zéal, but which were in fact the nécessary effècts of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject, made them trànquil on évery other. One overpowering sèntiment had subjected to itself pity and hátred, ambítion and fèar. Dèath had lost its térrors, and pléasure its chàrms. They had their smìles and their téars, their ráptures and their sòrrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthúsiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar pàssion and préjudice, and raised them above the influence of dánger and of corruption.

^{*} When an emphatic series causes, thus, a succession of falling inflections, the second one in each clause, falls lower than the first.

LESSON XX.-POETRY.-CHANNING.

[Marked for Inflections.]

We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from deprèssing cáres, and awakens the consciousness of 5 its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its 10 fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when

Poetry is enslaved to licéntiousness and misànthropy, she cannot whòlly forgét her trúe vocation. Strains of púre fèeling, touches of tènderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts

15 of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immóral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spírit

to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. 20 It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sym-25 pathy. Its great tendency and purpose, is, to carry the

mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and génerous emòtion. It reveals to us the lóveliness of nàture, brings back the

30 fréshness of youthful fèeling, revives the rèlish of símple plèasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful lòve, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and lóftiest feelings, spreads

35 our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by nèw ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives 40 wróng views, and excites fàlse expectátions of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imaginátion on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars,—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supréme good, and wealth the chief interest of life,—we do not deny: nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redèems them from the

thraldom of this éarthborn prùdence.

But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against póetry as abounding in illusion and de10 céption is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of trúth, than in many histories and philosóphic thèories. The fictions of génius are often the vehicles of the sublimest vèrities, and its flashes often open nèw regions of thought, and throw nèw light on the mysteries of our bèing. In poetry the lètter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if trùth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delinéations of life; for the présent life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, 20 abounds in the matérials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard to detèct this divine element, among the grosser plèasures and lábors of our èarthly being.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame,* and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poètic.

25 The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the

tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;
35—these are all poetical.

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethéreal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered béauties, and pro10 longs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well? for it is good to feel that life is not wholly

^{*} A negative sentence, ending with a rising inflection, has the falling slide on its penultimate word or clause.

usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratificátions, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

> LESSON XXI.—CAUSES OF WAR.—H. BINNEY. [To be marked for Inflections, by the reader.]

What are sufficient causes of war let no man say, let no legislator say, until the question of war is directly and inevitably before him. Jurists may be permitted with comparative safety, to pile tome upon tome of intermina-5 ble disquisition upon the motives, reasons, and causes of just and unjust war. Metaphysicians may be suffered with impunity to spin the thread of their speculations until it is attenuated to a cobweb; but for a body created for the government of a great nation, and for the adjustment 10 and protection of its infinitely diversified interests, it is worse than folly to speculate upon the causes of war, until the great question shall be presented for immediate action,—until they shall hold the united question of cause, motive, and present expediency, in the very palm of their 15 hands. War is a tremendous evil. Come when it will, unless it shall come in the necessary defence of our national security, or of that honor under whose protection national security reposes, it will come too soon,-too soon for our national prosperity,-too soon for our individual 20 happiness,-too soon for the frugal, industrious, and virtuous habits of our citizens,—too soon, perhaps, for our most precious institutions. The man who, for any cause, save the sacred cause of public security, which makes all wars defensive,—the man who, for any cause but this, 25 shall promote or compel this final and terrible resort, assumes a responsibility second to none, nay, transcendantly deeper and higher than any, which man can assume before his fellow-men, or in the presence of God, his Creator.

LESSON XXII. - FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER. E. EVERETT.

[To be marked for Inflections, by the reader.]

Mental energy has been equally diffused by sterner levellers than ever marched in the van of a revolution,the nature of man and the providence of God. Native

character, strength, and quickness of mind, are not of the number of distinctions and accomplishments, that human institutions can monopolize within a city's walls. In quiet times, they remain and perish in the obscurity, to which a false organization of society consigns them. In dangerous, convulsed, and trying times, they spring up in the

ous, convulsed, and trying times, they spring up in the fields, in the village hamlets, and on the mountain tops, and teach the surprised favorites of human law, that bright eyes, skilful hands, quick perceptions, firm purpose,

10 and brave hearts, are not the exclusive apparage of

courts.

Our popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement, because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community, by which its talent and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part vibrates, with electric rapidity, through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work; they make education, the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition: in a thousand ways, they provide an audience for lips,

25 which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it, or seek it, the only patronage worth having, the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of "celes-

tial fire,"—the patronage of fair opportunity.

This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text-books, the whole machinery of means, have been brought, in our day, under severe revision. But were I to attempt to point out the most efficacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine by which the greatest portion of mind could be

engine, by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach farthest, sink deepest, and cause the word of instruction not to spread over the surface, like an artificial

40 hue, carefully laid on, but to penetrate to the heart and soul of its objects,—it would be popular institutions. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature, which provides means for

great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be opened to the last farthing, that its children may enjoy means denied to itself.

LESSON XXIII .- SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL .- WAYLAND.

[To be marked for Inflections, by the reader.]

The assumption that the cause of Christianity is declining, is utterly gratuitous. We think it not difficult to prove that the distinctive principles we so much venerate, never swayed so powerful an influence over the destinies

5 of the human race, as at this very moment. Point us to those nations of the earth, to which moral and intellectual cultivation, inexhaustible resources, progress in arts, and sagacity in council, have assigned the highest rank in political importance; and you point us to nations, whose re

10 ligious opinions are most closely allied to those we cherish. Besides, when was there a period, since the days of the Apostles, in which so many converts have been made to these principles, as have been made, both from Christian and pagan nations, within the last five and

15 twenty years? Never did the people of the saints of the Most High, look so much like going forth in serious earnest, to take possession of the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, as at this very day.

But suppose the cause did seem declining, we should see no reason to relax our exertions, for Jesus Christ has said, Preach the gospel to every creature; and appearances, whether prosperous or adverse, alter not the obligation to obey a positive command of Almighty God.

25 Again, suppose all that is affirmed were true. If it must be, let it be. Let the dark cloud of infidelity overspread Europe, cross the ocean, and cover our beloved land,—let nation after nation swerve from the faith,—let iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, even until there

30 is on the face of this earth, but one pure church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—all we ask is, that we may be members of that one church. God grant that we may throw ourselves into this 'Thermopylæ of the moral universe.'

But even then, we should have no fear that the church of God would be exterminated. We would call to re-

membrance the years of the right hand of the Most High.
We would recollect there was once a time, when the whole church of Christ, not only could be, but actually was, gathered with one accord in one place. It was then 5 that that place was shaken, as with a rushing mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. That same day, three thousand were added to the Lord. Soon we hear, they have filled Jerusalem with their doctrine.—The church has commenced her march:—Samaria 10 has, with one accord, believed the gospel; Antioch has become obedient to the faith; the name of Christ has been proclaimed throughout Asia Minor; the temples of the gods, as though smitten by an invisible hand, are deserted; the citizens of Ephesus cry out in despair, Great is Diana of the Ephesians; licentious Corinth is purified by

the preaching of Christ crucified. Persecution puts forth her arm to arrest the spreading superstition; but the progress of the faith cannot be stayed. The church of God advances unhurt amidst racks and dungeons, persecutions 20 and death; she has entered Italy, and appears before the

20 and death; she has entered Italy, and appears before the wall of the Eternal City; idolatry falls prostrate at her approach; her ensign floats in triumph over the capitol; she has placed upon her brow the diadem of the Cæsars.

LESSON XXIV.—POWER OF THE SOUL.—R. H. DANA, SEN.
[Marked for the application of Inflections.]

Life in itself, it life to all things gives:
For whatsoe'er it looks on, that thing lives,—
Becomes an acting being, ill or good;
And, grateful to its giver, tenders food

- For the Soul's héalth, or, suffering change unblest, Pours pòison down to rankle in the brèast:

 As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,

 And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart
- Yès, man reduplicates himsèlf. You see,

 In yonder lake, reflected rock and trèe.

 Each leaf at rést, or quivering in the àir,

 Now résts, now stirs, as if a breeze were there,

 Sweeping the crystal dèpths. How perfect àll!

 And see those slender top-boughs rise and fàll;

The double strips of silvery sand unite
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.

—Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough, Peck not alone; that bird below, as thou, Is busy after food, and happy, too; —They 're gone! Both, pléased, away together flèw.

And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood, Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?

The world, O man, is like that flood to thee:

Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand

Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand, If that thy héart be barren, there will sweep The drifting waste, like waves along the dèep, Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing strèams That ran by grass and brake, with dancing bèams,

15 Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye Veil the wide-shifting glories of the ský, And one, still, sightless level make the éarth, Like thy dull, lonely, joyless Soul,—a dèarth.

The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen, amongst the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more,—
In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar

Of winds and flinging waves,—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in flight;
And, his own spirit into túmult hurled,
He makes a tùrmoil of a quiet world:
The fiends of his own bosom, people air

With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.

Hates he his fellow-mén? Why, then, he deems
'T is hate for hate:—as hé, so èach one seems.

Sóul! fèarful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into its likeness: heaves in storms
The strong, proud séa, or lays it down to rèst,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's brèast,—
Which gives each outward circumstance its húe,
And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anèw,
That so, they jòy, or lòve, or háte impart,
As jòy, lòve, háte, holds rule within the hèart.

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LESSON XXV.—HYMN OF NATURE.—W. B. O. PEABODY.
[To be marked for Inflections.]

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,

Where man might commune with the sky:

The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!

The waves lie sleeping on the sands,

Till the fierce trumpet of the storm

Hath summon'd up their thundering bands:

Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,

Till, calm'd by Thee, the sinking gale Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee;
But more majestic far they stand,

When, side by side, their ranks they form, To wave on high their plumes of green,

And fight their battles with the storm.

25 God of the light and viewless air!

Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their airy might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow:

All,—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,—

To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,—
Breathe forth the language of Thy power.
God of the fair and open sky!

How gloriously above us springs

The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!

Thy name is written clearly bright,
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.

For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone,
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And Nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

LESSON XXVI.—UNIVERSAL DECAY.—GREENWOOD. [Marked for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.*]

We receive such repeated intimations of decay | in the world through which we are passing; -decline | and change | and loss, follow | decline | and change | and loss I in such rapid succession, that we can almost catch the 5 sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolátion | going on busily | around us. "The mountain | falling || cometh to nought, and the rock | is removed out of his place. The waters | wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth | are washed away, and 10 the hope of man | is destroyed." Conscious of our own instability, we look about | for something to rest on; but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world | is changing, daily and hourly. All | animated 15 things | grow old and die. The rocks | crumble, the trees | fall, the leaves | fade, and the grass | withers. The clouds | are flying, and the waters | are flowing away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving 20 way, the ivy | clings to the mouldering tower, the brier |

^{*} The learner having been conducted through the application of the rules for Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections, separately, will now be prepared to study and apply them in conjunction.

hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall-flower | springs from the disjointed stones. The founders | of these perishable works | have shared the same fate | long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the 5 men | as well as the dwellings | of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before. In the spacious domes, which once held our fathers, the serpent | hisses, and the wild bird | screams.

10 The halls, which once were crowded | with all that taste | and science | and labor | could procure,—which resounded

| and science | and lábor | could procure,—which resounded with mèlody, and were lighted up with béauty, are buried | by their own rùins, mocked | by their own desolàtion.

The voice of merriment, and of wailing, the steps of the

15 bùsy | and the idle | have cèased in the deserted courts, and the weeds | choke the éntrances, and the long grass | waves upon the hèarth-stone. The works of art, the forming hànd, the tòmbs, the very ashes they contained, are all

gòne.

20 While we thus walk | among the ruins of the pást, a sad feeling of insecurity | comes over us; and that feeling | is by no means diminished | when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them | before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few mó25 ments | and in a few moments more, their countenances | are

25 ments | and in a few moments more, their countenances | are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not | how néar | and dèar | they are. The ties which bind us together | are never too clôse | to be parted, or too strông | to be broken. Tears | were never known to move the king of

30 tèrrors; neither is it enough | that we are compelled to surrender óne, or twó, or màny of those we lòve; for though the price is so great, we buy no fàvor with it, and our hold | on those who remain | is as slight as èver. The shadows || all | elude our gràsp, and follow one an-

other | down the valley. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contémporaries and kindred. We know | that the forms, which are breathing around us, are as shortlived | and fleeting | as those were, which have been dúst | for centuries. The sensation of

40 vànity, uncèrtainty, and rúin, is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been pròstrate, or gaze on what is falling nów, or will fall | so sòon.

If every thing | which comes under our notice | has

endured for so short a time, and | in so short a time | will be no môre, we cannot say | that we receive the lèast assúrance | by thinking on oursèlves. When a few more friends | have léft, a few more hopes | decéived, and a few 5 more changes | mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley | shall be sweet unto us, and every man | shall follow us, as there are innumerable | before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will 10 be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice húshed, and every heart | will have ceased its bèating. And when we have gone | oursélves, even our mèmories | will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear | will bear our likeness | in their bosoms, till they | too | have ar-15 rived | at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others | we shall live | only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their èars. A stòne, perhaps, may tell some wanderer 20 where we lie, whèn we came here, and when we went away; but | even that | will soon refuse to bear us record: "time's effacing fingers" | will be busy on its súr-face, and | at length | will wear it smooth; and then | the stone itself | will sink, or crùmble, and the wanderer of 25 another age | will pass, without a single call | upon his sýmpathy, over our unheeded graves.

LESSON XXVII.—ETERNITY OF GOD.—GREENWOOD. [Marked for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

There is one Being | to whom we can look | with a perfect conviction | of finding that security, which | nothing about us | can give, and which nothing about us | can take away. To this Being | we can lift up our souls, and on Him | we may rest them, exclaiming | in the language | of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains | were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth | and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting | Thou art God." "Of old | hast Thou laid the foundations of the éarth, and the hèavens | are the work | of Thy hands. Thèy | shall pérish, but Thou | shalt endure; yea, all of them | shall wax old | like a garment, as a vèsture | shalt Thou change them, and they shall be

changed; but Thou | art the same, and Thy years | shall have no end."*

Here | then | is a support, which will néver fàil; here is a foundation | which can néver be moved—the ever-5 lasting Creator | of countless worlds, "the high | and lofty One | that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime CONCEPTION! HE INHABITS ETERNITY, occupies this inconceivable durâtion, PERVADES | and FILLS | THROUGHOUT | THIS | BOUNDLESS DWELLING. Ages on ages | before even 10 the dust of which we are formed | was created, HE had existed | in infinite majesty, and ages on ages | will roll away | after we have all returned to the dust | whence we were taken, and | still | HE will exist | in infinite màjesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning 15 in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, for ever sending forth the word, which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new-created light | to shine on new-created worlds, and raising up new-created generations | to inhabit them:

The contemplation | of this glorious attribute of Gód, is fitted to excite | in our minds | the most ànimating | and consóling | reflèctions. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortálity, where every thing about us | is creàted | and depéndent, proceeding from nòthing, and hastening to destrúction, we rejoice

that something is presented to our view | which has stood from everlasting, and will remain for èver. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of 30 nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled | while we were gazing; on oursèlves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object | to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hone nor support because they

that they could give us no hope, nor support, because they were so feeble themsélves; we can look to the throne of GOD: change | and decay | have never reached that; the revolution of ages | has never moved it; the waves of 40 an eternity | have been rushing pást it, but it has re-

^{*} When the falling inflection recurs, in succession, as above, it falls lower at each repetition.

mained unshaken; the waves of another eternity | are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be dis-THRBED.

LESSON XXVIII.-TWO CENTURIES FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, --- CRAFTS.

[Marked for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

If, on this dáy, after the lapse of twó centuries, one of

the fathers of New England, released I from the sleep of death, could reappear | on éarth, what would be his emotions of joy and wonder! In lieu of a wilderness, here 5 and there interspersed | with solitary cabins, where life | was scarcely worth the danger of preserving it, he would behold joyful harvests, a population | crowded even to satiety, | villages, towns, cities, states, swarming with industrious inhabitants, hills | graced | with temples of devó-10 tion, and válleys | vocal | with the early lessons of virtue. Casting his eye on the ócean, which he passed in fear and trémbling, he would see it covered with énterprising flèets I returning with the whale | as their captive, and the wealth of the Indies | for their cargo. He would behold

15 the little colony which he planted, grown into gigantic stature, and forming an honorable part of a glorious confèderacy, the pride | of the éarth, and the fávorite | of hèaven.

He would witness, with exultation, the general preva-20 lence of correct principles of government and virtuous habits of action. How gladly would he gaze upon the long stream of light and renown | from Harvard's classic fount, and the kindred springs of Yale, of Providence, of Dártmouth, and of Brunswick. Would you fill his

25 bosom with honest pride, tell him of Franklin, who made thunder | sweet music, and the lightning | innocent fireworks,—of Adams, the venerable sage | reserved by heaven, himself | a blessing, to witness its blessing on our nation, —of Ames, whose tongue became, and has become | an

30 angel's,—of PERRY,

"Blest by his God | with one illustrious day, A BLAZE of GLORY, ere he passed away."

And tell him, Pilgrim of Plýmouth, THÈSE | are THY DE-SCENDANTS. Show him the stately structures, the splendid 35 benèvolence, the masculine intellect, and the sweet hospitality of the metròpolis of New England. Show him that

immórtal vèssel,* whose name | is synonymous with triumph, and each of her másts | a scèptre. Show him the glorious fruits of his humble enterprise, and ask him if this, ALL this, be not an atonement for his sufferings, a 5 récompense | for his toils, a blessing | on his éfforts, and a heart-expanding TRIUMPH | for the pilgrim adventurer.

And if he | be proud | of his offspring, well may they

| bóast of their parentage.

LESSON XXIX .- THE UPRIGHT LAWYER .- S. GREENLEAF.

[Marked for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

In the walks of private life, the character of an upright lawyer | shines | with mild | but génial | lustre. He concerns himself | with the beginnings of controversies, not to inflame | but to extinguish them. He is not content | with 5 the doubtful morality of suffering clients, whose passions are roused, to rush blindly into legal conflict. His conscience | can find nó bàlm | in the reflection, that he has but obeyed the orders of an angry man. He feels that his first duties | are to the community in which he lives, and

10 whose peace | he is bound to preserve.

He is no stranger to the mischiefs, which follow in the train of litigation; the deadly feuds | and animosities descending from the original combatants to successive generations; the pérjuries | and frauds | so often com-15 mitted to secure succèss; and the impoverishment | so commonly resulting | even to the winning party; and in view of these consequences, he advises to amicable negotiátion and adjustment. He is a peacemaker,—a composer of dissensions,—a blessing to his neighborhood;—his path 20 | is lúminous | as the path of the just.

I look | with pity | on the man, who regards himself | a mere machine of the law;—whose conceptions of moral and social duty | are all absorbed in the sense of supposed obligation to his client, and this | of so low a nature | as 25 to render him a very Tool | and slave, to serve the worst pàssions of men; —who yields himself | a passive instrument | of legal inflictions, to be moved at the pleasure of every hirer; -and who | beholding the ruin and havoc | made by a láwsuit, which | "two scruples of honesty" | in 30 his counsel | might have prevented, can calmly pocket his fee | with the reflection, that he has done his duty to his client, alike regardless of duty to his néighbor | and his Gòd.

That such men dó exist, to disgrace our proféssion, is 5 lamentably true; mén,—

"that can speak
To èvery cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they are hoarse again, yet all | be LAW."—

We would redeem its character || by marking a higher standard of mòrals. While our aid should never be withheld | from the injured | or the accúsed, let it be remémbered, that all our duties | are not concentrated in conducting an appeal to the làw;—that we are not only láwyers, but citizens | and MEN;—that our clients | are not always the best judges of their òwn interests:—and that | having confided these interests to our hands, it is for us to advise to thát course, which will best conduce to their permanent bènefit, not merely | as solitary individuals, but as men || connected with society | by enduring ties.

LESSON XXX.—CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT AGE.—
E. EVERETT.

[To be marked by the reader, for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

The present age may be justly described as the Age of Revolutions. The whole civilized world is agitated with political convulsions, and seems to be panting and struggling in agony after some unattained, -perhaps unattain-5 able good. From the commencement of our revolution up to the present day, we have witnessed in Europe and America, an uninterrupted series of important changes. The thrones of the old world have been shaken to their foundations. On our own continent, empires that bore 10 the name of colonies, have shaken or are shaking off the shackles of dependence. And so far is this, the age of revolutions, which has already lasted more than half a century, from having reached its termination, that the very last year has been more fruitful in the most tremen-15 dous convulsions, than any preceding one; and the present will probably be still more agitated than the last. Every arrival from abroad brings us intelligence of some new event of the highest moment: some people rising in revolt against their sovereign: some new constitution proclaimed in one country: some reform, equivalent to a new constitution, projected in another: France, in the midst of a dangerous revolutionary crisis: Belgium, Poland, and Italy, the scenes of actual hostilities: England, on the eve of commotion: the whole European commonwealth apparently plunging again into the gulf of general war.

What is the object of all these desperate struggles?—
The object of them is to obtain an extension of individual liberty. Established institutions have lost their influence 10 and authority. Men have become weary of submitting to names and forms which they once reverenced. It has been ascertained,—to use the language of Napoleon, that a throne is only four boards covered with velvet,—that a written constitution is but a sheet of parchment. There 15 is, in short, an effort making throughout the world to reduce the action of Government within the narrowest

individual liberty.

Our own country, though happily exempt,—and God 20 grant that it may long continue so,—from the troubles of Europe, is not exempt from the influence of the causes that produce them. We too are inspired, and agitated, and governed by the all-pervading, all-inspiring, all-agitating, all-governing spirit of the age. What do I say? 25 We were the first to feel and act upon its influence. Our

possible limits, and to give the widest possible extent to

revolution was the first of the long series that has since shaken every corner of Europe and America. Our fathers led the van in the long array of heroes, martyrs, and confessors, who had fought and fallen under the banner of

30 liberty. The institutions they bequeathed to us, and under which we are living in peace and happiness, were founded on the principles which lie at the bottom of the present agitation in Europe. We have realized what our contemporaries are laboring to attain. Our tranquillity is

35 the fruit of an entire acquiescence in the spirit of the age. We have reduced the action of Government within narrower limits, and given a wider scope to individual liberty,

than any community that ever flourished before.

We live, therefore, in an age, and in a country, where 40 positive laws and institutions have comparatively but little direct force. But human nature remains the same. The passions are as wild, as ardent, as ungovernable, in a republic, as in a despotism. What then is to arrest their violence? What principle is to take the place of the

restraints that were formerly imposed by time-honored customs,-venerable names and forms,-military and police establishments, which once maintained the peace of society, but which are fast losing their influence in Europe, 5 and which have long since lost it in this country? I answer, in one word, Religion. Where the direct influence of Power is hardly felt, the indirect influence of Religion must be proportionably increased, or society will be converted into a scene of wild confusion. The citizen who 10 is released in a great measure from the control of positive authority, must possess within his own mind, the strong curb of an enlightened conscience, a well grounded, deeply felt, rational, and practical Piety; or else he will be given over, without redemption, to the sins that most 15 easily beset him, and, by indulging in them, will contribute so far as he has it in his power, to disturb the harmony of the whole body politic.

LESSON XXXI.—THE FOUNDERS OF BOSTON.—JOSIAH QUINCY. [To be marked by the reader, for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

On this occasion,* it is proper to speak of the founders of our city, and of their glory. Now in its true acceptation, the term glory expresses the splendor which emanates from virtue, in the act of producing general and 5 permanent good. Right conceptions, then, of the glory of our ancestors, are alone to be attained by analyzing their virtues. These virtues, indeed, are not seen charactered in breathing bronze, or in living marble. Our ancestors have left no Corinthian temples on our hills, no Gothic 10 cathedrals on our plains, no proud pyramid, no storied obelisk, in our cities. But mind is there. Sagacious enterprise is there. An active, vigorous, intelligent, moral population throng our cities, and predominate in our fields; men, patient of labor, submissive to law, respectful 15 to authority, regardful of right, faithful to liberty. These are the monuments of our ancestors. They stand immutable and immortal, in the social, moral, and intellectual condition of their descendants. They exist in the spirit which their precepts instilled, and their example implanted.

^{*} Address at the close of the second century from the settlement of Boston.

It was to this spot, during twelve successive years, that the great body of those first settlers emigrated. In this place, they either fixed permanently their abode, or took their departure from it for the coast, or the interior.

- 5 Whatever honor devolves on this metropolis from the events connected with its first settlement, is not solitary or exclusive; it is shared with Massachusetts; with New England; in some sense, with the whole United States. For what part of this wide empire, be it sea or shore, lake
- 10 or river, mountain or valley, have the descendants of the first settlers of New England not traversed? what depth of forest, not penetrated? what danger of nature or man, not defied? Where is the cultivated field, in redeeming which from the wilderness, their vigor has not been dis-
- 15 played? Where, amid unsubdued nature, by the side of the first log-hut of the settler, does the school-house stand and the church-spire rise, unless the sons of New England are there? Where does improvement advance, under the active energy of willing hearts and ready hands,
- 20 prostrating the moss-covered monarchs of the wood, and from their ashes, amid their charred roots, bidding the green sward and the waving harvest to upspring, and the spirit of the fathers of New England is not seen, hovering, and shedding around the benign influences of sound,
- 25 social, moral, and religious institutions, stronger and more enduring than knotted oak or tempered steel? The swelling tide of their descendants has spread upon our coasts; ascended our rivers; taken possession of our plains. Already it encircles our lakes. At this hour, the rushing
- 30 noise of the advancing wave, startles the wild beast in his lair among the prairies of the West. Soon it shall be seen climbing the Rocky Mountains, and, as it dashes over their cliffs, shall be hailed by the dwellers on the Pacific, as the harbinger of the coming blessings of safety,

35 liberty, and truth.

LESSON XXXII.—HUMAN CULTURE.—S. J. MAY.

[To be marked by the reader, for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

When we see a flower,—its calix filled with petals of exquisite form, of the most delicate texture, and diverse colors, so rich and nicely blended that no art can equal

them, and withal perpetually diffusing a delicious perfume, we cannot readily believe, that all this variety of charms was evolved from a little seed, not bigger, it may

be, than the head of a pin.

When we behold a sturdy oak, that has, for a hundred years, defied the blasts of winter, has stretched wide around its sheltering limbs, and has seemed to grow only more hardy, the more it has been pelted by the storms,—we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that the essence,

10 the elements of all this body and strength, were once enclosed in an acorn. Yet such are the facts of the vegetable world. Nor are they half so curious nor wonderful, as the changes, which are wrought by time and education,

in the human mind and heart.

Here, for example, is a man now master of twenty languages, who can converse in their own tongues with the people of as many different nations, whose only utterance thirty years ago was very much like, and not any more articulate than, the bleating of a lamb. Or it may be that

20 he, who could then send forth only a wailing cry, is now overwhelming the crowded forum, or swaying the Congress of the nation, by his eloquence, fraught with sur-

passing wisdom.

Here is another, who can conceive the structure, and direct the building of the mighty ship, that shall bear an embattled host around the world, carrying a nation's thunder; or the man, who can devise the plan of a magnificent temple, and guide the construction of it, until it shall present to the eye of the beholder a perfect whole, glowing with the unspeakable beauty of symmetrical form.

And here is a third, who has comprehended the structure of the solar system. He has ascertained the relative sizes of the planets, and learned at what precise moments they shall severally complete their circuits. He has even

weighed the sun, and measured the distances of the fixed stars; and has foretold the very hour, "when the dread comet," after an absence of centuries, "shall to the forehead of our evening sky return."

These men are the same beings, who, thirty years ago, were puling infants, scarcely equal in their intelligence to

kittens of a week old.

There, too, is a man, who is swaying the destiny of nations. His empire embraces half the earth; and,

11

throughout his wide domains, his will is law. At his command, hundreds of thousands rush to arms, the pliant subjects of his insatiable ambition, ready to pour out their blood like water in his cause. He arranges them, as he pleases, to execute his plans. He directs their movements as if they were pawns upon a chessboard. He plunges them into deadly conflict, and wades to conquest over their dead and mangled bodies. That man, the despotic power of whose mind now overawes the world, was once to a feeble babe, who had neither the disposition, nor the

strength, to harm a fly.

On the other hand, there is one, who now evinces unconquerable energy, and the spirit of willing self-sacrifice in works of benevolence. No toil seems to overbear his strength. No discouragement impairs his resolution. No dangers disarm his fortitude. He will penetrate into the

most loathsome haunts of poverty or vice, that he may relieve the wretched, or reclaim the abandoned. He will traverse continents, and expose himself hourly to the capricious cruelty of barbarous men, that he may bear to them the glad tidings of salvation; or he will calmly face

them the glad tidings of salvation; or he will calmly face the scorn and rage of the civilized world, in opposition to the wrong; or march firmly to the stake, in maintenance of the true and the right. This man, a few years ago, 25 might have been seen crying for a sugar-plum, or quarrel-

ing with his little sister for a two-penny toy.

And who are they, that are infesting society with their daring crimes, scattering about them "fire-brands, arrows, and death," boldly setting at defiance the laws of man, and of God? They are the same beings, that a few years ago, were innocent little children, who, could they have conceived of such deeds of darkness, as they now perpetrate without compunction, would have shrunk from them

instinctively with horror.

These, surely, are prodigious changes, greater far than any exhibited in the vegetable world. And are they not changes of infinitely greater moment? The growth of a mighty tree, from a small seed, may be matter for wonder, for admiration; but the development of a being, capable of such tremendous agencies for good or for avil should

40 of such tremendous agencies for good or for evil, should be with us all a matter of the deepest concern. Strange,

passing strange—that it is not so!

LESSON XXXIII .- GRECIAN AND ROMAN ELOQUENCE .-J. Q. ADAMS.

[To be marked by the reader, for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

In the flourishing periods of Athens and Rome, eloquence was power. It was at once the instrument and the spur to ambition. The talent of public speaking was the key to the highest dignities; the passport to the su-5 preme dominion of the state. The rod of Hermes was the sceptre of empire; the voice of oratory was the thunder of Jupiter.

The most powerful of human passions was enlisted in the cause of eloquence; and eloquence in return was the 10 most effectual auxiliary to the passion. In proportion to the wonders she achieved, was the eagerness to acquire

the faculties of this mighty magician.

Oratory was taught, as the occupation of a life. course of instruction commenced with the infant in the 15 cradle, and continued to the meridian of manhood. was made the fundamental object of education, and every other part of instruction for childhood, and of discipline for

youth, was bent to its accommodation.

Arts, science, letters, were to be thoroughly studied and 20 investigated, upon the maxim, that an orator must be a man of universal knowledge. Moral duties were inculcated, because none but a good man could be an orator. Wisdom, learning, virtue herself, were estimated by their subserviency to the purposes of eloquence; and the whole 25 duty of man consisted in making himself an accomplished public speaker.

LESSON XXXIV.—THANATOPSIS.*-W. C. BRYANT. Marked for the application of Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflection, to the reading of Poetry.]

To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A várious lànguage; for his gayer hours | She has a voice of gladness, and a smile And eloquence of béauty, and she glides Into his darker musings, with a mild ! And gentle sympathy, that steals awdy

^{*} Contemplation of Death.

Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts of the last | bitter | hour || come like a blight over thy spirit, and sad images of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall.

5 And breathless dárkness, and the narrow hóuse,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at héart;
Go forth 1 under the open ský, and list
To Nàture's teachings, while from all around—
Eárth and her wáters, and the depths of áir,—

10 Comes a still voice—Yet a few ddys, and thee |
The all-beholding sun || shall see no môre |
In all his course; nor yet | in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form || was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean || shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim,
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go ||
To mix forever with the elements,

20 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain ||
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak ||
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould,
Yet not to thy eternal resting place ||

Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish | Couch | more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down | With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers | of ages past,

30 All | in one | mighty | sepulchre.—The hills ||
Rock-ribb'd | and ancient | as the sun,—the vales ||
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers | that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks ||

That make the meadows gréen; and, poured round all, Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations | All ||
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,

40 Are shining on the sad abodes of déath,

Through the still | lapse of ages. All that tréad

The globe || are but a HANDFUL || to the tribes |

That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings

Of morning,—and the Barcan désert pierce,

Or lose thyself | in the continuous woods || Where rolls the 'Oregon, and hears no sound, Save his own dashings,—yet—the DEAD || are there, And Millions in those solitudes, since first |

5 The flight of years | began, have laid them down !
In their last slèep,—the dèad | reign there ! alòne.—
So shalt тной rest;—and what if thou shalt fall |
Unheeded by the living,—and no friend |
Take note of thy departure? All that brèathe ||

Will share thy destiny. The gay | will laugh |
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care |
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these | shall leave |
Their mirth | and their employments, and shall come,

15 And make their bed! with thee. As the long train Of ages | glide away, the sons of men,

The youth | in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,

The bowed with age, the infant || in the smiles!

20 And beauty | of its innocent age | cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who | in their turn || shall follow thèm.
Sò live, that when thy summons | comes || to jōin

The innumerable caravan, that moves

25 To the pāle rēalms of shāde, where each | shall take His chamber | in the silent halls of déath,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave | at night,
Scòurged to his dúngeon; but, sustained | and soothed ||
By an unfaltering trùst, approach thy grave,

30 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch!

About him, and lies down! to pléasant drèams.

LESSON XXXV.—TRUST IN GOD.— Wordsworth.

[To be marked by the reader, for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

—— How beautiful this dome of sky!

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed

At Thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,

Human and rational, report of Thee

5 Even less than these?—Be mute who will, who can, Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,

25

Cannot forget Thee here; where Thou hast built, For Thy own glory, in the wilderness.

Me didst Thou constitute a priest of thine, In such a temple as we now behold

Reared for Thy presence; therefore am I bound To worship, here,—and everywhere,—as one Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread, From childhood up, the ways of poverty; From unreflecting ignorance preserved,

10 And from debasement rescued.—By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age

15 Impands: the frest will gather round my heart.

15 Impends; the frost will gather round my heart; And, if they wither, I am worse than dead.

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee;
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,—
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,

And what are things eternal?—Powers depart, Possessions vanish, and opinions change, And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,

And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists;—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not:

And will possess my portion in content.

Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more, that may not perish? Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of being, fill their place,

Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained;—Thou,—who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile

Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed,—Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule,—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting.

This universe shall pass away,—a frame
Glorious! because the shadow of Thy might,—

10 A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind

15 May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail, Still it may be allowed me to remember What visionary powers of eye and soul, In youth, were mine; when, stationed on the top 20 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld The sun rise up, from distant climes returned, Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day, His bounteous gift! or saw him, towards the deep Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds 25 Attended! Then my spirit was entranced With joy exalted to beatitude; The measure of my soul was filled with bliss, And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light, With pomp, with glory, with magnificence! 30

LESSON XXXVI.-MEMORY .-- W. G. CLARK.

[This piece is designed as an exercise in 'smooth' and 'pure quality' of voice. The suavity of tone, which belongs to gentle and tender emotion, should prevail in the reading of this beautiful composition. A full, clear, but softened note, should be heard, throughout.]

[pu.t.] 'T is sweet, to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the Past o'er the Present can throw
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.

We know not the future,—the past we have felt;— Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;

Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll, When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'T is sweet, to remember! When storms are abroad, We see in the rainbow, the promise of God:

- The day may be darkened,—but far in the West,
 In vermilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
 With smiles like the morning he passeth away:
 Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
 When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers,
 Which Love scattered round us in happier hours.
 - 'T is sweet, to remember! When friends are unkind When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind, Then, to draw back the veil which envelopes a land, Where delectable prospects in beauty expand;
- To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear,
 Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
 To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,—
 To list the fond voices of childhood again,
 Oh! this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
 Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'T is sweet, to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget!—though my thoughts should be

O'er the ocean of life, I look back from my bark, And see the fair Eden, where once I was blest, A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

LESSON XXXVII. -OLD IRONSIDES .- O. W. HOLMES.

[This piece is designed as an exercise for cultivating the 'orotund quality', or full, round, and forcible voice, which belongs to energetic and declamatory expression. A loud, clear, ringing tone, should prevail, throughout the reading or recitation of such pieces.]

[1] Ay, tear her tatter'd ensign down!

Long has it waved on high;

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar;—

10

15

10

The meteor of the ocean air Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood, Where knelt the vanquish'd foe, When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, And waves were white below,— No more shall feel the victor's tread, Or know the conquer'd knee; The harpies of the shore shall pluck The eagle of the sea!

Oh! better that her shatter'd hulk Should sink beneath the wave; Her thunders shook the mighty deep, And there should be her grave: Nail to the mast her holy flag, Set every threadbare sail; And give her to the god of storms,

The lightning and the gale!

LESSON XXXVIII .- THAT SILENT MOON .- G. W. DOANE.

[The piece which follows, is intended for practice in 'soft' and subdued 'force'. The voice, in this form of utterance, is meant to be reduced below its average energy, not by mere slackness, or absence of force, but by an intentional reduction of volume, so as to touch the ear delicately, yet vividly, as is naturally done in the expression of an affecting sentiment.]

That silent moon, that silent moon, X Careering now through cloudless sky, Oh! who shall tell what varied scenes Have pass'd beneath her placid eye, 5 Since first, to light this wayward earth, She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth?

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand, And superstition's senseless rite, And loud, licentious revelry, Profaned her pure and holy light! Small sympathy is hers, I ween,

With sights like these, that virgin queen. But dear to her, in summer eve,

By rippling wave, or tufted grove,

20

25

When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,
And heart meets heart in holy love,
To smile, in quiet loneliness,
And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,
How powerful she to wake the thought,
And start the tear for those we love,
Who watch, with us at night's pale noon,
And gaze upon that silent moon!

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlight sky,
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,
The happy eves of days gone by;
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,
The loved, the lost, of other years!

And oft she looks, that silent moon,
On lonely eyes, that wake to weep,
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep:
Oh! softly beams that gentle eye,
On those who mourn, and those who die.

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,
And fall where'er her splendor may,
There's pureness in her chasten'd light,
There's comfort in her tranquil ray:
What power is hers to soothe the heart,—
What power the trembling tear to start!

The dewy morn let others love,
Or bask them in the noontide ray;
There's not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day:
But oh! be mine a fairer boon,
That silent moon, that silent moon!

LESSON XXXIX.—EVENING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.— SILLIMAN.

[This piece is designed for practice in 'moderate force'. The least excess of quantity, or volume of voice, in the reading of such pieces, disturbs the repose, and is at variance with the gentleness, of the scene. At the same time, care should be taken, that the tone do not become lifeless, from want of animation. A quiet but distinct utterance, should be maintained, throughout all such passages.]

From the moment the sun is down, every thing becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook; and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles wide, immediately before us, and, a little way to the right, 5 spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes, for an hour, the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and, on two of these evenings, we have 10 been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared on the sparkling river, and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sportive insect. 15 another instance, a larger boat, with more numerous and less melodious voices, not, indeed, in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few moments after, the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole 20 expanse of water into one vast sheet of glittering silver; and, in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

LESSON XL .- AMERICA TO ENGLAND .- W. ALLSTON.

[This piece furnishes an example of the energetic style, which, in elocution, is termed 'declamatory force'. The properties of voice, in the reading and recitation of such passages, may all be designated under the head of 'orotund' utterance,—a deep, full, and resonant tone, pervading the whole; and every note combining the depth of the 'pectoral' with the smoothness of the 'oral quality'.]

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh! stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,

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O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phæbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep

With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim,
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold, Which the bard of Avon sung, In which our Milton told How the vault of heaven rung,

When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts, That mould a nation's soul, Still cling around our hearts, Between let ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

LESSON XLI .- THE AMERICAN EAGLE .- C. W. THOMSON.

[The following piece affords scope for a degree of 'force' beyond that which was exemplified in the preceding lesson. In the second, third, and fourth stanzas, it rises to what is distinguished, in elocution, by the designation of 'empassioned force',—the fullest vehemence of voice, bordering on the shout, and, sometimes, passing into it. This style is found chiefly in lyric poetry; but it is sometimes exemplified in the vehement energy of prose, on exciting occasions.]

[II] Bird of the heavens! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;

Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests, speak,—
What ranger of the winds can dare,

10 Proud mountain king! with thee compare;
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast ta'en thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

[1] 15 Bird of the cliffs! thy noble form
Might well be thought almost divine;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
The mountain and the rock are thine;
And there, where never foot has been,

Where low'ring skies their wrath begin,
And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce spirit of the blast,
When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,

With a dark fury naught can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

Bird of the sun! to thee,—to thee

The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 't is thy proud delight to see

The monarch mount his gorgeous throne;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way;

35 And mounting up the radiant sky, E'en what he is,—the king of day!

12

[II]

- Before the regent of the skies
 Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes;
 But thou, in regal majesty,
 Hast kingly rank as well as he;
 - 5 And with a steady, dauntless gaze
 Thou meet'st the splendor of his blaze.

Bird of Columbia! well art thou An emblem of our native land;

With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
Like her own rivers, wandering free;

And sending forth from hills and floods, The joyous shout of liberty!

[1] 15 Like thee, majestic bird! like thee,
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,

- [|] 20 And will not quail though tempests blow.
- The admiration of the earth,
 In grand simplicity she stands;
 Like thee, the storms beheld her birth,
 And she was nursed by rugged hands;

[] 25 But, past the fierce and furious war,
Her rising fame new glory brings,
For kings and nobles come from far
To seek the shelter of her wings.

And like thee, rider of the cloud,

30 She mounts the heavens, serene and proud,
Great in a pure and noble fame,
Great in her spotless champion's name,
And destined in her day to be
Mighty as Rome,—more nobly free.

[] 35 My native land! my native land!

To her my thoughts will fondly turn;

For her the warmest hopes expand,

For her the heart with fears will yearn.

Oh! may she keep her eye, like thee,

40 Proud eagle of the rocky wild, Fix'd on the sun of liberty, By rank, by faction unbeguiled;

Remembering still the rugged road Our venerable fathers trod, When they through toil and danger press'd, To gain their glorious bequest, And from each lip the caution fell To those who follow'd, "Guard it well."

LESSON XLII.—THE LAST EVENING BEFORE ETERNITY.— J. A. HILLHOUSE.

[The following extract is intended as an exercise in 'low' pitch of utterance. A deep, and comparatively hollow tone, pervades the reading of this piece, as it is characterized by the deepest solemnity. As an exercise in elocution, it is designed to cultivate the power of full and clear utterance, on a low key,—an attainment more difficult than most others, but of the greatest service to appropriate expression, in all solemn passages, whether in sacred or secular compositions.]

[o]* By this, the sun his westering car drove low; Round his broad wheels full many a lucid cloud Floated, like happy isles in seas of gold:

Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,

Turrets and towers, whose fronts embattled gleamed With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray, A ruddy beam the canopy reflected; With deeper light the ruby blushed; and thick Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots

Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits
Cast off, upon the dewy air, huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,

The heavenly legions, the assembled world, Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.

Round I gazed
Where in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.

Mild-twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts

^{*} For an example of 'very low' utterance, see LESSON XLVI.

Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing I cried, "Farewell, Pale, beauteous planet, that display'st so soft, Amid you glowing streak, thy transient beam, A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed, Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away.

Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away,
But thou, unaltered, beam'st as silver fair
As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,

And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered

The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the West! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,—
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou set'st for ever,—lovely orb, farewell!"

LESSON XLIII .- THE CHARACTER OF JESUS .- S. C. THACHER.

[This extract is intended for practice on the 'middle', or average pitch of the voice, which belongs to serious communication in public reading or speaking, when not descending to the key of solemnity, nor rising to that of mere conversation. A moderately grave strain pervades the utterance, in such cases, and serves, if not overdone, to give earnestness and dignity to expression.]

[] We find, in the life of Jesus, a union of qualities, which had never before met in any being on this earth. We find imbodied in his example the highest virtues both of active and of contemplative life. We 5 see united in him a devotion to God the most intense, abstracted, unearthly, with a benevolence to man the most active, affectionate, and universal. We see qualities meet and harmonize in his character, which are usually thought

the most uncongenial. We see a force of character, 10 which difficulties cannot conquer, an energy which calamity cannot relax, a fortitude and constancy which sufferings can neither subdue nor bend from their purpose; connected with the most melting tenderness and sensibility of spirit, the most exquisite susceptibility to every soft and 15 gentle impression. We see in him the rare union of zeal

It 's pretty sport,—suppose we take
A round or two for fun!

If ever they should turn me out
When I have better grown,

Now hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own!

LESSON XLVI.—DARKNESS.—Byron.

[The following piece is designed for practice in 'very slow' utterance. The tone of horror, which pervades the whole description, besides being very low in pitch, is always slow, to extreme. The chief object in view, in such exercises, is to obtain a perfect command of the 'rate' of utterance; so as to give, when necessary, all the effect of solemnity, awe, and even horror, which characterize the reading of such passages as abound in the 'Paradise Lost,' and in the 'Night Thoughts.' The least acceleration of voice, in such cases, destroys the effect of the reading, and impairs the power of the poetry, on the ear and the heart.]

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars Did wander darkling in the eternal space, Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth

5 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went,—and came, and brought no day:
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:

10 And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,—
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed;
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,

To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope was all the world contained:
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,

They fell and faded; and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash,—and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled.

And others hurried to and fro, and fed

PART II.

Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up With mad disquietude on the dull sky, The pall of a past world; and then again, With curses, cast them down upon the dust,

5 And gnashed their teeth and howled. The wild birds shrieked,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground, And flap their useless wings: the wildest birds Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled

And twined themselves among the multitude, Hissing, but stingless,—they were slain for food.

And War, which for a moment was no more, Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,

15 Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left:
All earth was but one thought,—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured;

20 Even dogs assailed their masters,—all, save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,

25 But, with a piteous and perpetual moan, And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand Which answered not with a caress,—he died.

The crowd was famished by degrees; but two Of an enormous city did survive,

30 And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,

And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,

35 The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects,—saw, and shrieked, and died,—

40 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void;

The populous and the powerful was a lump,— Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,— A lump of death,—a chaos of hard clay. The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still;

5 And nothing stirred within their silent depths:
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge:
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air;
And the clouds perished: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them; she was the universe.

LESSON XLVII.—GOD.—Derzhavin, translated by Bowring.

[The piece which follows, is designed for practice in the 'very slow' rate which characterizes deep awe. Reverence, solemnity, and awe,—but especially the last,—incline to extreme slowness, great prolongation of single sounds, and remarkably long pauses. The tone of these emotions is deep, although not so peculiarly low, as that which was exemplified in the preceding lesson. Length of vowel sounds, and length of pauses, are the main objects of practice, in such exercises.]

[] O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!

Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God,—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep,—may count
The sands or the sun's rays;—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

40

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence:—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation;—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great! Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds sprung forth from Thee.

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
Wander, unwearied, through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,—
A glorious company of golden streams,—

25 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea, All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?

And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! Oh! what am I then? Nought!

Nought! yet the effluence of Thy light divine, Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too; Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine, As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Nought! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high, Even to the throne of Thy divinity. I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

5

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art! Direct my understanding, then, to Thee; Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart: Though but an atom 'midst immensity,

- 10 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand! I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth, On the last verge of mortal being stand, Close to the realms where angels have their birth, Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!
- The chain of being is complete in me: 15 In me is matter's last gradation lost; And the next step is spirit,—Deity! I can command the lightning, and am dust! A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!

20 Whence came I here? and how so marvellously Constructed and conceived? Unknown!—This clod Lives surely through some higher energy; For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word Created me! Thou source of life and good! 25 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord! Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear 30 The garments of eternal day, and wing

Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere, Even to its source,—to Thee,—its Author there.

Oh! thoughts ineffable! Oh! visions blest! Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee, 35 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast, And waft its homage to Thy Deity. God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar; Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good! 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore; 40 And when the tongue is eloquent no more, The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

13

LESSON XLVIII .- NIAGARA .- MRS. SIGOURNEY.

[The following piece is designed for practice in the 'slow' utterance which characterizes the tones of sublimity and awe. The 'rate' of voice is not altogether so slow as in the preceding lesson; yet it retains much of that effect which cannot be given without slowness of movement and full pauses. The note, in the style of this lesson, continues low, although not so remarkably deep as in the preceding. The principal object of practice, in this instance, is to secure that degree of 'slowness' which marks the tones of wonder and aston ishment.]

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty! Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless! God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
Eternally,—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour

Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood; and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem

To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm; but thou
With everlasting, undecaying tide,

Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name

Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unending volume.

Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'T is meet for them,
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud

For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,

Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,

Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,

Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul

A wondering witness of thy majesty;
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness; bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

LESSON XLIX .- THE UNITED STATES .- BANCROFT.

[The extract which follows, exemplifies the deliberate, or 'moderately slow' utterance, which belongs to the style of serious reading or speaking, with reference to the purposes of public or general communication. Such passages exemplify, also, the 'moderate' force, and the 'middle' pitch. To avoid hurry, on the one hand, and drawling, on the other, is the object in view, in the practice of such exercises. A grave and dignified style forbids any approach to haste; but it does not imply a lagging slowness.]

[] The United States of America constitute an essential portion of the great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence, in the practice and the defence of the equal rights of man.

The sovereignty of the people, is here a conceded axiom; and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism. While the nations of Europe 10 aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by whom it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice; invention is quickened by the freedom of competition; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns.

Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and

extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, 5 and their wars.

Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish its convictions. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclu-

sively on their attachment, for its durability and support. Even the enemies of the state, if there be any among us, have liberty to express their opinions undisturbed; and are safely tolerated, where reason is left free to combat their 15 errors. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably

fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy.

New states are forming in the wilderness; canals, inter20 secting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper
along our water-courses; the use of steam on our rivers
and rail-roads, annihilates distance by the acceleration of
speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a

25 place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold; and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury

30 full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals, and the convictions of an enlightened faith.

Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all na35 tions and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States, than in the world beside. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country.

An immense concourse of emigrants, of the most various lineage, is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union. Other governments are convulsed by the

innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, 5 the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

LESSON L .- WOUTER VAN TWILLER .- WASHINGTON IRVING.

[The following specimen of descriptive humor, requires the 'lively movement', in its rate of utterance. The voice is, in this instance, accelerated beyond the rate of serious communication, in any form; although it does not possess the rapidity which belongs to the excited style of lyric or dramatic poetry, in the most vivid style of humorous expression. This lesson combines, also, an exemplification of 'moderate' force, and 'middle' pitch. The object in view in the practice of such exercises as this, is to gain animation and briskness, in utterance. A lagging or drawling tone is utterly incompatible with humorous delineation. Mere rapidity, however, will not succeed in imparting liveliness to style: the utterance must be slow enough to be distinct and spirited.]

The renowned Wouter, (or Walter,) Van Twiller, was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotter-5 dam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all ages, magistrates, and rulers.

to His surname, Twiller, is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler,* which, in English, means Doubter; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For, though he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn, that he 15 scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he

never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every object on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over, and 20 examine both sides of it; so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice,—one by talking a vast deal, and thinking a

^{*} Pronounced Tweefler.

little, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vaporing, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts, —by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl,

5 the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman;

10 for he never said a foolish thing,—and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-

15 minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked, for five minutes, with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that "he had his doubts about the matter,"—which in process of time gained him the charac-

ter of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman, was as reg-

ularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statu25 ary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to

30 construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing

35 that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer-barrel, standing on skids. His

40 face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser mag-

nitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with

dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

5 His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours; and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher;

10 for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the

15 smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which the philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

LESSON LI.—INVOCATION OF MIRTH.—Milton.

[The extract which follows, is an example of the 'quick' rate of utterance, which characterizes the tones of joy and mirth. The voice, in the reading of such passages as the following, moves with great rapidity, in comparison with the ordinary rate. The utterance, in this instance, is 'high' and 'loud', as well as 'very quick'. The practice of this style, is useful, not only for its immediate, but its general effect. It enlivens the tones of the voice, and imparts fluency in enunciation.]

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's * cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

^{*} The goddess of youth.

To live with her, and live with thee, In unreproved pleasures free; To hear the lark begin his flight, And, singing, startle the dull night, 5 From his watch-tower in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise; Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good morrow, Through the sweet brier or the vine, 10 Or the twisted eglantine: While the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrowed land. And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his sithe, 15 And every shepherd tells his tale, Under the hawthorn in the dale. Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, While the landscape round it measures, Russet lawns, and fallows gray, 20 Where the nibbling flocks do stray, Meadows trim, with daisies pied, Shallow brooks and rivers wide. Sometimes with secure delight, The upland hamlets will invite, When the merry bells ring round, 25 And the jocund rebecs* sound To many a youth, and many a maid, Dancing in the checkered shade; And young and old come forth to play, On a sunshine holy-day, 30 Till the livelong daylight fail.

LESSON LII. - MARCO BOZZARIS. - F. G. HALLECK.

[The marking of the following piece, is extended to the indication of 'tones' and 'modulation', 'stress', and 'quality'; as all these modes of voice, are inseparably connected in utterance, and all of them arise from emotion, as their common source. The principal points in emphasis, inflection, and pausing, are also indicated, wherever they are essential elements of 'expression'.]

This heroic chief fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last

^{*} Rebec, a peculiar sort of violin.

words were,—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

[x o -] At midnight, in his guarded tent,

The Turk was dreaming of the hour!

When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,—

Should trèmble at his power;

[In dréams, through camp and court, he bore

The trophies of a cònqueror;

The trophes of a conqueror;

In dréams, his song of triumph | heard;

Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—

Then press'd that monarch's thròne,—a kìng;

As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,

As Eden's garden bird.

[x • -] An hour | pass'd on: -[I o] the Turk awoke; -[° -] That bright dream || [o] was his last; -He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,

[II °° v] "To ARMS! they còme: the GRÈEK!"

He woke—[o] to Die || midst flāme and smōke,

And shōut, and grōan, and sābre-stroke,

And dēath-shots | falling thick | and fast |

As lightnings | from the mountain clòud;

And heard, with voice as trùmpet loud,

< Bozzaris | cheer his bànd;

- [II ° o] "Strike—till the last arm'd foe | expires,
 STRIKE—for your altars | and your fires,
 STRIKE—for the GREEN GRAVES of your sires,
 God,—and your NATIVE LAND!"
 - [I] They fought, like brave men, tong | and well,
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquer'd;—[x o —] but Bozzaris | FELL,
 Bleeding | at every vein.

[x°-] His few surviving comrades saw,
His smile, when rang their proud HURRAH,
And the red field was wón;

- [xx =] Then saw | in dèath | his eyelids close | Calmly, as to a night's repòse,

 Like flowers | at set of sùn.
- [x ... -] Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

 Come to the mother, when she feels,

 For the first time, her first born's breath;

 Come when the blessed seals!

Which close the pestilence | are broke,

And crowded cities | wail its stroke;—
Come | in Consumption's ghastly form,

[1] The earthquake shock, the ocean storm:—

Come | when the heart | beats high | and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—

- [x ... -] And thou art TERRIBLE: the tear,
 The gròan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dréam, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.
 - [I° u] But to the HÉRO,—when his sword

 Has won the bàttle for the frée,—

 Thy voice | sounds like a pròphet's word,

 And | in its hollow tones | are heard

 The thanks of Millions | yet to bè.

[x o -] Bozzáris! with the storied brave |
Greece nurtured in her glóry's time,
Rèst thee:—there is no pròuder grave,
Even in her òwn próud clime.
We tell thy doom | without a sìgh;

For thou art Frèedom's now, and Fame's,—One of the Fèw, the IMMÒRTAL names,
That were not born to die.

LESSON LIII.—WATERLOO.—Byron. [Marked as Lesson LII.]

- [° -] There was a sound | of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital || had gather'd | then |

 Her beauty | and her chivalry; and bright |
 - < The lamps shone | o'er fair women | and brave men:

[1°] A thousand hearts | beat happily, and when

[x] < Music | arose | with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes | look'd love | to eyes which spake again; And all | went merry as a marriage-bell:

[x o o] But Hush! HARK!—a deep sound | strikes | like a [a. q.] rising knèll!

- [| ° o] Did ye not HEAR it? [| -] No; 't was but the wind, Or the car | rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy | be unconfined;
 - No sleep till morn, when Youth | and Plèasure | meet,
 To chase the glowing hours | with flying feet—

[x o o] But HARK!—that heavy sound | breaks in ' once more,

As if the clouds || its echo | would repeat;

< And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

- [$\|^{\circ \circ}_{\cup \cup}\|$] $\lambda_{RM}!$ — $\lambda_{RM}!$ —[$\|_{\circ}$ —] it is,—it is,—the cannon's open[α . q.] ing roar!
 - Within a windowed niche of that high hall ||
 Sat Brùnswick's fáted chieftain; he did hear |
 That sound | the first | amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone | with dèath's prophetic èar;
 And when they smiled | because he deem'd it néar,
 His heart | more truly knew that peal | too wèll ||
 Which stretched his father | on a bloody bier,

< And roused the vengeance | blood | alone | would

quèll:

He rush'd into the field, and, fòremost fighting, fèll.

[x o u] Ah! then | and there | was hurrying to and fró,
[a. q.] And gathering téars, and tremblings of distréss,
And cheeks all pále, which | but an hour ago ||
Blùsh'd | at the praise of their own lòveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The lìfe | from out young héarts, and choking sìghs ||

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess I If ever more should mèet those mutual eyes,

- [boo=] Since upon night | so swéet, such awful mòrn | could rìse!
- And there was mounting | in hot haste; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward | with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming | in the ranks of war:

And the deep thunder, peal on peal | afar;
And néar, the beat of the alarming drum |

Roused up the soldier | ere the morning-star;

- [x ° 0] While thronged the citizens | with terror dumb,
 Or whispering || with white lips | [°] "The Fde! They
 [a. q.] COME, they COME!"
 - [1°] And wild | and high | the "Cámeron's gàthering" ròse!
- [pu. t.] The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills | Have héard | and heard, too, have her Saxon fões;
- [] . —] How in the noon of night ithat pibroch ithrills,

 Sávage | and shrìll! But with the breath which fills!

 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountainèers!

With the fierce native daring || which instils |
The stirring memory | of a thousand where:

The stirring memory | of a thousand years;
[|| o U] And Evan's, Donald's fame || rings | in each clans man's ears!

[xo-] And Ardennes* | waves above them | her green leaves,—

Dewy, with nature's tear-drops,—as they pass,

Grieving,—if aught inanimate | e'er grieves,—

Over the unreturning brave,—[oo] alas!

Ere evening | to be trodden like the grass |

Which now | benéath them, but above | shall grow,

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass | <

Of living valor | [o] rolling on the foe,

< [o] And burning with high hope, [x oo =] shall moulder

 $cold \mid and low. >$

[] Last noon | beheld them full of lusty life, [b] Last eve | in beauty's circle | proudly gay,

< The midnight | brought the signal sound of strife,

The morn | the marshalling in arms,—the day | Battle's magnificently stern array!

[x .—] The thunder-clouds | close d'er it, which | when rént,
The earth | is cover'd thick | with other clay,

[x 00 =] Which her own clay shall cover, héap'd and pènt,

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one | red | burial <
| blent.

LESSON LIV.—PRUSSIAN BATTLE HYMN.—Translated from Körner.†

[Marked as Lesson LII.]

[x , -] FATHER of éarth | and hèaven! I call Thy name!

Round me the smòke | and shout | of battle | roll;

[1 -] My eyes | are dazzled | with the rustling flame;

[x . -] Father, sustain, an untried soldier's soul.
[I -] Or life, or death, whatever be the goal

Or life, or dèath, whatèver be the goal |
That crówns | or closes round | this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever | from my spirit | stole |
One | dèeper prayer, 't was | that no cloud | might
lower |

On my young fame!—[I o -] Oh! HEAR! God of eternal power!

* Pronounced Arden.

[†] The o in this word has no correspondent sound in English: it is nearly, as the French αu .

[-] Gód! Thou art mèrciful.—The wintry stórm, The cloud | that pours the thunder | from its wómb.

But show the sterner grandeur of Thy form;
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight

To Fáith's raised eye | as calm, as lovely come, As splendors of the autumnal | evening star,

As roses | shaken by the breeze's plume, When | like cool incense | comes the dewy air, And on the golden wave, the sun-set | burns afar.

Gód! Thou art mighty!—At thy footstool bound, Lie gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;

< Nor in the Angel-circle | flaming round,

Nor in the million worlds | that blaze benéath, Is one | that can withstand Thy wrath's hot breath.

Wò [in Thy frown—in Thy smile | victory!

Hèar my l'ást pràyer!— I ask no mòrtal wreath; [00] Let but these eyes my rescued country see,

Then take my spirit, All Omnipotent, to Thee.

Now for the FIGHT !- now for the CANNON-PEAL !-FORWARD!—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!

GLORIOUS | the SHOUT, the SHOCK, the CRASH of STEEL, The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire! They shake,—like broken waves | their squares retire.

< ON them Hussars!—Now give them rein and

Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire: EARTH | cries for BLOOD,—in THUNDER | on them whèel!

[10-] This hour | to Europe's fate | shall set the triumphseal!

LESSON LV.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—Mrs. Hemans.

[This, and whatever other lessons the teacher thinks proper to select, may be marked, by the reader, as Lesson LII.]

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained, proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle at Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong hold, with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "Oh! God, is the Count Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see."—The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark, as to Bernardo's future history after this event, with the exception of the final interview in which he renounced his allegiance to the king.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire, And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire; "I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train, I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day: Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."—Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed, And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band, With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed,—his proud breast heaved,—his cheek's hue came and went,—

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent,

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like lead,—He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead.
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white;—He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but who could paint that gaze?

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:—
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—

He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow, "No more there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now,—

My king is false, my hope betrayed! My father—oh! the worth, The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet!—
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then;—for thee my fields were won;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein, Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train; And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led, And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead:—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?

—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are they?

-If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold

clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep down thine ire,—Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:—Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place:

His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain:— His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

LESSON LVI.-WILLIAM KIEFT.-WASHINGTON IRVING.

Wilhelmus Kieft was in form, features, and character, the very reverse of Wouter Van Twiller, his renowned predecessor. He was of very respectable descent, his father being inspector of windmills, in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero, we are told, made very curious investigations into the nature and operations of those machines, when a boy, which is one reason why he afterwards came to be so ingenious a governor. His name, according to the most ingenious etymologists, was a corruption of Kyver, that is to say, wrangler or scolder, and expressed the hereditary disposition of his family; which, for nearly two centuries, had kept the windy town of Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and brimstones, than any ten families in the place;—and so

truly did Wilhelmus Kieft inherit this family endowment, that he had scarcely been a year in the discharge of his government, before he was universally known by the ap-

pellation of WILLIAM, THE TESTY.

5 He was a brisk, waspish, little old gentleman, who had dried and withered away, partly through the natural process of years, and partly from being parched and burnt up by his fiery soul; which blazed like a vehement rushlight in his bosom, constantly inciting him to most valorous

10 broils, altercations, and misadventures. I have heard it observed, by a profound and philosophical judge of human nature, that if a woman waxes fat, as she grows old, the tenure of her life is very precarious, but if happily she withers, she lives forever.—Such likewise was the case

15 with William, the Testy, who grew tougher in proportion as he dried. He was some such a little Dutchman, as we may now and then see stumping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad-skirted coat, with huge buttons, an old-fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head,

20 and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad, and his features sharp, his nose turned up with the most petulent curl; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red,—doubtless in consequence of the neighborhood of two fierce little gray eyes, through which his torrid soul

25 beamed with tropical fervor. The corners of his mouth were curiously modelled into a kind of fretwork, not a little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog;—in a word, he was one of the most positive, restless, ugly, little men, that ever put himself in a passion about

30 nothing.

Such were the personal endowments of William, the Testy; but it was the sterling riches of his mind, that raised him to dignity and power. In his youth, he had passed, with great credit, through a celebrated academy at the Hague, noted for producing finished scholars, with a

35 the Hague, noted for producing finished scholars, with a despatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges. Here he skirmished very smartly, on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made so gallant an inroad in the dead languages, as to bring off captive a

40 host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and apothegms, all which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain-glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravaged.

It is in knowledge, as in swimming; he who ostentatiously sports and flounders on the surface, makes more noise and splashing, and attracts more attention, than the industrious pearl diver, who plunges in search of trea-5 sures at the bottom. The "universal acquirements" of William Kieft were the subject of great marvel and admiration among his countrymen,—he figured about at the Hague, with as much vain-glory, as does a profound Bonze at Pekin, who has mastered half the letters of the Chinese 10 alphabet; and, in a word, was unanimously pronounced a universal genius!—I have known many universal geniuses in my time; though, to speak my mind freely, I never knew one, who, for the ordinary purposes of life, was worth his weight in straw; -but, for the purposes of 15 government, a little sound judgment, and plain common sense, is worth all the sparkling genius that ever wrote poetry, or invented theories.

LESSON LVII.—PALMYRA.—WILLIAM WARE.
Letter from a Roman nobleman, resident at Palmyra.

If the gods, dear Marcus and Lucilia, came down to dwell upon earth, they could not but choose Palmyra for their seat, both on account of the general beauty of the city and its surrounding plains, and the exceeding sweet-5 ness and serenity of its climate. It is a joy here only to sit still and live. The air, always loaded with perfume, seems to convey essential nutriment to those who breathe it; and its hue, especially when a morning or evening sun shines through it, is of that golden cast, which, as poets 10 feign, bathes the top of Olympus.

Never do we tremble here before blasts like those which from the Apennines sweep along the plains and cities of the Italian coast. No extremes of either heat or cold, are experienced in this happy spot. In winter, airs, which, in

other places, equally far to the north, would come bearing with them an icy coldness, are here tempered by the vast deserts of sand, which stretch away in every direction, and which, it is said, never wholly lose the heat treasured up during the fierce reign of the summer sun. And, in sum-

20 mer, the winds which, as they pass over the deserts, are indeed like the breath of a furnace, long before they reach the city change to a cool and refreshing breeze, by traversing, as they do, the vast tracts of cultivated ground, which,

as I have already told you, surround the capital, to a very

great extent on every side.

Palmyra is the very heaven of the body. Every sense is fed to the full, with that which it chiefly covets. But 5 when I add to this, that its unrivalled position, in respect to a great inland traffic, has poured into the lap of its inhabitants a sudden and boundless flood of wealth, making every merchant a prince, you will truly suppose, that however heartily I extol it for its outward beauties, and 10 all the appliances of luxury, I do not conceive it very favorable in its influences upon the character of its pop-

Palmyrenes, charming as they are, are not Romans. They are enervated by riches, and the luxurious sensual 15 indulgences which they bring along, by necessity, in their train;—all their evil power being here increased by the voluptuous softness of the climate. I do not say, that all are so. All Rome cannot furnish a woman more truly Roman than Fausta, nor a man more worthy that name than Gracchus. It is of the younger portion of the inhabitants I now speak. These are, without exception, effeminate. They love their country and their great queen; but they are not a defence, upon which in time of

need to rely. Neither do I deny them courage. They
25 want something more vital still,—bodily strength and martial training. Were it not for this, I should almost fear
for the issue of any encounter between Rome and Pal-

myra.

But, as it is, notwithstanding the great achievements of 30 Odenatus and Zenobia, I cannot but deem the glory of this state to have risen to its highest point, and even to have passed it. You may think me to be hasty, in forming this opinion; but I am persuaded you will agree with me, when you shall have seen more at length the grounds upon which I rest it, as they are laid down in my last letter to Portia.

LESSON LVIII.—BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—SAMUEL G. HOWE.

There is nothing in which the goodness of God is more apparent, than in the unsparing flood of beauty which he pours out upon all things around us. What is more striking than the fact, that this beautiful canopy of clouds, which curtain over our globe, when looked down upon from a mountain-top, or from a balloon, is like a leaden

lake, without beauty, or even color; it is like the dull canvass on the reverse of a beautiful picture; but from within,—from where God meant man to see it, it is adorned, beautified, and variegated, in a manner inimi-

5 table by art.

Dainty people cross the seas, to be thrilled by the wild sketches of Salvator Rosa, or to languish over the soft tints of Guido; and the rich man beggars whole villages, to hang up in his gallery three square feet of the pencilwork of Corregio; but God hangs up in the summer evening sky, for the poorest peasant boy, a picture whole leagues in extent, the tints of which would make Raphael throw down his pencil in despair; and when He gathers together the dark folds of the sky, to prepare the autumn thunder storm, He heaves up the huge clouds into mountain masses, throws them into wild and sublime attitudes, colors them with the most lowering hues, and forms a picture which Michael Angelo, with all his genius, could

The rich man adorns his cabinet with a few costly works, which hang unchanged for years, while the poor man's gallery is not only adorned with pictures that eclipse the chef d'œuvres of human genius, but they are continually changed, and every hour a new one is hung up to his admiring gaze; for the firmament rolls on, and, like a great kaleidoscope, at every turn, presents a new

like a great kaleidoscope, at every turn, presents a new and beautiful combination of light, and shade, and color. Let not its rich pictures roll away unheeded; let not its lessons be lost upon the young; but let them, in admiring it, know that God's great hand is ever turning it, for the happiness of all his children.

LESSON LIX.—AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE.—WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the ground swell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist, (for the morning was cloudy,) the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes; but a small veil of green crape obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffalo, at a long distance,

turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looks so miserable and discontented with himself. As to the individual in 5 question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbu-

To this effect, I approached him, as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin,—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the parity only exists with respect to the

10 posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grimlooking barbarian,—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter, the Hermit, was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with

15 a bullet. He ran,—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run,—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth, I did not fly any too fast, for the old bashaw was close behind me, and I could hear him

20 breathe. I threw away my gun;—and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the centre of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in

February.

lent, and evil life.

Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well 25 knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practise forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the

30 periphery of the pond, till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug, or the blackhole at Calcutta. Ah! thought I, if I only had my gun,

I would soon relieve you from your post.

But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and 35 thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean while, I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans, and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. There, said I, to myself, my neighbor's proceeding would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in 40 custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I won't be caught in such a scrape again.

Grief does not last forever; neither does anger;—and my janitor, either forgetting his resentment, which, to say the truth, was not altogether groundless, or thinking it was useless, or tired of his self-imposed duty, or for some reason or other, bid me farewell with a loud bellow, and walked away to a little oasis that was just in sight, and left me to my meditations. I picked up my gun, and followed. He entered the wood,—and so did I, just in time

to see him fall and expire.

The sun was setting; and the weather was getting colder and colder. I could hear the ground crack, and the trees split, with its intensity. I was at least twenty miles 10 from home; and it behoved me, if I did not wish to "wake in the morning and find myself dead," to make a fire as speedily as possible. I now first perceived that, in my very natural hurry to escape from my shaggy foe, I had lost the martin-skin, wherein I carried my flint, steel, and 15 tinder. This was of little consequence; I had often made a fire by the aid of my gun before, and I drew my knife and began to pick the flint. Death to my hopes,—at the very first blow, I struck it ten yards from the lock, and it was lost forever in the snow.

20 "Well," said I to myself, "I have cooked a pretty kettle of fish, and brought my calf's head to a fine market. Shall I furnish those dissectors, the wolves, with a subject, or shall cold work the same effect on me that grief did upon Niobe? Would that I had a skin like a buf-

25 falo!"

Necessity is the spur, as well as the mother, of invention; and, at these last words, a new idea flashed through my brain like lightning. I verily believe that I took off the skin of my victim, in fewer than ten strokes of my knife.

30 Such a hide entire is no trifle; it takes a strong man to lift it;—but I rolled the one in question about me, with the hair inward, and lay down to sleep, tolerably sure that neither Jack Frost, nor the wolves, could get at me, through an armor thicker and tougher, than the sevenfold shield

Darkness closed in; and a raven began to sound his note of evil omen, from a neighboring branch. "Croak on, black angel," said I; "I have heard croaking before now, and am not to be frightened by any of your color." Sud-40 denly a herd of wolves struck up at a distance, probably excited by the scent of the slain buffalo. "Howl on," said I; "and, being among wolves, I will howl too,—for I like to be in the fashion: but that shall be the extent of our intimacy." Accordingly, I uplifted my voice, like a peli-

can in the wilderness, and gave them back their noise, with interest. Then I lay down again, and moralized. This, thought I, is life. What would my poor mother say, if she were alive now? I have read books of adventures, but never read anything like this. I fell asleep, without farther ado.

LESSON LX.-THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.-GEO. S. HILLARD.

The common notion about politeness is, that it is a thing of the body, and not of the mind; and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner, and at proper times and places. We expect the dancing master to teach our children "manners," as well as the art of cutting awkward capers to music. But the truth is, that we degrade politeness by making it anything less than a cardinal virtue.

The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things, and not of startling events and great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he, who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice, or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances, every day of his life,

to show whether he be polite or not.

A truly polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not; for it is equally a mark of weakness, to be a slave to these forms, or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough, to adapt his conversation and manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room, may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or the stage-coach, as well as the 30 converse.

Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self-knowledge, and the parent of benevolence, (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy-35 glass,) which, not content with bowing low to this rich

man or that fine lady, respects the rights, and does justice to the claims, of every member of the great human family.

As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power 5 as themselves, and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style, or visit in certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the alphabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill, assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of bar-15 ley in his granary, or some other equally cogent reason.

LESSON LXI .- SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED .- ID.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered, that may be seen in Washington street any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to.

10 At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward; and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their 15 entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well-dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and, in walking with a lady, they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they 20 offer her their arm.

So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or not. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady, and a country 25 ctergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with

some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with may be a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen, that one of them must ride outside and make room for her.

I want to be near him, when his washer-woman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in 10 exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella, on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who 15 are exposed, without protection, to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear, if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts, as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man; and I am sorry to say, there are very few, who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation, where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it, which passes current in drawing-rooms. Any man must be an idiot, not to be polite in society, so called; for how else would he get his oysters and Champagne?

LESSON LXII .- COTTAGE ON THE SWISS ALPS .- BUCKMINSTER.

In one of the highest regions of the Swiss Alps, after a day of excessive labor, in reaching the summit of our journey, near those thrones erected ages ago for the majesty of Nature, we stopped, fatigued and dispirited, on a spot destined to eternal barrenness, where we found one of

these rude but hospitable inns open to receive us. There was not another human habitation, within many miles. All the soil, which we could see, had been brought thither, and placed carefully round the cottage, to nourish a few 5 cabbages and lettuces. There were some goats, which supplied the cottagers with milk; a few fowls lived in the house; and the greatest luxuries of the place were newmade cheeses, and some wild alpine mutton, the rare provision of the traveller. Yet here Nature had thrown off 10 the veil, and appeared in all her sublimity. Summits of bare granite rose all around us. The snow-clad tops of the distant Alps, seemed to chill the moon-beams that lighted on them; and we felt all the charms of the picturesque, mingled with the awe inspired by unchangeable grandeur. 15 We seemed to have reached the original elevations of the globe, o'ertopping forever the tumults, the vices, and the miseries of ordinary existence, far out of hearing of the murmurs of a busy world, which discord ravages, and luxury corrupts. We asked for the album, and a large 20 folio was brought to us, almost filled with the scrawls of every nation on earth that could write. Instantly our fatigue was forgotten; and the evening passed away pleasantly in the entertainment which this book afforded us.

LESSON LXIII. -PETER STUYVESANT. -WASHINGTON IRVING.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, he was also the best, of our ancient Dutch governors: Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Peter having never been equalled by any 5 successor.

To say merely that he was a hero, would be doing him great injustice;—he was in truth a combination of heroes;—for he was of a sturdy, raw-bone make, like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would 10 have given his hide for, (meaning his lion's hide,) when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and like the selfsame warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay.

All this martial excellency was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, 5 which was the only prize he had gained, in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare, he valued it more, than all his other limbs put together; indeed, so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends, that he wore a silver leg.

Like that choleric warrior, Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were ofttimes 15 rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their

shoulders with his walking-staff.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, 20 being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter, the Doubter. nor restless and fidgeting, like William, the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought or accepted the advice of others; depending confidently upon his single bead, as did the heroes of yore upon their single arms, to

work his way through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted no other requisite for a perfect statesman, than to think always right, for no one can deny, that he always acted as he thought; and if he wanted

30 in correctness, he made up for it in perseverance,—an excellent quality! since it is surely more dignified for a ruler to be persevering and consistent in error, than wavering and contradictory, in endeavoring to do what is right. This much is certain, and it is a maxim worthy

35 the attention of all legislators, both great and small, who stand shaking in the wind, without knowing which way to steer,—a ruler who acts according to his own will, is sure of pleasing himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others, runs a great risk of

40 pleasing nobody. The clock that stands still, and points steadfastly in one direction, is certain of being right twice in the four-and-twenty hours,—while others may keep going continually, and continually be going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous virtue escape the discern-

ment of the good people of Nieuw-Nederlandts;* on the contrary, so high an opinion had they of the independent mind and vigorous intellect of their new governor, that they universally called him *Hardkopping Piet*,† or Peter the Headstrong,—a great compliment to his understanding!

If from all that I have said, thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weatherbeaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing conclusions.

LESSON LXIV .-- ODE ON ART .-- CHARLES SPRAGUE.

When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,—
"The Curse a Blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened, as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak,—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock,—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

25 He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.

Pronounced New Nayderlânts.

[†] Pronounced Peet.

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With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the Throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

LESSON LXV.-ROBERT BURNS.-F. G. HALLECK.

The memory of Burns,—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory,—be the rest
Forgot,—she 's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I 've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument,—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot, Boy-Minstrel, in thy dreaming hour; And know, however low his lot, A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendancy o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

25 And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,

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Despair:—thy name is written on The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his, And longer scrolls, and louder lyres, And lays lit up with Poesy's Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death; Few nobler ones than Burns are there; And few have won a greener wreath Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

15 And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell, with willing knee,
And listen'd, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cottar's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall, 15*

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All passions in our frames of clay Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns,—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,—
Lived,—died,—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

LESSON LXVI.—THE FUTURE LIFE.—W. C. BRYANT.

Lines addressed to a deceased friend.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

5 For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain, If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?

That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,

Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind In the resplendence of that glorious sphere, And larger movements of the unfettered mind,

Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

25 For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll

And wrath hath left its scar,—that fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,—
The wisdom which is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

LESSON LXVII.—THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods, That dwells where'er the south wind blows; Where, underneath the white thorn in the glade, The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air, The leaves above their sunny palms outspread. With what a tender and empassion'd voice It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought, When the fast-ushering star of morning comes, O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf; Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve, In mourning weeds, from out the western gate, Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves In the green valley, where the silver brook, From its full laver, pours the white cascade; And, babbling low amid the tangled woods, Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter. And frequent, on the everlasting hills, Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself In all the dark embroidery of the storm, And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid The silent majesty of these deep woods, Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth, As to the sunshine, and the pure bright air, Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades. For them there was an eloquent voice in all The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun, The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way, Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds; The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun

Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes;
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in;
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating

Their old poetical legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,

My busy fancy oft embodies it,

10 As the bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature, of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clov
When the sun sets. Within her eye

15 The heaven of April, with its changing light, And when it wears the blue of May, is hung, And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair Is like the summer tresses of the trees,

When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek

20 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy

25 To have it round us, and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

LESSON LXVIII.—THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.—N. P. WILLY.

Woe! for my vine-clad home!

That it should ever be so dark to me,

With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree '

That I should ever come,

Fearing the lonely echo of a tread, Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!

Thy home is not so desolate to thee,

And the low shiver in the linden tree

May bring to thee a joy;
But, oh! how dark is the bright home before thee
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

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Lead on! for thou art now

My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,

And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken;

And I have seen his brow,

The forehead of my upright one, and just, Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son!
And when the shadows of the night steal on,
He will not call to prayer.

The lips that melted, giving thee to God, Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath past,
With his high glance of fire.
Woe! that the linden and the vine should bloom,
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

LESSON LXIX.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—J. G. WHITTIER.

Silence o'er sea and earth
With the veil of evening fell,
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth
The chime of its vesper-bell.*
One moment, and that solemn sound
Fell heavily on the ear;
But a sterner echo passed around,

Which the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up,
In the torchlight cold and dim;
And the priest let fall his incense cup,

And the virgin hushed her hymn;
For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,
And a summoning voice were heard,

15 And fretted wall, and tombstone damp, To the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound,
As he sat beside his hearth;
And the song and the dance were hushed around,
With the fireside tale of mirth.

^{*} The signal adopted by the Sicilians, for commencing the massacre of their French conquerors.

The chieftain shook in his bannered hall,
As the sound of war drew nigh;
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,
As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe, woe, to the stranger then,
At the feast and flow of wine,
In the red array of mailed men,
Or bowed at the holy shrine!
For the wakened pride of an injured land
Had burst its iron thrall;

From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band; Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul!

Proud beings fell that hour,
With the young and passing fair;
And the flame went up from dome an

15 And the flame went up from dome and tower
The avenger's arm was there!
The stranger priest at the altar stood,
And clasped his beads in prayer,
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood,—

The avenger found him there!

Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul,
To the serf and mailed lord!
They were gathered darkly, one and all,
To the harvest of the sword;

And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,
Shone out o'er hill and glen,
On ruined temple and mouldering pile,
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,

As its early glance came forth;

It had no sympathy with the wild

And terrible things of earth;

And the man of blood that day might read,

In a language freely given,

35 How ill his dark and midnight deed Became the light of heaven.

LESSON LXX. -- MEXICAN MYTHOLOGY. -- WM. H. PRESCOTT.

The Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, had no adequate conception of the true God. The idea of unity,—of a being, with whom volition is action, who has no need of inferior

ministers to execute his purposes,—was too simple, or too vast, for their understandings; and they sought relief, as usual, in a plurality of deities, who presided over the elements, the changes of the seasons, and the various occupations of man. Of these, there were thirteen principal deities, and more than two hundred inferior; to each of whom some special day, or appropriate festival, was consecrated.

At the head of all stood the terrible Mexican Mars;*

10 although it is doing injustice to the heroic war-god of antiquity, to identify him with this sanguinary monster.

This was the patron deity of the nation. His fantastic image was loaded with costly ornaments. His temples were the most stately and august of the public edifices;

15 and his altars reeked with the blood of human hecatombs, in every city of the empire. Disastrous, indeed, must

have been the influence of such a superstition on the

character of the people.

A far more interesting personage in their mythology 20 was the god t of the air, a divinity who, during his residence on earth, instructed the natives in the use of metals, in agriculture, and in the arts of government. He was one of those benefactors of their species, doubtless, who have been deified by the gratitude of posterity. Under him, the earth teemed with fruits and flowers, without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a single man could carry. The cotton, as it grew, took, of its own accord, the rich dyes of human art. The air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds. In short, these were the halcyon days, which find a place in the mythic systems of so many nations of the Old World. It was the golden age of Anahuac.

From some cause, not explained, this god incurred the 35 wrath of one of the principal gods, and was compelled to abandon the country. On his way, he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico. When he reached the shores of the Mexican Gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising, that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then, entering his wizard skiff,

^{*} Huitzilopotchli.

made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan. He was said to have been tall in stature, with a white skin, long, dark hair, and a flowing beard. The Mexicans looked confidently to the return of the benevolent deity; and this remarkable tradition, deeply cherished in their hearts, prepared the way for the future success of the Spaniards.

LESSON LXXI.—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE.— SAMUEL G. HOWE.

It is not an unprofitable question to ask, what was the origin and progress of language? And the answer must be, that it is the gradual work of the human race, carried on through long ages, and not yet finished and perfected.

There is no good reason to suppose, that God made any departure, in the case of language, from that course by which He governs the universe, and which we call the laws of nature; He never gives us anything outright; He endows us with capacities, powers, and desires, and then placing certain desirable objects before us, bids us work to obtain them.

To say, as some divines do, that it would have been impossible for man to commence and perfect language, is to say, that God could not have endowed him with capaci-

15 ties for doing so.

God has so endowed the human race; He has given them both the desire and capacity of forming language: the result of their neglecting these capacities would have been, and is still, in some cases, that they tarry long in a 20 state of barbarism; the result of their exercising and improving them in other cases, has been advancement in

every thing which improves and elevates humanity.

If it be said, we are positively told, in the second chapter of Genesis, that, in the very beginning, Adam used 25 language, and named the beasts of the field, I answer, we must consider the second chapter metaphorical, as we do the first, where we are told that light, and day and night, were established on the first day, while the sun and moon were not brought into existence until the fourth day; or, 30 if people will insist on rendering some parts literally and others metaphorically, just as suits them, then I say the first language was probably very imperfect and merely elementary; and that one may prove, even from Scripture.

that man was obliged to work for his language, as he is

obliged to work for every other good thing.

The confusion of tongues must have amounted virtually to annihilation of speech; the sounds which each uttered, 5 were incomprehensible jargon to all the others; each knew what he would say, but could make no other understand him; they probably shouted, as we do to deaf people, thinking to be better understood, but this only made the others stop their ears, until at last, losing all patience, 10 they scattered in small groups, or in pairs. After this, the process of building up language must have been similar to that which we see infants and children going through every day.

Suppose two or more to have separated from the rest; 15 they would cling together; they would, at first, by rude sounds and gestures, begin to form a system of signs, by which they could understand each other; one, looking to a fruit, would utter a sound once, perhaps twice, and the next time the sound was repeated, it would recall the 20 thought of the fruit, and become its name to those two; but to other two it would have no meaning, for they had

perhaps in the mean time fixed upon some other sound, as the sign for the fruit. One, feeling a pain, or a desire, thirst for instance, would utter a certain sound; this re-25 peated, would become the sign of that feeling.

After establishing signs for all manner of external things, by gradual and easy analogy, they would go on to mental emotions; they would establish signs for time past, time present, time to come; all these at first would 30 have to be made clear by the expression of the features. by gestures, &c.; but gradually these gestures would be dropped, as the conventional meaning of the sounds became established, until at last a purely arbitrary sign,-a vocal sound,-a word,-would recall the thought of the 35 object.

LESSON LXXII.—ZENOBIA'S AMBITION.—WILLIAM WARE.

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved any thing great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. 5 was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not

only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have 5 already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt, on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine, on the other? Were not

10 Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win. Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not

15 that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right,—I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power

to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and 20 the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged?—what province have I oppressed?—what city pillaged?—what region drained with taxes?—whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed?—whose honor have I

25 wantonly assailed?—whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon?—I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more

30 power, than love.

Suppose now, my ambition add another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united 35 and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of

35 and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets 40 of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various

industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting:—receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or

less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me.

5 If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am

open to your censure, and will bear it.

But I have spoken, that you may know your queen,—
not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I
tell you then that I am ambitious,—that I crave dominion,
10 and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings,
a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too,
—you can bear me witness that I do,—that it shall be,
while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can,
I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

LESSON LXXIII.—TRIALS OF THE POET AND THE SCHOLAR.—GEO. S. HILLARD.

In a highly civilized age, the poet finds himself perplexed with contradictions which he cannot reconcile, and anomalies which he cannot comprehend. Coming out from the soft ideal world, in which he has dreamed away his youth, he is constantly repelled by some iron reality. The aspect of life to him seems cold, hard and prosaic. It renews the legend of Œdipus and the Sphinx. With a face of stone, it propounds to him a riddle, which he must guess or be devoured. It is an age of frightful extremes of social condition; of colossal wealth and heart-crushing poverty; of courts and custom-houses; of cornlaws and game-laws; of man-traps and spring-guns.

The smoke from the almshouse and the jail, blots the pure sky. The race of life is not to the swift, nor its battle to the strong. A sensitive conscience, a delicate taste, the gift of genius, and the ornament of learning, are rather obstacles, than helps, in the way of what is called success. Men are turned into petrifactions by the slow-dropping influences of artificial life. The heroic virtues of the elder age, have vanished with its free speech, and its simple manners. There seems to be no pulse of hearty life in any thing, whether it be good or bad. Virtue is timid, and vice is cunning. Love is cold and calculating, and hatred masks its dagger with a smile.

25 In this world of hollow forms and gilded seeming, the claims of the poet are unheeded, and his voice unheard.

The gifts which he proffers, are unvalued by those who have forgotten the dreams of their youth, and wandered away from the primal light of their being. He looks around him; and the mournful fact presses itself upon his conviction, that there is no cover laid for him at Nature's table. His very existence seems to him a mistake. And now begins that fiery struggle in which the temper of his genius is to be tried, and which moves the deepest springs of compassion and sympathy, in the human heart.

Poetry has invented nothing more pathetic, history has recorded nothing more sad, than those mournful experiences which are so often the lot of the scholar and the man of genius. The dethronement of kings, and the beggary of nobles, are less affecting than the wrongs, the sor-

15 rows, the long-protracted trials, the forlorn conditions of great and gifted minds; nobles, whose patents are of elder date than the pyramids, and kings by the anointment of

God's own hand.

What tragedies can be read, in the history of literature, 20 deeper than Macbeth, more moving than Lear? Milton, old, poor, and blind, selling Paradise Lost for five pounds; Dryden beaten by ruffians at the prompting of a worthless peer, who, in Plato's commonwealth, would have been changing the poet's plate; Tasso, a creature as delicately 25 moulded as if, like the Peris, he had fed upon nothing grosser than the breath of flowers, wearing out the best years of his life in the gloom of a dungeon; Racine hurried to his grave by the rebuke of a heartless king; Chatterton, at midnight, homeless and hungry, bathing the 30 unpitying stones of London with the hot tears of anguish and despair; Johnson, at the age of thirty-six, dining behind a screen at the house of Cave, because he was too shabbily dressed to appear at the table; Burns taken from the plough, which he had "followed in glory and in joy

35 upon the mountain side," to gauge ale-firkins, and watch

for contraband tobacco.

LESSON LXXIV .-- THE YANKEES. -- SAMUEL KETTEL.

Yankee-land, or the New England portion of the United States, does not make a great figure in the map of the American Republic; yet the traveller who leaves it out of his route, can tell you but little of what the Americans are.

It is in New England that you find Jonathan at home. In the other states, there is a mixture, greater or less, of foreign population; but in New England the population is homogeneous and native,—the emigrant does not settle there,—the country is too full of people; while the more fertile soil of the west holds out superior attractions to the stranger. It is no lubber-land; there is no getting half-adollar a day for sleeping, in Massachusetts or Vermont; the rocky soil and rough climate of this region, require thrift and industry in the occupant. In the west, he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature; but here his toil must never be remitted; and as valor comes of sherris, so doth prosperity come of industry.

While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. They are like cats, throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish, while any thing remains to be tried; they have a resolution that will try any thing, if need be; and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

LESSON LXXV.—CUSTOM OF WHITEWASHING.—FRANCIS HOPKINSON.**

My wish is to give you some account of the people of these new States; but I am far from being qualified for the purpose, having as yet seen little more than the cities of New Yor: and Philadelphia. I have discovered but 5 few national singularities among them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the revolution, the Americans were from their infancy taught to look up to the English, as patterns of perfection 10 in all things. I have observed, however, one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country: an account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter the matrimo-

^{*} This piece has been incorrectly ascribed to the pen of Dr. Franklin. Hopkinson possessed much of that ease and humor, which have rendered the writings of the former so universally admired.

nial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty, is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of whitewashing, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connexion, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You would wonder what this privilege of whitewashing is:—I will endeavor to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

10 There is no season of the year, in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is untend usually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the filthiness of every thing about her,—these are signs which ought not to be neglected; yet they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on, and go off again, without producing any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow

with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost; he immediately locks up the apartment, or closet, where his papers or his private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight;

for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended; and the very scullion, who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than he. He has

nothing for it but to abdicate, and run from an evil which

he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses, lie in a huddled heap, about the floors; the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends 40 beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass; for the foreground of the picture, gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, and the

fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There, a closet has disgorged its bowels, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of teapots and stoppers of departed decanters; —from the rag hole in the garret, to the rat hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest, the words of Lear naturally present themselves, and might, with some alteration, be made strictly applicable:

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp'd of Justice!——————————————————————Close pent-up Guilt,
Raise your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace!"

LESSON LXXVI. -- SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED. -- ID.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and the ceilings of every room and closet, with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called whitewash; to pour buckets 5 of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes, wet with soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her-neck, and, with 10 a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told, that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs, by a person who had 15 a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court, that the action would not lie, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost not only his suit of clothes but his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremony is to

cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together; recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a 5 scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean; it matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles are mutilated, or suffer death under the operation; a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo 10 the same discipline; they are to be made clean, at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; smaller prints are piled upon it, and the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but this 15 is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvass of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; 20 the spirit and oil used on this occasion, are suffered to leak through, and spoil the engraving; no matter,-if the glass is clean, and the frame shine, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able mathematician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long 25 experience, and has discovered that the losses and destruction incident to two whitewashings, are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

The cleaning frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates, and all would be 30 well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion, in so small a community, should not produce some further effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore throats or sore eyes, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime, or with severe colds, from the exhalations of wet floors or damp

walls.

LESSON LXXVII.—SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.—ID.

I know a gentleman, who was fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is inge5 nious and whimsical; but I am not at leisure to give you

the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about 5 twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables; and a few prints, of the cheapest sort, were hung against the walls. His hope was, that, when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apart-10 ment, and scrub and smear and scour to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, while he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation: it was impossible it should, since a principal part of the 15 gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once a year, and to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the 20 philosopher, which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper; this is generally done; and, though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens, the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental, that the women have admitted

25 the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress: he generally has the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, 30 and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard; for should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph, with buckets, brooms, and brushes; takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers to rights,—to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. For instance:

A gentleman was sued by the executors of a tradesman,

A gentleman was sued by the executors of a tradesman, 40 on a charge found against him in the deceased's books, to the amount of thirty pounds. The defendant was strongly impressed with the idea, that he had discharged the debt, and taken a receipt; but, as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt.

The suit went on in course, and the time approached, when judgment would be obtained against him. He then sat seriously down to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied, and displayed on a table, for 5 that purpose. In the midst of his search, he was suddenly called away on business of importance;—he forgot to lock the door of his room. The housemaid, who had been long looking out for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and, with great 10 alacrity, fell to cleaning the room, and putting things to rights. The first object that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table; these were without delay bundled together, as so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell 15 unnoticed on the floor, which happened to be the very receipt in question; as it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in the rubbish-pan into the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his 20 book; the defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for the debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and

the money paid, one of the children found the receipt among the rubbish in the yard. 25

There is another custom, peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former. I mean, that of washing the pavement before the doors, every Saturday evening. I, at first, took this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further inquiry, find it is a religious rite, 30 preparatory to the Sabbath; and is, I believe, the only religious rite, in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset, and continues till about ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings;

35 he runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water

thrown against his legs; but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger, that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known anywhere by his gait. The 40 streets of New York are paved with rough stones; these indeed are not washed; but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from before the doors, that the stones stand up sharp and prominent, to the great inconvenience of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles

every thing. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York; he walks the streets with as much painful caution as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed with the gout; while a New Yorker, as 5 little approving the plain masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement, like a parrot on a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged, that the ablutions I have mentioned, are attended with no small inconvenience; but 10 the women would not be induced, on any consideration, to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers, in the world; and I am sure you will join 15 me in opinion, that, if a married man is made miserable only one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

LESSON LXXVIII.—THE FORCE OF CURIOSITY.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

How swells my theme! how vain my power I find, To track the windings of the curious mind!

Let aught be hid, though useless, nothing boots,

Straightway it must be pluck'd up by the roots.

How oft we lay the volume down to ask

Of him, the victim in the Iron Mask;

The crusted medal rub with painful care,

To spell the legend out,—that is not there;

With dubious gaze o'er mossgrown tombstones bend

To find a name—the herald never penned;

Dig through the lava-deluged city's breast,

Learn all we can, and wisely guess the rest:

Ancient or modern, sacred or profane,

All must be known, and all obscure made plain;

If 't was a pippin tempted Eve to sin,
If glorious Byron drugged his muse with gin;
If Troy e'er stood, if Shakspeare stole a deer,
If Israel's missing tribes found refuge here;
If like a villain Captain Henry lied,
If like a martyr Captain Morgan died.

Its aim oft idle, lovely in its end,
We turn to look, then linger to befriend;

20

The maid of Egypt thus was led to save A nation's future leader from the wave; New things to hear when erst the Gentiles ran, Truth closed what Curiosity began.

How many a noble art, now widely known,
Owes its young impulse to this power alone;
Even in its slightest working we may trace
A deed that changed the fortunes of a race;
Bruce, banned and hunted on his native soil,

10 With curious eye surveyed a spider's toil;
Six times the little climber strove and failed;
Six times the chief before his foes had quailed;
"Once more," he cried, "in thine my doom I read,
Once more I dare the fight if thou succeed;"

'T was done: the insect's fate he made his own:
Once more the battle waged, and gained a throne.
Behold the sick man in his easy chair;

Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air,
How every passing trifle proves its power
To while away the long, dull, lazy hour!
As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,
Curious he'll watch to see which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,

He 'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.

So with each newborn nothing rolls the day,

Till some kind neighbor stumbling in his way,

Draws up his chair, the sufferer to amuse,

And makes him happy, while he tells—The News.

The News! our morning, noon, and evening cry;

Day unto day repeats it till we die.

For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;

35 For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some coffined friend we gather round,
We ask, "What news?"—then lay him in the ground;
To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest,

40 For this the dinner cools, the bed remains unpressed.

LESSON LXXIX .- THE WINDS .- W. C. BRYANT.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound;
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,

To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.

Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;

The harvest field becomes a river's bed;
And torrents tumble from the hills around;
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned;
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

Ye dart upon the deep; and straight is heard
A wilder roar; and men grow pale, and pray:
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,

And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty

Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,

Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,

And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere:

For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;

Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;

Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,

Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

10

15

20

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours
In chains upon the shore of Europe lies;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throws with terror in their eyes;
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

Yet oh! when that wronged Spirit of our race,
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains
And leap in freedom from his prison-place
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,
Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

LESSON LXXX. - DAYBREAK. - RICHARD H. DANA, SEN.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."—The Pilgrim's Progress.

Now, brighter than the host that all night long,
In fiery armor, up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning's song,
Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

"Canst thou grow sad," thou say'st, "as earth grows bright?And sigh, when little birds begin discourse

In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source! With creatures innocent thou must perforce A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.

5 And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse, Of ills and pains of life must be the cure, And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure."

I feel its calm. But there 's a sombrous hue Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;

10 Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hilltops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still,—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song,—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead,—

15 The silent city emptied of its throng, And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth, Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife, With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth

With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature 's rife,
And airs, and woods, and streams breathe harmonies;
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:

25 He feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

And 't is because man useth so amiss Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad; Else why should she in such fresh hour as this Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,

- 30 From her fair face? It is that man is mad!
 Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine
 When Nature grieves: nor deem this heart is bad.
 Thou look'st towards earth; but yet the heavens are thine,
 While I to earth am bound: When will the heavens be
 mine?
- 35 If man would but his finer nature learn,
 And not in life fantastic lose the sense
 Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern
 Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,
 I should not yearn for God to take me hence,

But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed, Remembering humbly why it is, and whence: But when I see cold man, of reason proud, My solitude is sad,—I'm lonely in the crowd.

5 But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour: fresh life is near;
But all my joys! they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,

10 And, like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm,—my spirit's torn;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh!

And when I grieve, oh! rather let it be

15 That I, whom Nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea;
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit; who, as mine own child,

20 Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see; that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce and
wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth! In crown of living fire
25 Up comes the Day! As if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light. Go, vain Desire!
The dusky lights have gone: go thou thy way!
And pining Discontent, like them, expire!

30 Be called my chamber, Peace, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like Pilgrim, sing and pray!

LESSON LXXXI.-THE LIGHT OF HOME.-MRS. S. J. HALE.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair, And thy spirit will sigh to roam, And thou must go;—but never when there, Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray:

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Like the meteor's flash 't will deepen the night, When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame, And pure as vestal fire;

5 'T will burn, 't will burn, forever the same, For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame 't will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

LESSON LXXXII.—A PSALM OF LIFE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.
WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
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Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act,—act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

LESSON LXXXIII .- TO THE CONDOR .- E. F. ELLET.

Wondrous, majestic bird! whose mighty wing Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring;—
Nor on earth's silent breast,—

Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high, And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,— Chooses its place of rest.

Proud nursling of the tempest, where repose Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close?

In what far clime of night

Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone,—
While round thee swells of life no kindred tone,—
Suspend thy tireless flight?

The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare;
No foot of man hath ever rested there;

Yet 't is thy sport to soar

20

Far o'er its frowning summit;—and the plain Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain, Or the green sea-beat shore.

The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked;—thy glorious path of light on high
Is trackless and unknown;
The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.

Imperial wanderer! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee!—
Beyond the bolt,—beyond the lightning's gleam,
Basking forever in the unclouded beam,—
Thy home immensity!

And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where heaven's own glories shine,
And scorn the tempest's power;—
Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings;
Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings,—

Those pageants of an hour!

LXXXIV.—A CHILD CARRIED AWAY BY AN EAGLE.— Professor Wilson.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek,—and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a 5 congregation, at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry. "The eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles, of hill, and dale, and 10 copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy 15 cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants

essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use,—what's the use,—o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down,—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies,—as if

5 they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white,—and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized, in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and, on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes, and over the huge stones, 15 up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as drawwells, or coal pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is 25 all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion,—who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death,—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devour-30 ing den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child, in de-

liverance, before the eye of the all-seeing God!

No stop,—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—to the little image made of her 40 own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing,—will not the same God save me, when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings,—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at

once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of the cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasping herchild,—dead—dead—dead,—no doubt,—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up, just as it was, when she laid it down asleep, among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field.

Oh! what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her 10 heart from that faint feeble cry:—"It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring, at the fount of life and love! "O Thou great, and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou 15 brought me,—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh!

save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! O Thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy

upon me!"

Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old
trees,—far—far down,—and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle
for her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot!
Here must she die,—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return; and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no longer.

LESSON LXXXV .- SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED .- ID.

Where all this while was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick;—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

"And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother," thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain, in its grasp, that 10 hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, "God!" She looked around, expecting to see an angel;—

but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, —by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object,—watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far

5 off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom,—she remembered not how or when,—but it was safe;—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, 10 with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarfbirch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge; and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the 15 shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff.

Steep as the wall of a house, was now the side of the 20 precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old,—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf,-but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it, as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. 25 Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish,—so great was the multitude, on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain,—but nothing dirge-like,—breathing not of 30 death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not,—in her own hut, she and her mother,—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believ-35 ing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless, as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth,—the psalm was hushed,—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her 40 feet. "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb;—but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths, for oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she 45 wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had 5 brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible;—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it,—and ere the cautious 10 mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers, that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her 15 child, in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures.

Not a word was spoken,—eyes said enough,—she hushed her friends with her hands,—and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent,—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs; and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, 25 and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs: -sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie; -then had succeeded a silence deep as death; -in a little while arose 30 the hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; -- and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like the wind-swept wood. And, for whose sake, was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble 35 creature, unknown to many even by name,—one who had but few friends, nor wished for more,—contented to work all day, here,—there,—any where,—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child,—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart 40 for paupers, in the kirk.

LESSON LXXXVI.—SCENE AT THE DEDICATION OF A HEATHEN TEMPLE.—WILLIAM WARE.

As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence, had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivalled art. In size, it surpasses any other building of the same 5 kind in Rome, and for the excellence of workmanship, and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's age, yet for a certain air of grandeur, and luxuriance of invention, in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple nor other edifice of any preceding age, ever perhaps resembled it.

Its order is Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo surrounded by the Hours. The western extremity is approached by a flight of steps, of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern, there extends beyond the walls, to a distance equal to the length of the building, a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined to the altar.

When this vast extent of wall and column, of the most dazzling brightness, came into view, everywhere covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces, and thea-25 tres, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire, -music, from innumerable instruments, filling the heavens with harmony, -shouts of the proud and excited populace, every few moments, and from different points, as Aurelian advanced, 30 shaking the air with its thrilling din,—the neighing of horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet,—the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud, which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling, and again eclipsing, the sun, the great god of this idolatry, 35 and from which few could withdraw their gaze; when, at once, this all broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child who before had never seen aught but his own village, and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the 40 sway of the senses. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstance and show. I thought of Rome's

thousand years, of her power, her greatness, and universal empire, and, for a moment, my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian.

But after that moment,—when the senses had had their 5 fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently; sorrow and compassion, for these gay multitudes, were at my heart; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those, to whose sacred cause I thad linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble. I thought that the superstition, which was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its roots in the very centre of the earth,—far too deep down, for a few, like myself, ever 15 to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and

escape, is suddenly struck away.

LESSON LXXXVII.—SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.—ID.

I was roused from these meditations, by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices, and by the priests of the various temples of the capital, all in their peculiar costume. Then Fronto, the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had come, and had commanded silence to be observed,—standing at the altar. glittering in his white and golden robes, like a messenger of light,—bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered, in clear and sounding tones, the prayer of dedication.

As he came toward the close of his prayer, he, as is so usual, with loud and almost frantic cries, and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then, with appropriate names and praises, invoked the Father of gods and men, to be present and hear. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter by name, and was about to call 20 on the other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and, at the same moment, from the dark recesses of the temple, a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaim-

ing, so that the whole multitude heard, the words,—"God is but one; the King eternal, immortal, invisible!"

It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those Many cried out with fear, and each seemed 5 to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused, as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaned from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awestruck, showed that to him it came, as a voice from the 10 gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple, from which the sound had come. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word, as it were, into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him, was dissolved; and recovering him-15 self,—making, indeed, as though a very different feeling had possessed him,—cried out, in fierce tones, to his guards, "Search the temple! some miscreant, hid away among the columns, profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him, and drag him forth to instant death!"

The guards of the emperor, and the servants of the temple, rushed in at that bidding. They soon emerged, saying that the search was fruitless. The temple, in all

its aisles and apartments, was empty.

LESSON LXXXVIII. -- SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED. -- ID.

The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which, accumulating into dark masses, began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning, and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god, to 5 whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple, and besought his ear, than again, from its dark interior, the same awful sounds issued forth, this time 10 saying, "Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods; God is but one!"

Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it, artfully and with violence, the appearance of offended dignity. His voice 15 was a shriek, rather than a human utterance, as it cried out, "This is but a Christian device; search the temple, till the accursed Nazarine be found, and hew him piecemeal!——" More he would have said; but, at the instant,

a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and, lighting upon a large sycamore, which shaded a part of the templecourt, clove it in twain. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain poured upon the city, 5 the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the kindled altars. The sacred fires went out, in hissing darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets. was confusion, uproar, terror and dismay. The crowds 10 sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators. and those nearest him, fled to the interior of the temple. The heavens blazed with the quick flashing of the lightning; and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the 15 voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled; for life hung by a thread. Great numbers, it has now been found, in every part of the capitol, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The capitol itself was struck, and the brass statue of Vespasian, in the forum, 20 thrown down, and partly melted. The Tiber, in a few hours, overran its banks, and laid much of the city and its borders under water.

LESSON LXXXIX .- HAMILTON AND JAY .- DR. HAWKS.

It were, indeed, a bold task to venture to draw into comparison the relative merits of Jay and Hamilton, on the fame and fortunes of their country,—a bold task,—and yet, bold as it is, we feel impelled, before closing, at least 5 to venture on opening it. They were undoubtedly, "par nobile fratrum," and yet not twin brothers,—"pares sed impares,"—like, but unlike. In patriotic attachment equal, for who would venture therein to assign to either the superiority; yet was that attachment, though equal in 10 degree, yet far different in kind: with Hamilton it was a sentiment, with Jay a principle,—with Hamilton enthusiastic passion, with Jay duty as well as love,—with Hamilton patriotism was the paramount law, with Jay a law "sub graviori lege."* Either would have gone through 15 fire and water to do his country service, and laid down freely his life for her safety,—Hamilton with the roused courage of a lion,—Jay with the calm fearlessness of a man; or rather, Hamilton's courage would have been that

^{*} Under a weightier law.

of the soldier,—Jay's that of the Christian. Of the latter it might be truly said,—

"Conscience made him firm,
That boon companion, who her strong breastplate
Buckles on him that fears no guilt within,
And bids him on, and fear not."

In intellectual power, in depth, and grasp, and versatility of mind, as well as in all the splendid and brilliant parts which captivate and adorn, Hamilton was greatly, not to say immeasurably, Jay's superior. In the calm and deeper wisdom of practical duty,—in the government of others, and still more in the government of himself,—in seeing clearly the right, and following it whithersoever it led, firmly, patiently, self-deniedly, Jay was again greatly, if not immeasurably, Hamilton's superior. In statesmanlike talent, Hamilton's mind had in it more of "constructive" power, Jay's of "executive."—Hamilton had Genius, Jay had wisdom. We would have taken Hamilton to plan a government, and Jay to carry it into execution; and, in a court of law, we would have Hamilton for our advocate, if our cause were generous, and Jay for judge,

if our cause were just.

The fame of Hamilton, like his parts, we deem to shine brighter and farther than Jay's, but we are not sure that 25 it should be so, or rather we are quite sure that it should not. For, when we come to examine and compare their relative course, and its bearing on the country and its fortunes, the reputation of Hamilton we find to go as far beyond his practical share in it, as Jay's falls short of his. Hamilton's civil official life was a brief and single, though brilliant one. Jay's numbered the years of a generation, and exhausted every department of diplomatic, civil, and judicial trust. In fidelity to their country, both were pure to their heart's core; yet was Hamilton loved, perhaps, more than trusted, and Jay trusted, perhaps, more than loved.

Such were they, we deem, in differing, if not contrasted, points of character. Their lives, too, when viewed from a distance, stand out in equally striking, but much more 40 painful, contrast. Jay's, viewed as a whole, has in it a completeness of parts, such as a nicer critic demands for the perfection of an epic poem, with its beginning of promise, its heroic middle, and its peaceful end, and par-

taking, too, somewhat of the same cold stateliness,—noble, however, still and glorious, and ever pointing, as such poem does, to the stars,—"Sic itur ad astra." The life of Hamilton, on the other hand, broken and fragmentary,

5 begun in the darkness of romantic interest, running on into the sympathy of all high passion, and at length breaking off in the midst, like some half-told tale of sorrow, amid tears and blood, even as does the theme of the tragic poet. The name of Hamilton, therefore, was

10 a name to conjure with,—that of Jay's to swear by. Hamilton had his frailties, arising out of passion, as tragic heroes have. Jay's name was faultless, and his course passionless, as becomes the epic leader, and, in point of fact was, while living, a name at which frailty blushed,

15 and corruption trembled.

If we ask whence, humanly speaking, came such disparity of the fate between equals, the stricter morals, the happier life, the more peaceful death, to what can we trace it, but to the healthful power of religion, over the 20 heart and conduct? Was not this, we ask, the ruling secret? Hamilton was a Christian in his youth, and a penitent Christian, we doubt not, on his dying bed; but Jay was a Christian, so far as man may judge, every day and hour of his life. He had but one rule, the gospel of 25 Christ; in that he was nurtured,—ruled by that, through grace he lived,—resting on that, in prayer, he died.

Admitting, then, as we do, both names to be objects of our highest sympathetic admiration, yet, with the name of Hamilton, as the master says of tragedy, the lesson is given,—"with pity and in fear." Not so with that of Jay; with him we walk fearless, as in the steps of one who was

a CHRISTIAN, as well as a PATRIOT.

LESSON XC .- ADAMS AND JEFFERSON .- DANIEL WEBSTER.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the 5 government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead.

But how little is there of the great and good, which can

die! To their country they yet live, and live forever.

They live, in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep 5 engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs 10 of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then 15 expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that, when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows; but it leaves the world all 20 light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused, by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously.

25 Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he

saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live,—perhaps it may be doubted, whether any two men have ever lived, in one age,—who, 30 more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant, will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American revolution will appear less than it is. The of the greatest events in human

history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age 5 will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in producing that momentous event.

LESSON XCI .- THE DESTINY OF OUR REPUBLIC .- G. S. HILLARD.

Let no one accuse me of seeing wild visions, and dreaming impossible dreams. I am only stating what may be done, and what will be done. We may most shamefully betray the trust reposed in us,—we may most miserably 5 defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace,— 10 with what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls. The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained, is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty, the golden 15 cord of our union broken, its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism, our "soil drenched with fraternal blood," the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity, the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its 20 encouragements and supports,—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember, that we can have none of those consolations, 25 which sustain the patriot, who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall, and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph, -no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized

30 life, beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices, will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands, we shall tear down the stately edifice of

our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate 5 our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue, which cannot be shaken, until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient 10 springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory, will be as inevitable, as the inferences of mathematics. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the rayens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak, by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which this, the anniversary of our Independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course,—no discordant notes of sectional madness, mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The

25 farthest West shall hear it and rejoice,—the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters,—the Rocky mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

LESSON XCII.—POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.—ANDREWS NORTON.

The relations, between man and man, cease not with life.

The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts, are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them, by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved, in life, are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us re-

mains. They are with us, in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts, in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part 5 of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections, 10 and our hopes, are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us, in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them, while on earth. 15 Creatures of imitation and sympathy, as we are, we look around us for support and countenance, even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty, about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon 20 it, which precludes all change, and seals it up, as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fel-

unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this 25 benefit; if he leave a character dark with vices, in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities, in the view of men; it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed, inactive and unnoticed, through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, there30 fore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his vir-

low-creatures, better, than that of leaving behind him an

30 fore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself; and it is thus, in one respect,

35 that he dieth not for himself.

LESSON XCIII.—LOOK ALOFT.—J. LAWRENCE, JR.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,

If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,

"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

5 If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,

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Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, "Look aloft!" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eve.

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly, 5 Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret, "Look aloft!" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

LESSON XCIV .- ODE ON WAR .- WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Hark!—the cry of Death is ringing
Wildly from the reeking plain:
Guilty Glory, too, is flinging
Proudly forth her vaunting strain.
Thousands on the field are lying,
Slaughtered in the ruthless strife;
Wildly mingled, dead and dying
Show the waste of human life!

Christian! can you idly slumber,
While this work of hell goes on?
Can you calmly sit and number
Fellow-beings, one by one,
On the field of battle falling,
Sinking to a bloody grave?
Up! the God of peace is calling,
Calling upon you to save!

Listen to the supplications
Of the widowed ones of earth;
Listen to the cry of nations,
Ringing loudly, wildly forth,—
Nations bruised, and crushed forever
By the iron heel of War!
God of mercy, wilt thou never
Send deliverance from afar?

Yes! a light is faintly gleaming
Through the cloud that hovers o'er;
Soon the radiance of its beaming
Full upon our land will pour;
'T is the light that tells the dawning
Of the bright millennial day,
Heralding its blessed morning
With its peace-bestowing ray.

Gop shall spread abroad his banner,
Sign of universal peace;
And the earth shall shout hosanna,
And the reign of blood shall cease.
Man no more shall seek dominion
Through a sea of human gore;
War shall spread its gloomy pinion
O'er the peaceful earth no more.

LESSON XCV .- THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN .- HENRY PICKERING.

Hark! to the sounding gale! how through the soul It vibrates, and in thunder seems to roll Along the mountains! Loud the forest moans, And, naked to the blast, the o'ermastering spirit owns.

Rustling, the leaves are rudely hurried by,
Or in dark eddies whirled; while from on high
The ruffian Winds, as if in giant mirth,
Unseat the mountain pine, and headlong dash to earth!

With crest of foam, the uplifted flood no more
Flows placidly along the sylvan shore;
But, vexed to madness, heaves its turbid wave,
Threatening to leave the banks it whilom loved to lave:

And in the angry heavens, where, wheeling low, The sun exhibits yet a fitful glow,

The clouds, obedient to the stormy power, Or shattered, fly along, or still more darkly lower.

Amazement seizes all! within the vale
Shrinking, the mute herd snuff the shivering gale;
The while, with tossing head and streaming mane,
20 The horse affrighted bounds, or wildly skims the plain.

Whither, with charms to Fancy yet so dear, Whither has fled the lovely infant year?

Where, too, the groves in greener pomp arrayed? The deep and solemn gloom of the inspiring shade?

The verdant heaven that once the woods o'erspread, And underneath a pensive twilight shed,

5 Is shrivelled all: dead the vine-mantled bowers,
And withered in their bloom the beautiful young flowers!

Mute, too, the voice of Joy! no tuneful bird
Amid the leafless forest now is heard;
Nor more may ploughboy's laugh the bosom cheer,
10 Nor in the velvet glade Love's whisper charm the ear.

But lo! the ruthless storm its force hath spent; And see! where sinking 'neath you cloudy tent, The sun withdraws his last cold, feeble ray, Abandoning to Night his short and dubious sway

A heavier gloom pervades the chilly air!
Now in their northern caves the Winds prepare
The nitrous frost to sheet with dazzling white,
The long deserted fields at the return of light:

Or with keen icy breath they may glass o'er
The restless wave, and on the lucid floor
Let fall the feathery shower, and far and wide
Involve in snowy robe the land and fettered tide!

Thus shut the varied scene! and thus, in turn,
O Autumn! thou within thine ample urn
Sweep'st all earth's glories. Ah, for one brief hour,
Spare the soft virgin's bloom and tender human flower!

LESSON XCVI.-MAN.-N. Y. EVENING POST.

The human mind,—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing,—the human mind!

The human heart,—that restless thing '
The tempter and the tried;

The joyous, yet the suffering,-The source of pain and pride; The gorgeous thronged,—the desolate, The seat of love, the lair of hate,-Self-stung, self-deified! 5 Yet do we bless thee as thou art, Thou restless thing,—the human heart! The human soul,—that startling thing! Mysterious and sublime! 10 The angel sleeping on the wing Worn by the scoffs of time,— The beautiful, the veiled, the bound, The earth-enslaved, the glory-crowned, The stricken in its prime! From heaven in tears to earth it stole, 15 That startling thing,—the human soul! And this is man:—Oh! ask of him, The gifted and forgiven,— While o'er his vision, drear and dim. 20 The wrecks of time are driven; If pride or passion in their power, Can chain the time, or charm the hour, Or stand in place of heaven? He bends the brow, he bows the knee,— 25 "Creator, Father! none but thee!"

LESSON XCVII.—PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO.—JAMES K. PAULDING.

As down Ohio's ever-ebbing tide, Oarless and sailless, silently they glide, How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair, Was the lone land that met the strangers there! No smiling villages, or curling smoke, 5 The busy haunts of busy men bespoke; No solitary hut the banks along, Sent forth blithe Labor's homely, rustic song; No urchin gambolled on the smooth white sand, 10 Or hurled the skipping-stone with playful hand, While playmate dog plunged in the clear blue wave, And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save. Where now are seen, along the river side, Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,

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And fleets of gliding boats with riches crowned,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,
Nothing appeared but nature unsubdued,
One endless, noiseless woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seemed to be
As level and as lifeless as the sea;
They seemed to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the Earth,—the land was all their own!

'T was evening now: the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 't was a night might shame the fairest day;
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They cared not though the day ne'er came again.

The moon high wheeled the distant hills above, Silvered the fleecy foliage of the grove, That, as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,

Whispered, it loved the gentle visit well:
That fair-faced orb alone to move appeared,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
No deep-mouthed hound the hunter's haunt betrayed
No lights upon the shore or waters played,

No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
To tell the wanderers man was nestling there.
All, all was still, on gliding bark and shore,
As if the earth now slept to wake no more.

LESSON XCVIII. - SPIRIT OF BEAUTY. - RUFUS DAWES.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight,
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night, For the roses are gushing with dewy delight; Then she mounts again, and around her flings A shower of light from her purple wings, Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high, That silently fills it with ecstasy!

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At noon, she hies to a cool retreat, Where bowering elms over waters meet; She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip; That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,

When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain, From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream:—
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The Spirit of Beauty is every where!

LESSON XCIX. -- EDUCATION OF FEMALES. -- JOSEPH STORY.

If Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true, that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influ-5 ence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex, as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues, which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their 10 amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Their whole lives were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" and 15 concealment of intellectual power was often resorted to, to escape the dangerous imputation of masculine strength.

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards;"

color for the suggestion, that it was

In the higher walks of life, the satirist was not without

20 and that, elsewhere, "most women had no character at all," beyond that of purity and devotion to their families.

Admirable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence, to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies which elevate the soul, and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

These things have, in a great measure, passed away. The prejudices, which dishonored the sex, have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow, but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread, lest the culture of

15 science should foster that masculine boldness, or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as everywhere else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature 20 adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning,

like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like

25 those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its

purity.

There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush, even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which, a 30 half century ago, was neither uncommon, nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is, in a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of

35 fashion.

A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity, or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals, or allies, in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those, whose elegance of manners, and blamelessness of life, command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration.

LESSON C .- THE VOICES OF THE DEAD .- ORVILLE DEWEY.

The world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak, not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us, in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, associations. They speak to us, not only from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence.

They are with us, by the silent fireside, and in the seclu10 ded chamber: they are with us, in the paths of society, and
in the crowded assembly of men. They speak to us, from
the lonely way-side; and they speak to us, from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of a multitude, and to
the voice of prayer. Go, where we will, the dead are with
15 us. We live, we converse, with those, who once lived and
conversed with us. Their well remembered tone mingles
with the whispering breezes, with the sound of the falling

leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring-time. The earth is filled with their shadowy train.

But there are more substantial expressions of the presence of the dead, with the living. The earth is filled with the labors, the works, of the dead. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-during temples, the dwelling-places of generations, the comforts and improvements of life, the languages, the maxims, the opinions, of the living, the very frame-work of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empire,—all are the works of the dead: by these, they who are dead, yet speak.

LESSON CI.—THE JEWISH REVELATION .- DR. NOYES.

The peculiar religious character of the Psalms, which distinguishes them from the productions of other nations of antiquity, is well worthy of the attention of such as are disposed to doubt the reality of the Jewish revelation.

5 I do not refer to the prophetic character, which some of them are supposed to possess, but to the comparative purity and fervor of religious feeling, which they manifest; the sublimity and justness of the views of the Deity, and of his government of the world, which they present; and

the clear perception of a spiritual good, infinitely to be preferred to any external possession, which is found in them. Let them be considered, as the expression and fruit of the principles of the Jewish religion, as they existed in the minds of pious Israelites, and do they not bear delightful testimony to the reality of the successive revelations, alleged to have been made to the Hebrew nation, and of the peculiar relation which the Most High is said to have sustained towards them?

Hebrew poets, with those of the most enlightened periods of Grecian literature. Let him explain, how it happened, that in the most celebrated cities of antiquity, which human reason had adorned with the most splendid trophies of art, whose architecture it is now thought high praise to imitate well, whose sculpture almost gave life to marble, whose

poetry has never been surpassed, and whose eloquence has never been equalled, a religion prevailed, so absurd and frivolous, as to be beneath the contempt of a child, at the present day; while in an obscure corner of the world, in a nation in some respects imperfectly civilized, were breathed forth those strains of devotion, which now animate the hearts of millions, and are the vehicle of their feelings to

the throne of God. Let him say, if there be not some 25 ground for the conclusion, that whilst the corner-stone of the heathen systems of religion, was unassisted human reason, that of the Jewish was an immediate revelation from the Father of lights.

LESSON CII.—INCITEMENTS TO AMERICAN INTELLECT.—
G. S. HILLARD.

The motives to intellectual action, press upon us with peculiar force, in our country, because the connection is here so immediate between character and happiness, and because there is nothing between us and ruin, but intelligence which sees the right, and virtue which pursues it.

There are such elements of hope and fear, mingled in the great experiment which is here trying, the results are so momentous to humanity, that all the voices of the past 10 and the future, seem to blend in one sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself, not only to the general, but to the individual ear. By the wrecks of shattered states, by the quenched lights of promise, that once shone upon man, by the long deferred hopes of humanity, by all that has

5 been done and suffered, in the cause of liberty, by the martyrs that died before the sight, by the exiles, whose hearts have been crushed in dumb despair, by the memory of our fathers and their blood in our veins,—it calls upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has 10 committed to our hands.

That fine natures should here feel their energies palsied by the cold touch of indifference, that they should turn to Westminster Abbey, or the Alps, or the Vatican, to quicken their flagging pulses, is, of all mental anomalies,

15 the most inexplicable. The danger would seem to be rather, that the spring of a sensitive mind may be broken by the weight of obligation that rests upon it, and that the stimulant, by its very excess, may become a narcotic.

The poet must not plead his delicacy of organization, as 20 an excuse, for dwelling apart in trim gardens of leisure, and looking at the world only through the loop-holes of his retreat. Let him fling himself, with gallant heart, upon the stirring life, that heaves and foams around him. He must call home his imagination from those spots, on

25 which the light of other days has thrown its pensive charm, and be content to dwell among his own people. The future and the present must inspire him, and not the past. He must transfer, to his pictures, the glow of morning, and not the hues of sunset. He must not go to any

30 foreign Pharphar, or Abana, for the sweet influences which he may find in that familiar stream, on whose banks he has played as a child, and mused as a man.

Let him dedicate his powers to the best interests of his country. Let him sow the seeds of beauty along that 35 dusty road, where humanity toils and sweats in the sun. Let him spurn the baseness which ministers food to the passions which blot out, in man's soul, the image of God. Let not his hands add one seductive charm to the unzoned form of pleasure, nor twine the roses of his genius around the reveller's wine-cup. Let him mingle with his verse those grave and high elements befitting him, around whom the air of freedom blows, and upon whom the light of heaven shines. Let him teach those stern virtues of self-control and self-renunciation, of faith and patience, of

abstinence and fortitude,—which constitute the foundations alike of individual happiness, and of national pros-

perity.

Let him help to rear up this great people to the stature and symmetry of a moral manhood. Let him look abroad upon this young world in hope, and not in despondency. Let him not be repelled by the coarse surface of material life. Let him survey it, with the piercing insight of genius, and in the reconciling spirit of love. Let him find inspiration,

10 wherever man is found; in the sailor, singing at the windlass; in the roaring flames of the furnace; in the dizzy spindles of the factory; in the regular beat of the thresher's flail; in the smoke of the steam-ship; in the whistle of the locomotive. Let the mountain wind blow courage

15 into him. Let him pluck from the stars of his own wintry sky, thoughts, serene as their own light, lofty as their own place. Let the purity of the majestic heavens flow into his soul. Let his genius soar upon the wings of faith, and charm with the beauty of truth.

LESSON CIII.—IMPORTANCE OF KNOWLEDGE TO THE MECHANIC. G. B. EMERSON.

Let us imagine, for a moment, the condition of an individual, who has not advanced beyond the merest elements of knowledge, who understands nothing of the principles even of his own art, and inquire, what change will be wrought in his feelings, his hopes, and happiness, in all that makes up the character, by the gradual inpouring of knowledge. He has now the capacity of thought, but it is a barren faculty, never nourished by the food of the mind, and never rising above the poor objects of sense.

10 Labor and rest, the hope of mere animal enjoyment, or the fear of want, the care of providing covering and food,

make up the whole sum of his existence.

Such a man may be industrious, but he cannot love labor, for it is not relieved by the excitement of improving, 15 or changing, the processes of his art, nor cheered by the hope of a better condition. When released from labor, he does not rejoice, for mere idleness is not enjoyment; and he has no book, no lesson of science, no play of the mind, no interesting pursuit, to give a zest to the hour of

20 leisure. Home has few charms for him; he has little taste for the quiet, the social converse, and exchange of

feeling and thought, the innocent enjoyments that ought to dwell there. Society has little to interest him, for he has no sympathy for the pleasures or pursuits, the cares or the troubles of others, to whom he cannot feel nor

5 perceive his bonds of relationship.

All of life is but a poor boon for such a man; and happy for himself and for mankind, if the few ties that hold him to this negative existence, be not broken. Happy for him, if that best and surest friend of man, that messen-

10 ger of good news from Heaven to the poorest wretch on earth, Religion, bringing the fear of God, appear to save him. Without her to support, should temptation assail him, what an easy victim would he fall to vice or crime! How little would be necessary to overturn his ill-balanced.

15 principles, and throw him grovelling in intemperance, or send him abroad, on the ocean, or the highway, an enemy

to himself and his kind!

But let the light of science fall upon that man; open to him the fountain of knowledge; let a few principles of 20 philosophy enter his mind, and awaken the dormant power of thought; he begins to look upon his art, with an altered eve. It ceases to be a dark mechanical process, which he cannot understand; he regards it, as an object of inquiry, and begins to penetrate the reasons, and acquire a new 25 mastery over his own instruments. He finds other and better modes of doing what he had done before, blindly and without interest, a thousand times. He learns to profit by the experience of others, and ventures upon untried paths. Difficulties, which before would have stopped 30 him at the outset, receive a ready solution from some luminous principle of science. He gains new knowledge and new skill, and can improve the quality of his manufacture, while he shortens the process, and diminishes his own labor.

by the consciousness of increasing power; it is leading him forward to a higher place among his fellow-men. Relaxation, too, is sweet to him, as it enables him to add to his intellectual stores, and to mature, by undisturbed meditation, the plans and conceptions of the hour of labor. His home has acquired a new charm; for he is become a man of thought, and feels and enjoys the peace and seclusion of that sacred retreat; and he carries thither the honest complacency which is the companion of well-

earned success. There, too, bright visions of the future sphere open upon him, and excite a kindly feeling towards

those who are to share in his prosperity.

Thus, his mind and heart expand together. He has 5 become an intelligent being; and, while he has learned to esteem himself, he has also learned to live no longer for himself alone. Society opens, like a new world, to him; he looks upon his fellow-creatures with interest and sympathy, and feels that he has a place in their affections 10 and respect. Temptations assail him in vain. He is

10 and respect. Temptations assail him in vain. He is armed by high and pure thoughts. He takes a wider view of his relations with the beings about and above him. He welcomes every generous virtue that adorns and dignifies the human character. He delights in the

15 exercise of reason,—he glories in the consciousness and the hope of immortality.

LESSON CIV.—MACER PREACHING ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT ROME.—WILLIAM WARE.

The crowd was restless and noisy, heaving to and fro, like the fiery mass of a boiling crater. A thousand exclamations and imprecations filled the air. I thought it doubtful, whether the rage which seemed to fill a great proportion of those around me, would so much as permit

5 proportion of those around me, would so much as permit him to open his mouth. It seemed rather, as if he would at once be dragged, from where he stood, to the prefect's tribunal, or hurled from the steps, and sacrificed at once to the fury of the populace. Upon the column, on his right

10 hand, hung, emblazoned with gold, and beautiful with all the art of the chirographer, the edict of Aurelian. It was

upon parchment, within a brazen frame.

Soon as quiet was restored, so that any single voice

could be heard, he began.

15 "Romans! the emperor, in his edict, tells me not to preach to you. Not to preach Christ in Rome, neither within a church, nor in the streets. Shall I obey him? When Christ says, 'Go forth, and preach the gospel to every creature,' shall I give ear to a Roman emperor, who

20 bids me hold my peace? Not so, not so, Romans. I love God too well, and Christ too well, and you too well, to heed such bidding. I love Aurelian, too; I have served long under him; and he was ever good to me. He was a good, as well as great general; and I loved him. I love

him now, but not so well as these; not so well as you. And if I obeyed this edict, it would show that I loved him better than you, and better than these, which would be

5 If I obeyed this edict, I should never speak to you again of this new religion, as you call it. I should leave you all to perish in your sins, without any of that knowledge, or faith, or hope in Christ, which would save you from them, and form you after the image of God, and after

10 death carry you up to dwell with him, and with just men, forever and ever. I should then, indeed, show that I hated you, which I can never do. I love you, and Rome, I cannot tell how much,—as much as a child ever loved a mother, or children one another. And therefore, it is, that

15 no power on earth, -nor above it, nor under it, -save that of God, shall hinder me from declaring to you, the doctrine which I think you need, nay, without which, you never can be happy. For, what can your gods do for you? What are they doing? They lift you not up to them-20 selves,—they push you down rather to hell. They can-

not save you from those raging fires of sorrow and remorse, which, here, on earth, do constitute a hell hot as

any that burns below.

I have told you before, and I tell you now, your vices 25 are undermining the foundations of this great empire. There is no power to cure these, but in 'Jesus Christ.' And, when I know this, shall I cease to preach Christ to you, because a man, a man like myself, forbids me? Would you not still prepare for a friend, or a child, the 30 medicine that would save his life, though you were

charged by another ever so imperiously to forbear? The gospel is the divine medicament that is to heal all your sicknesses, cure all your diseases, remove all your miseries, cleanse all your pollutions, correct all your errors,

35 and confirm within you all necessary truth.

And when it is this healing draught for which your souls cry aloud, for which they thirst even unto death, shall I, the messenger of God, sent in the name of his Son, to bear to your lips the cup, of which, if you once drink, you shall 40 live forever, withhold from you that cup, or dash it to the ground? Shall I, a mediator between God and man, falter in my speech, and my tongue hang palsied in my mouth, because Aurelian speaks? What to me, O Romans,

is the edict of a Roman emperor? Down, down, accursed scrawl! nor insult longer both God and man."

And saying that, he reached forth his hand, and, seizing the parchment, wrenched it from its brazen frame, and, 5 rending it to shreds, strewed them abroad upon the air.

LESSON CV.—DEATH A SUBLIME AND UNIVERSAL MORALIST.—
JARED SPARKS.

No object is so insignificant, no event so trivial, as not to carry with it a moral and religious influence. The trees, that spring out of the earth, are moralists. They are emblems of the life of man. They grow up; they put on 5 the garments of freshness and beauty. Yet these continue but for a time; decay seizes upon the root and the trunk, and they gradually go back to their original elements. The blossoms, that open to the rising sun, but are closed at night, never to open again, are moralists. The seasons 10 are moralists, teaching the lessons of wisdom, manifesting the wonders of the Creator, and calling on man to reflect on his condition and destiny. History is a perpetual moralist, disclosing the annals of past ages, showing the impotency of pride and greatness, the weakness of human 15 power, the folly of human wisdom. The daily occurrences in society are moralists. The success or failure of enterprise, the prosperity of the bad, the adversity of the good, the disappointed hopes of the sanguine and active, the sufferings of the virtuous, the caprices of for-20 tune in every condition of life, all these are fraught with moral instructions, and, if properly applied, will fix the power of religion in the heart.

But there is a greater moralist still; and that is—Death. Here is a teacher, who speaks in a voice which none can 25 mistake; who comes with a power which none can resist. Since we last assembled in this place, as the humble and united worshippers of God, this stern messenger, this mysterious agent of Omnipotence, has come among our numbers, and laid his withering hand on one, whom we 30 have been taught to honor and respect. whose fame was a nation's boast, whose genius was a brilliant spark from the ethereal fire, whose attainments were equalled only by the grasp of his intellect, the profoundness of his judgment, the exuberance of his fancy, the magic of his elo-

35 quence.

LESSON CVI.-REFORM IN MORALS.-DR. BEECHER.

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall 5 be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God, with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land, or 10 whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. not deceived. Human nature in this state is like human 15 nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions, and habits. It is a moral influence, which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it, is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain until the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruc-

tion of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance 25 be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of

rocks will no longer be her defence.

If we neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to relax, easy to retreat, but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over New England, to rear again the thrown down altars, and gather again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions. Another New England, nor we, nor our children, shall ever see, if this be destroyed. All is lost irretrievably, when the land-marks are once removed, and the bands which now hold us, are once broken. Such institutions, and such a state of society, can be established only by such men as our fathers were, and in such cirtoustances as they were in. They could not have made a New England in Holland. They made the attempt, but

or descent of

20

failed.

The hand that overturns our laws and altars, is the hand of death, unbarring the gate of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and the miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast 5 not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But He will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with Him, He will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations 10 to fall into the hands of the living God. The day of vengeance is in His heart, the day of judgment has come; the great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this then a time to remove 15 foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Is this a time to run upon His neck and the thick bosses of His buckler, 20 when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in His wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when His arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? To cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roar-25 ing, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island, is fleeing in dismay, from the face of an incensed God?

LESSON CVII.—THE CHILD OF THE TOMB;—A STORY OF NEW-BURYPORT.—WM. B. TAPPAN.

The following fact is found in Knapp's "Life of Lord Dexter."

Where WHITEFIELD sleeps, remembered, in the dust, The lowly vault held once a double trust; And Parsons, reverend name, that quiet tomb Possessed,—to wait the day of weal and doom.

5 Another servant of the living God,
PRINCE, who, (bereft of sight,) his way had trod,
Unerringly and safe, life's journey through,—
Now sought admittance to these slumberers too.
As earth receded, and the mansions blest

10 Rose on his vision,—"Let my body rest

With Whitefield's,"—said he, yielding up his breath, In life beloved, and not disjoined in death.

Obedient to his wish, in order then

Were all things done; the tomb was oped to ken

5 Of curious eyes,—made ready to enclose
Another tenant in its hushed repose:
And, lighted with a single lamp, whose ray
Fell dimly down upon the mouldering clay,
Was left, prepared, to silence as of night,
10 Till hour appointed for the funeral rite.

It chanced, the plodding teacher of a school,—
A man of whim, bold, reckless, yet no fool,—
Deemed this an opportunity to test
How far the fears of spirits might infest
The bosom of a child. A 'likely' boy,

The choicest of his flock, a mother's joy, He took, unscrupulous of means, if he His ends might gain, and solve the mystery.

Both stood within the mansion of the dead,
20 And while the stripling mused, the teacher fled,
Leaving the child, where the dull cresset shone,
With the dumb relics and his God alone.
As the trap-door fell suddenly, the stroke,
Sullen and harsh, his solemn revery broke.

25 Where is he?—Barred within the dreadful womb Of the cold earth,—the living in the tomb!
The opened coffins showed Death's doings, sad,—
The awful dust in damps and grave-mould clad.
Though near the haunt of busy, cheerful day,

30 He, to drear night and solitude the prey!

Must he be watcher with these corpses!—Who
Can tell what sights may rise? Will reason then be true?

Must he,—a blooming, laughter-loving child,—
Be mated thus?—The thought was cruel, wild!

35 His knees together smote, as first, in fear, He gazed around his prison;—then a tear Sprang to his eyes in kind relief; and said The little boy, "I will not be afraid.

Was ever spirit of the good man known

40 To injure children whom it found alone?"
And straight he taxed his memory, to supply
Stories and texts, to show he might rely

Most safely, humbly, on his Father's care,— Who hears a child's, as well as prelate's, prayer. And thus he stood,—on Whitefield's form his glance In reverence fixed,—and hoped deliverance.

Meanwhile, the recreant teacher,—where was he?
Gone in effrontery to take his tea
With the lad's mother!—Supper done, he told
The feat that should display her son as bold.
With eye indignant, and with words of flame,

10 How showers that mother's scorn, rebuke, and shame!
And bids him haste! and hastes herself, to bring
Him from Death's realm, who knew not yet its sting:
And yet believed,—so well her son she knew,—
The noble boy would to himself be true:

15 He would sustain himself, and she would find Him patient and possessed, she trusted well his mind.

The boy yet lives,—and from that distant hour Dates much of truth that on his heart hath power;—And chiefly this,—whate'er of wit is wed To word of his,—to reverence the dead.

LESSON CVIII.-LOVE AND FAME.-H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Give me the boon of Love!
I ask no more for fame;
Far better one unpurchased heart
Than Glory's proudest name.
Why wake a fever in the blood,
Or damp the spirit now,
To gain a wreath whose leaves shall wave
Above a withered brow?

Give me the boon of Love!

Ambition's meed is vain;
Dearer Affection's earnest smile
Than Honor's richest train.
I'd rather lean upon a breast
Responsive to my own,
Than sit pavilioned gorgeously
Upon a kingly throne.

Like the Chaldean sage, Fame's worshippers adore

The brigant orbs that scatter light O'er heaven's azure floor; But in their very hearts enshrined, The votaries of Love

Keep e'er the holy flame, which once 5 Illumed the courts above.

> Give me the boon of Love! Renown is but a breath. Whose loudest echo ever floats

10 From out the halls of death. A loving eye beguiles me more Than Fame's emblazoned seal, And one sweet tone of tenderness Than Triumph's wildest peal.

15 Give me the boon of Love! The path of Fame is drear, And Glory's arch doth ever span A hill-side cold and sere. One wild flower from the path of Love,

20 All lowly though it lie, Is dearer than the wreath that waves To stern Ambition's eye.

> Give me the boon of Love! The lamp of Fame shines far,

25 But Love's soft light glows near and warm,— A pure and household star. One tender glance can fill the soul With a perennial fire; But Glory's flame burns fitfully,-

30 A lone, funereal pyre.

> Give me the boon of Love! Fame's trumpet-strains depart, But Love's sweet lute breathes melody That lingers in the heart;

35 And the scroll of fame will burn, When sea and earth consume; But the rose of Love, in a happier sphere, Will live in deathless bloom! 20*

LESSON CIX.—LAMENTATION OF REBECCA THE THE LASS.—G. LUN	
	If I had Jubal's chorded shell,
	O'er which the first-born music rolled,
	In burning tones, that loved to dwell
	Amongst those wires of trembling gold;
5	If to my soul one note were given
	Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone
	Caught its majestic strain from heaven,
	And glowed like fire round Israel's throne; Up to the deep blue starry sky
10	Then might my soul aspire, and hold
10	Communion fervent, strong and high,
	With bard and king, and prophet old:
	Then might my spirit dare to trace
	The path our ancient people trod,
15	When the gray sires of Jacob's race,
	Like faithful servants, walked with God!
	But Israel's song, alas! is hushed,
	That all her tales of triumph told,
	And mute is every voice, that gushed
20	In music to her harps of gold;
	And could my lyre attune its string
	To lofty themes they loved of yore, Alas! my lips could only sing
	All that we were but are no more!
25	Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,
	And there our footsteps fain would be;
	But oh! 't is like the captive's dream
	Of home, his eyes may never see.
90	A cloud is on our fathers' graves,
30	And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill, And there their sons must stand as slaves,
	Or roam like houseless wanderers still.
	Yet where the rose of Sharon blooms, And cedars wave the stately head,
35	Even now, from out the place of tombs,
00	Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.
	Through the wide world's tumultuous roar,
	Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—
	"O virgin daughter, faint no more;
40	Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard!
1.	What though, with spirits crushed and broke,
	Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,

(120) 5

Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,
And Ephraim is a heartless dove?—
Yet,—yet shall Judah's LION wake,
Yet shall the day of promise come.
Thy sons from iron bondage break,
And God shall lead the wanderers home!"

LESSON CX .- TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO .- GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Wake your harp's music !—louder,—higher,
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found, beneath a milder heaven,
The home of liberty!
An altar rose,—and prayers,—a ray
Broke on their night of woe,—
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
Two hundred years ago!

They clung around that symbol too,
Their refuge and their all;
And swore, while skies and waves were blue,

- That altar should not fall.
 They stood upon the red man's sod,
 'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
 With home,—a country, and a God,
 Two hundred years ago!
- 25 Oh! 't was a hard unyielding fate
 That drove them to the seas,
 And Persecution strove with Hate,
 To darken her decrees:
 But safe above each coral grave,
 Each blooming ship did go.—
- 30 Each blooming ship did go,—
 A God was on the western wave,
 Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand, By waters cold and rude, Alone upon the dreary strand Of oceaned solitude!

- They looked upon the high blue air, 5 And felt their spirits glow, Resolved to live or perish there,-Two hundred years ago!
- The warrior's red right arm was bared, 10 His eyes flashed deep and wild: Was there a foreign footstep dared To seek his home and child? The dark chiefs yelled alarm,—and swore The white man's blood should flow,
- 15 And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,-Two hundred years ago!

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim, His arm was left alone,— The still, black wilds which sheltered him,

- 20 No longer were his own! Time fled,—and on the hallowed ground His highest pine lies low,— And cities swell where forests frowned, Two hundred years ago!
- 25 Oh! stay not to recount the tale,-'T was bloody,—and 't is past; The firmest cheek might well grow pale, To hear it to the last. The God of heaven, who prospers us,
- 30 Could bid a nation grow, And shield us from the red man's curse, Two hundred years ago!

Come then,—great shades of glorious men, From your still glorious grave;

35 Look on your own proud land again, O bravest of the brave! We call you from each mouldering tomb, And each blue wave below, To bless the world ye snatched from doom,

40 Two hundred years ago!

Then to your harps,—yet louder,—higher,
And pour your strains along,—
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout for those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

LESSON CXI.—THE STAGE.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Lo, where the Stage, the poor, degraded Stage, Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age; There,—where, to raise the drama's moral tone, Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne;

There,—where grown children gather round to praise
The new-vamped legends of their nursery days;
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls to shame,
Than ten of Channing's lectures can reclaim;
There,—where in idiot rapture we adore

10 The herded vagabonds of every shore;
Women, unsexed, who, lost to woman's pride,
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride;
Pert, lisping girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters;

15 Neat-jointed mummers, mocking nature's shape,
To prove how nearly man can match an ape;
Vaulters, who, rightly served at home, perchance
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance;
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,

Where Sin holds carnival, and Wit keeps lent; Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush, One sex to laugh, and one to try to blush, When mincing Ravenot sports tight pantalettes, And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes;

There, at each ribald sally, where we hear The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer, While from the intellectual gallery first Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.

Gods! who can grace you desecrated dome,
When he may turn his Shakspeare o'er at home?
Who there can group the pure ones of his race,
To see and hear what bids him veil his face?

Ask ye who can? why, I, and you, and you:
No matter what the nonsense, if 't is new.
To Dr. Logic's wit our sons give ear;
They have no time for Hamlet, or for Lear;
Our daughters turn from gentle Juliet's woe,
To count the twirls of Almaviva's toe.

Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat, But ours, who throng the board, and grossly eat. We laud, indeed, the virtue-kindling Stage, And prate of Shakspeare and his deathless page; But go, announce his best, on Cooper call, Cooper, "the noblest Roman of them all;" Where are the crowds so wont to choke the door? 'T is an old thing, they 've seen it all before.

Pray Heaven, if yet indeed the Stage must stand,
With guiltless mirth it may delight the land;
Far better else each scenic temple fall,
And one approving silence curtain all.
Despots to shame may yield their rising youth,
But Freedom dwells with purity and truth.
Then make the effort, ye who rule the Stage,—
With novel decency surprise the age;
Even Wit, so long forgot, may play its part,
And Nature yet have power to melt the heart;

25 Perchance the listeners, to their instinct true,

May fancy common sense,—'t were surely Something New

LESSON CXII.—THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.—W. G. CLARK.

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
 With funeral face and slow, shall enter in;
 To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
 No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallowed spot, where Nature showers
Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies,
Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,
Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

15

20

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart; while waters, leaves, and birds,
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

5 Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh,—
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming,—that the loved must die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:
Soon rainbow colors on the woods will fall;
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand;
While the chained streams are silent as the ground,
As Death had numbed them with his icy hand.

Yet when the warm soft winds shall rise in spring, Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath, The bird returned shall poise her golden wing, And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise;
And hear th' archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

25 There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand,
Where Love her crown attains,—her trials past,—
And, filled with rapture, hails "the better land!"

LESSON CXIII.—THE GOOD WIFE.—GEORGE W. BURNAP.

"The good wife!" How much of this world's happiness and prosperity, is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good, or for evil, is altogether irresistible.

5 Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is, to a man, wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless, when the wife possesses firmness, decision, the energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which

can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home.

Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He de

No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences.

lights in enterprise and action; but, to sustain him, he 5 needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force, in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated, to the utmost point of endurance, by perpetual collision, irritation, and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be 10 to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth, with fresh vigor, to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he find no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom; or is assailed 15 by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair. Let woman know, then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades 20 out, with overflowing cup, its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness, which makes them poison

and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental, in carrying forward, to completion, the best 25 human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals ever get on earth, is that domestic circle, which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue and love, 30 which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her

radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

LESSON CXIV .-- A GOOD DAUGHTER .-- J. G. PALFREY.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none, in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none, to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.—There is no such thing, 5 as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection, for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him perhaps over half

the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof, for one of his own; while a good daughter is the

steady light of her parent's house.

5 Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun-light, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom to which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a

10 which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and orna-

15 ment of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh! how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have

25 them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings

30 implanted by nature excite, but one made intense, and overflowing, by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness, do not call

35 forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

LESSON CXV.—RELIGION THE GUARDIAN OF THE SOUL.— ORVILLE DEWEY.

One of the circumstances of our moral condition, is danger. Religion, then, should be a guardian, and a vigilant guardian; and let us be assured that the Gospel is such. Such emphatically do we need. If we cannot bear 5 a religion that admonishes us, watches over us, warns us,

restrains us; let us be assured that we cannot bear a religion that will save us. Religion should be the keeper of the soul; and without such a keeper, in the slow and undermining process of temptation, or amidst the sudden 5 and strong assaults of passion, it will be overcome and lost.

Again, the human condition is one of weakness. There are weak points, where religion should be stationed to support and strengthen us. Points, did I say? Are we not encompassed with weakness? Where, in the whole circle

10 of our spiritual interests and affections, are we not exposed, and vulnerable? Where have we not need to set up the barriers of habit, and to build the strongest defences, with which resolutions, and vows, and prayers, can surround us? Where, and wherein, I ask again, is any man safe?

15 What virtue of any man, is secure from frailty? What strong purpose of his, is not liable to failure? What affection of his heart can say, "I have strength, I am estab-

lished, and nothing can move me?"

How weak is man in trouble, in perplexity, in doubt;— 20 how weak in affliction, or when sickness bows the spirit, or when approaching death is unloosing all the bands of his pride and self-reliance! And whose spirit does not sometimes faint under its intrinsic weakness, under its native frailty, and the burthen and pressure of its necessi-

25 ties? Religion, then, should bring supply, and support, and strength to the soul; and the Gospel does bring supply, and support, and strength. And it thus meets a universal want. Every mind needs the stability which principle gives; needs the comfort which piety gives; needs it con-30 tinually, in all the varying experience of life.

LESSON CXVI.-FEATURES OF AMERICAN SCENERY .- TUDOR.

Our numerous waterfalls, the enchanting beauty of Lake George and its pellucid flood, of Lake Champlain, and the lesser lakes, afford many objects of the most picturesque character; while the inland seas, from Supe-5 rior to Ontario, and that astounding cataract, whose roar would hardly be increased by the united murmurs of all the cascades of Europe, are calculated to inspire vast and sublime conceptions. The effects, too, of our climate, composed of a Siberian winter, and an Italian summer, 10 furnish new and peculiar objects, for description.

circumstances of remote regions are here blended, and strikingly opposite appearances witnessed, in the same spot, at different seasons of the year. In our winters, we have the sun at the same altitude as in Italy, shining 5 on an unlimited surface of snow, which can only be found in the higher latitudes of Europe, where the sun, in the winter, rises little above the horizon. The dazzling brilliancy of a winter's day, and a moonlight night, in an atmosphere astonishingly clear and frosty, when the 10 utmost splendor of the sky is reflected from a surface of spotless white, attended with the most excessive cold, is peculiar to the northern part of the United States. What, too, can surpass the celestial purity and transparency of the atmosphere, in a fine autumnal day, when our 15 vision, and our thought, seem carried to the third heaven; the gorgeous magnificence of the close, when the sun sinks from our view, surrounded with various masses of clouds, fringed with gold and purple, and reflecting, in evanescent tints, all the hues of the rainbow.

LESSON CXVII.—STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE ESSENTIAL TO A
TEACHER.—G. B. EMERSON.

If you were about to engage, in a capacity higher than that of a day laborer, in any other pursuit than that of teaching, would you not set yourself at once to understand what was the object which you should endeavor to 5 have in view, and what the machinery by which you could attain it? If you were going to manufacture woollen goods, you would wish to understand the nature of the raw material, the processes and machinery by which it is to be acted on, and to judge of the quality of the article you wished to produce. Will you do less, when the mechanism with which you are to operate is the work of an Infinite Architect? and the web to be woven is the rich and varied fabric of human character?

If you were about to engage in agriculture, you would

15 take care to inform yourself as to the nature of the soil,
its adaptation to the various kinds of grain and vegetables, and the season of the year, at which, in this climate,
it is most proper to prepare the ground, to plough, to sow
the seed, and to reap and gather into the barn. Will you

20 take less care, when the soil is the human soul, the seed

is the word of life, the harvest, the end of the world, and

the reapers, angels?

If you were going to navigate the ocean, you would wish to know how to judge of the ship, to sail and steer;

5 you would inquire about the currents that would set you from your course, and the winds that should bear you onward; you would learn to trace the moon's course among the stars, and to look aloft to the sun in his path, that you might not drift at random on the broad sea, but 10 speed towards your desired haven, as if you could see it ris-

10 speed towards your desired haven, as if you could see it rising before you above the blue waves. So much you would do that you might convey in safety a few tons of merchandise; and all men would hold you unwise if you did less. Shall they not tax you with worse than folly, if

15 you make less preparation when your ship is the human soul, freighted with a parent's and a nation's hopes,—with the hopes of immortality,—if you fail to study the currents of passion, to provide against the rocks of temptation, and to look aloft for the guiding light which shines

20 only from Heaven.

But, to speak without simile, the study of mental philosophy is of the greatest importance to a teacher, in every point of view. If we would exercise the several powers, we must know what they are, and by what discipline they

25 are to be trained. If we would cultivate them harmoniously, in their natural order and proportion, we must know which of them first come into action, which are developed at a later age, and what are the province and functions of each. Without this knowledge, we can

30 hardly fail of losing the most propitious times for beginning their cultivation; we shall make the common mistake of attempting certain studies too soon, or we shall make use of means little suited to the ends we have in

view.

35 Important as this study is, it is no more difficult than any other, if, in regard to it, we take the same course which we find the true one in other investigations,—if, laying aside conjectures, dreams, and speculations, we adopt the safe and philosophical rule, to observe carefully and extensively the facts, and draw from them only their lagitimate canalysisms.

legitimate conclusions.

There are three sources from which we are to draw light; first, the facts of our own consciousness, the most difficult of all to consult; second, the facts we observe in

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Then, from his mansion in the sun, She called her eagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand, The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trumpings loud
 And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given

To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud;
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,

And cowering foes shall shrink beneath Each gallant arm that strikes below That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack:
Each dying wanderer of the sea,
Shall look at once to heaven and thee;

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And smile to see thy splendor fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

LESSON CXXII. GREECE IN 1820. J. G. BROOKS.

Land of the brave! where lie inurned The shrouded forms of mortal clay, In whom the fire of valor burned, And blazed upon the battle's fray; Land where the gallant Spartan few Bled at Thermopylæ of yore, When death his purple garment threw On Hellas' consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she rung;
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flowed along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves,
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetter and the chain;
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone On Leuctra's war-empurpled day, The light which beamed on Marathon, Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play; And thou art but a shadow now, With helmet shattered, spear in rust;

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Thine honor but a dream, and thou Despised, degraded in the dust!
Where sleeps the spirit, that of old Dashed down to earth the Persian plume, When the loud chant of triumph told How fatal was the despot's doom?
The bold three hundred—where are they, Who died on battle's gory breast?
Tyrants have trampled on the clay, Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill,
A glory shines of ages fled;
And fame her light is pouring still,
Not on the living, but the dead;
But 't is the dim sepulchral light,
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
As moon-beams on the brow of night,
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance;
Behold thy banner waves afar;
Behold the glittering weapons glance
Along the gleaming front of war!
A gallant chief of high emprize,*
Is urging foremost in the field,
Who calls upon thee to arise
In might, in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls; In vain he sounds the trumpet loud; His banner totters; see, it falls In ruin, freedom's battle shroud; Thy children have no soul to dare Such deeds as glorified their sires; Their valor 's but a meteor's glare, Which gleams a moment and expires.

Lost land! where Genius made his reign.
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky;
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long;

^{*} Ypsilanti.

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And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set, the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky;
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

LESSON CXXIII .- THE WILD BOY .- CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

He sat upon the wave-washed shore
With madness in his eye;
The surge's dash,—the breaker's roar,
Pass'd unregarded by;
He noted not the billows' roll,
He heeded not their strife,—
For terror had usurped his soul,
And stopped the streams of life.

They spoke him kindly,—but he gazed,
And offered no reply;—
They gave him food,—he looked amazed,
And threw the morsel by.
He was as one o'er whom a spell
Of darkness hath been cast;
His spirit seemed to dwell alone,
With dangers that were past.

The city of his home and heart,
So grand,—so gaily bright,
Now touched by fate's unerring dart,
Had vanished from his sight.
The earthquake's paralyzing shake
Had rent it from its hold,—
And nothing but a putrid lake,
Its tale of terror told.

His kindred there, a numerous band,
Had watched his youthful bloom,—
In the broad ruin of the land,
All—all had met their doom!

But the last night, a mother's voice, Breathed over him in prayer,— She perished,—he was left no choice But mute and blank despair.

That lately thronged around,—
The ocean winds were piping loud,
He did-not heed their sound;
They asked him of that city's fate,
But reason's reign was o'er,—
He pointed to her ruined state,
Then fled,—and spoke no more.

LESSON CXXIV .- THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY .- CARLOS WILCOX

And thou to whom long worshipped nature lends No strength to fly from grief or bear its weight, Stop not to rail at foes or fickle friends, Nor set the world at naught, nor spurn at fate;

5 None seek thy misery, none thy being hate;
Break from thy former self, thy life begin;
Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,
- And at thy dying day his wreath of glory win.

With deeds of virtue to embalm his name,
He dies in triumph or serene delight;
Weaker and weaker grows his mortal frame
At every breath, but in immortal might
His spirit grows, preparing for its flight:

The world recedes and fades like clouds of even,
But heaven comes nearer fast, and grows more bright,
All intervening mists far off are driven;
The world will vanish soon, and all will soon be heaven.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
'T is when the rose is wrapped in many a fold Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there

Its life and beauty; not, when all unrolled,
 Leaf after leaf its bosom rich and fair
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake! thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers, Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night When death is waiting for thy numbered hours To take their swift and everlasting flight;

- Wake! ere the earthborn charm unnerve thee quite,
 And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
 Do something,—do it soon,—with all thy might;
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
 And God himself inactive were no longer blessed.
- 10 Some high or humble enterprise of good
 Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
 Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
 15 To this thy purpose,—to begin, pursue,
 With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,
 Strength to complete and with delight review,
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

LESSON CXXV .-- MY NATIVE VILLAGE .-- JOHN H. BRYANT.

There lies a village in a peaceful vale,
With sloping hills and waving woods around,
Fenced from the blasts. There never ruder gale
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground;
And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers,
And a bright verdure born of gentle showers.

'T was there my young existence was begun,
My earliest sports were on its flowery green,
And often, when my schoolboy task was done,
I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene,
And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
Shone on the height,—the sweetest of the day.

There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain,

I watched the weary yeoman plodding home,
In the lone path that winds across the plain,
To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
And tell him o'er the labors of the day.

And when the woods put on their autumn glow.

And the bright sun came in among the trees,

And leaves were gathering in the glen below,
Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,
I wandered till the starlight on the stream
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
Fled on the wings of youth's departed years,
A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
The truth of life, its labors, pains, and fears;
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,
A twilight of the brightness passed away.

My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;
Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise;
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;
The present brings its storms; but, while they last,
I shelter me in the delightful past.

LESSON CXXVI.-THE PRESS.-JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

Look abroad, over the face of this vast and almost illimitable continent, and behold multitudes which no man can number, impatient of the slow process of education, wrestling with the powers of nature, and the obstructions of accident, and, like the patriarch, refusing to let go their hold, till the day break, and they receive the promised blessing, and the recompense of the struggle.

You will perceive, too, in the remotest corners, where civilization has planted her standard, that there the Press, the mightiest engine, ever yet invented by the genius of man, is producing a moral revolution, on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, unknown to all former generations. By it, information of every transaction of government, and of all important occurrences, in the four quarters of the world, is transmitted with a degree of speed and regularity, that the most sagacious could not have foreseen, nor the most enthusiastic have dared to hope for, fifty years ago. By the Press, every cottage is supplied with its newspaper, and elementary books, in the most useful sciences; and every cradle is supplied with tracts and toy-books, to teach

the infant to lisp lessons of wisdom and piety, long before his mind has power to conceive, or firmness to retain, their meaning.

The power of this engine, in the moral and intellectual

universe, is inconceivable. There is no ordinary operation of the physical elements, to which its mighty influence can be compared. We can find, only in the visions of the apocalyptic saint, a parallel to its tremendous action.

5 Guided by truth and reason, like the sound of the seventh trumpet, it opens the temple of God in heaven, and shows to the eye of the faithful and regenerated spirit, within the veil of that temple, in the presence-chamber of the Almighty, the ark of his testament. Controlled by false-

10 hood and fraud, its force, like the opening of the sixth seal of the mystic volume, produces earthquakes, turns the sun to sackcloth, and the moon to blood, moves every mountain and island out of their places, and causes even the heaven we hope for, to depart as a scroll, when it is rolled

15 together.

LESSON CXXVII. -- MOUNT AUBURN. -- NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

There is a spot within a few miles of Boston, which is destined to be distinguished as a burying-place. "Sweet Auburn" was familiarly known as a place of favorite resort; its shady and intricate retreats, affording opportunity for social or solitary rambles, and its botanic richness a field for pastime and study. The place has been purchased by an Association, and consecrated as a cemetery, with the name of Mount Auburn.

Its distant appearance was formerly better than at pres10 ent, many of the trees now being removed. It looked like
a large mound rather than a hill, its central elevation
being surrounded by deep glens and valleys, whose tree
tops preserved a regular ascent, and reduced the otherwise
prominent height of the centre to the slope of a large
15 dome. It always seemed as though it were destined to

some important and solemn use.

From the bridge across Charles river, in Cambridge, at sunset, when the horizontal light rayed into it, and the glowing western sky showed in relief the quick motion of 20 the leaves in the fresh evening air, it has appeared like a solemn and mournful place, enlivened, against its will, by the voices and joy of a multitude, and showing, as it assumed its natural shades, that it was of a melancholy and sorrowing spirit.

Now, its dense woods are thinned; and, from the common road to the place, and, within a fraction of a mile, where the last house on the left leaves the view unbroken, you see a large white object, with a black centre, peering out from the side of a hill; the nature and object of which a stranger is not at a loss to know, as the Egyptian Portal of the grounds, appearing before him with its inscription, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and

the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

There has been a large number of avenues and paths laid through the place. The paths wind through romantic 10 recesses. It was with a peculiar sensation that we walked through the place, when the avenues were first made. It was like viewing a great, but mournful conquest. Man had invaded a hitherto sacred and safe retreat; and the axe and plough-share had let in the common sun. The 15 turf had just been removed from the ways, exposing a glebe made rich by the decay of a thousand autumns.

The robins were rejoicing over a strange supply of food. The sound of the workman's implements, from different parts of the place, showed that "Sweet Auburn" was no longer a safe retreat; and the sudden appearance of a trench, with blocks of granite near, and other preparations for a tomb, made known the change that had taken place

in the character of this beautiful retirement.

LESSON CXXVIII.—TRYING TO PLEASE.—EDWARD T. CHANNING.

We know, that it is difficult to draw the line between good social dispositions and actions generally, and a sickly regard to false exactions; and to avoid useless discriminations, we shall venture to say, that we dislike much of the current language on the subject of pleasing. We dislike the phrase, "trying to please." It is deceptive, and the practice itself leads to effeminacy or fraud. It puts men in wrong positions towards each other.

To shun giving needless offence is one thing, and most important. This passive good-will or negative benevolence is not sustained without effort; and, as it is little noticed by those whom it spares, it is likely to be disinter-

ested, and can scarcely do harm to either party.

Then, again, to give innocent pleasure to others by 15 active efforts and personal sacrifices in their behalf, is safe for all concerned. And to gratify our friends by our moral excellence and high reputation, is a natural reward, though we should not propose it as the object, of virtuous action.

And undoubtedly our customary civilities and attentions

are in part designed to give pleasure.

But Chesterfield's "passionate desire of pleasing everybody," this endeavoring so to adapt ourselves to the dispo-5 sitions of others, that admiration and gratitude shall beam upon us whenever we appear, and our very persons become idols, is not the prompting or expression of benevolence; and it is foreign to the true spirit and purpose of civility. There is selfishness on both sides, and mutual mischief.

10 Men have no right to such a show of devotion, and we

have no right to offer it.

We are not placed here, solely or chiefly, to please or to be pleased, even in the best sense that we can give to these terms; but to be good and to do good. And, so far as 15 manners promote these objects, let them be cultivated with enthusiasm, as virtues; and, so far as they then give pleasure, they yield a natural fruit.

LESSON CXXIX .- DEFENCE OF CHARLES GREENLEAF. As . If G. S. HILLARD.

Gentlemen, it is time for me to bring my remarks to a close. I believe that I have left no point unurged, which may be presented to you in an aspect favorable to the prisoner; and he now awaits your merciful consideration.

I presume that no advocate, in a capital cause, was ever satisfied with his efforts, in his client's behalf; who did not feel, or fancy, on a sober re-consideration of his argument, that he might have done better. I am prepared to be disturbed by this reflection hereafter; and, if so, I must draw 10 what comfort I can, from that, I now feel,—that I have done what I could.

I have endeavored to argue this cause fairly. I am not conscious of having mis-stated the facts in evidence, or laid down the law incorrectly; and if I have, I shall be 15 sure to hear of it, before the case is through. In such cases, however, there is no great difference, between what can be accomplished by the highest or the humblest faculties. The prisoner is saved, if at all, by the law and facts; and by these, and these alone, do I solicit my client's

20 acquittal. If I have failed, or been wanting, let them speak for me, and make up for my deficiencies.

There is another class of considerations, in this case, which might be urged, -another class of emotions which might be addressed in my client's behalf. In countries, where the passions have a more predominating sway, where the organization of man is more excitable, and his blood more easily stirred, an advocate would not omit to 5 urge these considerations,—to appeal to these sensibilities.

I might speak to you of the gloom which an unfavorable verdict will spread among a large circle of friends and relatives, of the anguish of his heart-broken wife, of the withering blight which will fall upon his innocent children, 10 of the deep, unmoving shadow which will settle upon his

once cheerful hearth.

But that stern fibre, which the mind and character derives from our northern skies, rebukes such attempts, and ensures their failure, if made. Such chords, if skilfully 15 struck, will tremble and vibrate for a moment, but will not draw the judgment from its place. Justice is deaf, passionless, inexorable. Upon the guilty head, the great axe must fall, no matter what chords of love it severs in its sweep.

But, of these considerations, I may make a legitimate 20 use. From them I may deepen the earnestness, with which I adjure you to deal with this case wisely, soberly, conscientiously, with the best faculties of your minds, and the brightest effluence of your moral sense. Judge it mercifully, as you would be judged, when the verdict is to pass upon your lives. Give to the prisoner all that you can, not inconsistent with the claims of truth, not repugnant to

the solemn sanctions of your oath.

By all that makes life sweet to you, take not his away lightly. By that good name which is the immediate jewel 30 of your souls, by the tranquil satisfaction of regular and successful industry, by the sustaining sympathy of your friends, by the sunshine that beams from old familiar faces, by the sweet charities of domestic life, by the kisses of your children, which perhaps are warm upon your lips, 35 close not the gates of mercy against your brother man, unless driven by that awful voice of duty, before which all earthly considerations must ever give way.

LESSON CXXX.—THE GENIUS OF ARISTOPHANES.—C. C. FELTON

The greatness of the genius of Aristophanes, is not generally appreciated. The value of his comedies, as illustrations of the political antiquities, the life, morals, and manners of Athens, is not fully understood. The truth is,

we are indebted to him for information upon the working of the Attic institutions, which, had all his plays been lost, we should have vainly sought for in the works of other authors. With what boldness and vigor does he sketch 5 that many-headed despot, the Demos of Athens; with what austere truth, does he draw the character of the Athenian Demagogue, and, in him, the Demagogue of all times; how many rays of light are poured from his comedies, upon the popular and judicial tribunals,—the assem-10 blies in the Pnyx, the Senate, and the Heliastic courts!

No intelligent reader can doubt, that Aristophanes was a man of the most profound acquaintance with the political institutions of his age; no reader of poetic fancy can fail to see that he possessed an extraordinary creative 15 genius. It is impossible to study his works attentively, without feeling that his was the master mind of the Attic drama. The brightest flashes of a high poetical spirit, are constantly breaking out, from the midst of the broadest merriment, and the sharpest satire. An imagination of 20 endless variety and strength, enlivens those lyrical passages which gem his works, and are among the most precious brilliants of the Greek language. In the drawing of characters, his plays exhibit consummate skill. The clearness of his conceptions, the precision of his outlines, the con-25 sistency with which his personages are throughout maintained, cannot fail to impress the reader, with the perfection of his judgment, and the masterly management of the resources of his art.

He had the inestimable advantage, too, of writing in a 30 language which is undoubtedly the highest attainment of human speech; and all the rich varieties and harmonies of this wondrous instrument, he held at his supreme command. Its flexibility, under his shaping hand, is almost miraculous. At one moment, he is revelling in the wildest 35 mirth, and the next, he is sweeping through the loftiest region of lyrical inspiration; but the language never breaks down under his adventurous flight. The very words he wants, come, like beings instinct with life, and fall into their proper places, at his bidding. His wit is as manifold 40 and startling, as the myriad-minded Shakspeare's. Indeed, although these great men stood two thousand years apart, and moved in widely differing spheres of poetical activity, still many striking points of resemblance exist between the genius of the English, and of the Grecian bard.

LESSON CXXXI.—RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICANS.— E. S. GANNETT.

The Christian world is passing through a momentous crisis. A struggle has begun, such as the kingdoms of Europe have never before known. The elements of revolution no longer slumber in any one of them. Ever and 5 anon, they break forth in tumult and bloodshed. Smothered, they are not idle; pent up in the confinement which sovereigns impose on them, they are but accumulating strength for new eruptions. Two parties exist throughout all the states of Europe, with the exception perhaps of imperial Russia,—the popular party, and the party that support old institutions, either because they know that, if these fall, they shall be buried in the ruins, or because habit has so accustomed them to subjection, that they feel

The cause of freedom, of human rights, and the world's improvement, depends on the fidelity of the popular party to the principles which they have undertaken to sustain.

A fearful contest must ensue, with reciprocal defeat, and mutual obstinacy. If the popular party should prevail, it 20 can only be after long and desperate efforts, under which they will need every encouragement. With this party,

our sympathies are inseparably linked. From our example, came the first ray that penetrated the darkness, from which they have awoke. Under its steady influence, they

25 hope to press on to the accomplishment of their wishes. If its aspect should be changed, their disappointment would

be severe, it might be fatal.

The eyes of Europe are upon us; the monarch, from his throne, watches us with an angry countenance; the peas30 ant turns his gaze on us, with joyful faith; the writers, on politics, quote our condition, as a proof of the possibility of popular government; the heroes of freedom animate their followers, by reminding them of our success. At no moment of the last half century, has it been so important, 35 that we should send up a clear and strong light which may

be seen across the Atlantic. An awful charge of unfaithfulness to the interests of mankind, will be recorded against us, if we suffer this light to be obscured, by the mingling vapors of passion, and misrule, and sin.

But not Europe, alone, will be influenced by the character we give to our destiny. The republics of the south have no other guide towards the establishment of order

and freedom, than our example. If this should fail them, the last stay would be torn from their hope. We are placed under a most solemn obligation, to keep before them this motive to perseverance, in their endeavors to place free institutions on a sure basis. Shall we leave those wide regions to despair and anarchy? Better that they

wide regions to despair and anarchy? Better that they had patiently borne a foreign yoke, though it bowed their

necks to the ground.

Citizens of the United States, it has been said of us, 10 with truth, that we are at the head of the popular party of the world. Shall we be ashamed of so glorious a rank? or shall we basely desert our place, and throw away our distinction? Forbid it, self-respect, patriotism, philanthropy! Christians, we believe that God has made us a 15 name and a praise, among the nations. We believe that

our religion yields its best fruits in a free land. Shall we be regardless of our duty, as creatures of the Divine Power, and recipients of his goodness? Shall we be indifferent to the effects which our religion may work in the world?

20 Forbid it our gratitude, our faith, our piety!

In one way only, can we discharge our duty to the rest of mankind; by the purity and elevation of character that shall distinguish us as a people. If we sink into luxury, vice, or moral apathy, our brightness will be lost, our prosperity deprived of its vital element; and we shall appear disgraced before man, guilty before God.

LESSON CXXXII.—THE MOCKING-BIRD.—ALEXANDER WILSON.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and 5 even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius.

To these qualities, we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and 15 accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and

sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, 5 his admirable song rises preëminent over every com-

petitor.

The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are acquainted.

which are easily distinguishable by such as are acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all

15 of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time; his expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the

20 ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy. He mounts and descends, as his song swells, or dies away; and, as my friend, Mr. Bartram, has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, which expired in the last

25 elevated strain."

While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect:—so perfect are his imitations.

30 He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on, by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed, by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

LESSON CXXXIII.—THE EUROPEAN AND THE AMERICAN NA-TIONS.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

In many respects, the European and the American nations are alike. They are alike Christian states, civilized states, and commercial states. They have access to the same common fountains of intelligence; they all draw

from those sources which belong to the whole civilized world. In knowledge and letters,—in the arts of peace and war,—they differ in degrees; but they bear, never-

theless, a general resemblance.

On the other hand, in matters of government and social institution, the nations on this continent are founded upon principles which never did prevail, in considerable extent either at any other time, or in any other place. There has never been presented, to the mind of man, a more

10 interesting subject of contemplation, than the establishment of so many nations in America, partaking in the civilization, and in the arts of the old world, but having left behind them those cumbrous institutions which had

their origin in a dark and military age.

Whatsoever European experience has developed, favorable to the freedom and the happiness of man; whatsoever European genius has invented for his improvement or gratification; whatsoever of refinement or polish, the culture of European society presents, for his adoption and

20 enjoyment,—all this is offered to man in America, with the additional advantages of the full power of erecting forms of government on free and simple principles, without overturning institutions suited to times long passed, but too strongly supported, either by interests or preju-

25 dices, to be shaken without convulsions.

This unprecedented state of things, presents the happiest of all occasions for an attempt to establish national intercourse upon improved principles; upon principles tending to peace and the mutual prosperity of nations.

30 In this respect, America, the whole of America, has a new career before her. If we look back on the history of Europe, we see how great a portion of the last two centuries, her states have been at war, for interests connected mainly with her feudal monarchies; wars, for particular

35 dynastics; wars, to support or defeat particular successions; wars, to enlarge or curtail the dominions of particular crowns; wars, to support or to dissolve family alliances; wars, in fine, to enforce or to resist religious in olerance. What long and bloody chapters do these

40 not fill, in the history of European politics!

Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that America has a glorious chance of escaping, at least, these causes of contention? Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that, on this continent, under other

forms of government, we have before us the noble hope of being able, by the mere influence of civil liberty and religious toleration, to dry up these outpouring fountains of blood, and to extinguish these consuming fires of war?

5 The general opinion of the age, favors such hopes and such prospects. There is a growing disposition to treat the intercourse of nations more like the useful intercourse of friends: philosophy,—just views of national advantage, good sense, and the dictates of a common religion, and an increasing conviction that war is not the interest of the human race,—all concur to increase the interest created by this new accession to the list of nations.

LESSON CXXXIV.—THE TIMES, THE MANNERS, AND THE MEN.—
J. R. LOWELL.

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme

5 Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
We cannot bring Utopia at once;
But better almost be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.

10 No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

The busy world shoves angrily aside

The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.

20 Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other, with outstretched arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap

The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,

23

Where outworn creeds, like Rome's grey senate, quake. Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse, That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit. The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change:

5 Then let it come. I have no dread of what Is called for by the instinct of mankind.
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,

10 With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.

15 Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name.
Let us call tyrants tyrants, and maintain

20 That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

LESSON CXXXV.-LIBERTY TO ATHENS.--JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

The flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;

As bright a glory from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free,—
Oh! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be!

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:

10

15

20

She lay among her ruins low,—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes;
But now, again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee,—
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From Heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,

LESSON CXXXVI.—THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.—
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

5 Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,

The cries of agony, the endless groan,—
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,

And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests, upon their teocallis,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns!

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

25 Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of Love arise.

LESSON CXXXVII.—IMMORTALITY.—RICHARD H. DANA, SEN.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth Death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind,—the Father of all thought,—

Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited, and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,

5 Which One, with gentle hand, the veil of flesh Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed In glory?—throne, before which, even now, Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down, Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?

10 Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence! are they quenched?
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?

Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?

20 Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance,—

25 Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh! listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
30 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:

35 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh! listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air. 'T is in the gentle moonlight;

40 'T is floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,

23*

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse, As one vast mystic instrument, are touched By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

5 The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

LESSON CXXXVIII.—THE GRAY OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.— HARRY HIBBARD.

[A Natural Image in Franconia Mountain Notch.]

Where a tall post beside the road displays
Its lettered arm, pointing the traveller's eye,
Through the small opening mid the green birch trees,
Toward yonder mountain summit towering high,

There pause. What doth thy anxious gaze espy?

A crag abrupt hung from the mountain's brow!

Look closer! scan that bare sharp cliff on high;

Aha! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now!

A perfect human face,—neck, chin, mouth, nose, and brow!

And full and plain those features are displayed,
Thus profiled forth against the clear blue sky;
As though some sculptor's chisel here had made
This fragment of colossal imagery,
The compass of his plastic art to try.

15 From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair
That shoots on pine trees from the head on high,
All, all is perfect: no illusions there

To cheat the expecting eye with fancied forms of air!

Most wondrous vision! the broad earth hath not,
Through all her bounds, an object like to thee,
That traveller e'er recorded, nor a spot
More fit to stir the poet's phantasy.
Gray Old Man of the Mountain, awfully
There from thy wreath of clouds thou dost uprear

25 Those features grand, the same eternally!

Lone dweller mid the hills! with gaze austere

Thou lookest down, methinks, on all below thee here!

And curious travellers have descried the trace
Of the sage Franklin's physiognomy
In that most grave and philosophic face.
If it be true, Old Man, that we do see

Sage Franklin's countenance, thou indeed must be

A learned philosopher most wise and staid, From all that thou hast had a chance to see, Since Earth began. Here thou, too, oft hast played With lightnings, glancing round thy rugged head.

LESSON CXXXIX .- THE NOVEL READER .- CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Look now, directed by you candle's blaze, Where the false shutter half its trust betrays,— Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed, Its curtain round her polished shoulders spread:

Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power; What keeps her waking in that dreary hour? See where the volume on her pillow lies,—Claims Radcliffe or Chapone those frequent sighs? 'T is some wild legend,—now her kind eye fills,

And now cold terror every fibre chills;
Still she reads on,—in fiction's labyrinth lost,
Of tyrant fathers, and of true love crossed:
Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffined bones,

Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door;
Still she reads on,—even though to read she fears,
And in each key-hole moan strange voices hears,
While every shadow that withdraws her look,

Glares in her face the goblin of her book;
Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast;
On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last;
Counts what remain, now sighs there are no more,
And now even those half tempted to skip o'er;

At length, the bad all killed, the good all pleased,
Her thirsting curiosity appeased,
She shuts the dear, dear book, that made her weep,
Puts out the light, and turns away to sleep.

LESSON CXL.-MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.-ISAAC HILL.

The highest mountains, within the known limits of the old thirteen United States, are the cluster in New Hampshire, called the White Mountains. These mountains are supposed to be older than any of the ranges of high mountains in Europe. Mont Blanc, and Mont St. Bernard, may peer above them, and reach their tops beyond

the line of perpetual congelation; but Mount Washington had been thousands of years in existence, before the inter-

nal fires upheaved the European Alps.

The beauty and grandeur of scenery in Scotland, or Switzerland, or any other country of Europe, cannot exceed that of this mountain region. What magnificent landscape will compare with the different views at the Notch;—with the Silver Cascade, half a mile from its entrance, issuing from the mountain eight hundred feet 10 above the subjacent valley, passing over, almost perpendicularly, a series of rocks so little broken, as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current, and yet so far disturbed, as to be perfectly white;—with the Flume, at no great distance, falling over three precipices, from the

height of two hundred and fifty feet, down the two first in a single current, and over the last in three, uniting again at the bottom in a basin, formed by the hand of Nature, perhaps by the wearing of the waters, in the rocks;—with the impending rocks, directly overhead on either side, to a vast

20 height, rent asunder by that Power which first upheaved the mountains, leaving barely space for the head stream of the Saco, and the road to pass;—with the track of the awful avalanches, at no great distance, on either side, coming down from the height, throwing rocks, trees, and 25 earth across the defile, damming up the stream, and forc-

ing it to seek new channels, and covering up or carrying away, clean to the surface of the hard rock, the long

travelled road!

If the eye is not here sated, with the grandeur and 30 beauty of the stupendous works of the Almighty, and the changes he has wrought, let the traveller pass into the Franconia Notch, near the source of the Merrimack river, twenty miles southerly of the White Mountain Notch.

The Man of the Mountain has long been personated 35 and apostrophized; his covered head is the sure forerunner of the thunder shower or storm; and, in the world of fiction, he is made the main agent of the mountain genii, who bewilder and mislead the benighted traveller, and whose lodgment is in the rocky caverns, hitherto unfre-

whose lodgment is in the rocky caverns, hitherto unfre-40 quented by the human tread. The Profile is perched at the height of more than a thousand feet: the solid rock presents a side view or profile of the human face, every feature of which, in the due proportion, is conspicuous. It is no inanimate profile: it looks the living man, as if his voice could reach to the proportionate distance of his

greater size.

The mountain region of New Hampshire, has been denominated the Switzerland of America. Our scenery 5 is surpassed, in beauty, by no scenery on earth. Coming down from our mountains, I would direct your attention to our beautiful lakes. The eye never traced a more splendid prospect, than the view from Red Hill. The view from Mount Washington, shows the high mountains around, as successive dark waves of the sea, at your feet, and all other objects, the villages and the sea, as more indistinct from their distance.

The view from Red Hill, an elevation of some twenty-five hundred feet, which is gained on horseback, brings 15 all objects distinctly to the naked eye. On the one hand, the Winnipiseogee lake, twenty-two miles in length, with its bays, and islands, and surrounding villages, and farms of parti-colored fields, spreads out like a field of glass, at the southeast. Loch Lomond, with all its splendor and beauty, presents no scenery that is not equalled in the

20 beauty, presents no scenery that is not equalled in the environs of the Winnipiseogee. Its suite of hills and mountains, serves as a contrast, to increase its splendor. We stand upon the higher of the three points of Red Hill, limited everywhere by regular circular lines, and elegant

25 in its figure beyond most other mountains. The autumnal foliage, overspreading the ranges of mountains, in the season after vegetation has been arrested by the frosts, is a beauty in our scenery that has never been described by any inhabitant of Great Britain, because no such

30 scenery ever there existed.

If Mr. Jefferson thought a single point upon the Potomac, where that river breaks through the Blue Ridge, to be worth, to the European observer, a voyage across the Atlantic, will it be deemed extravagant, if I should say to 35 the inhabitants of a town or city of the United States, anywhere along the Atlantic Ocean, that the Notch of the White Hills, the Notch of the Franconia mountains, the Cascade, or the Flume, or the Face of the Old Man, or the view from Red Hill, one alone, or all together, are worth ten times the expense and labor of a journey of one hundred, five hundred, or one thousand miles?

LESSON CXLI.-LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS .- HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Among all the objects of mental association, ancient buildings and ruins affect us with the deepest and most vivid emotions. They were the works of beings like ourselves. While a mist, impervious to mortal view, hangs over the future, all our fond imaginings of the things, which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," in the eternity to come, are inevitably associated with the men, the events and things, which have gone to join the eternity that is past.

When imagination has in vain essayed to rise beyond the stars, which "proclaim the story of their birth," inquisitive to know the occupations and condition of the sages and heroes, whom we hope to join in a higher empyrean, she drops her weary wing, and is compelled to alight

15 among the fragments of "gorgeous palaces and cloudcapped towers," which cover their human ruins, and, by aid of these localities, to ruminate upon their virtues, and their faults, on their deeds in the cabinet, and in the field, and upon the revolutions of the successive ages in which

20 they lived. To this propensity may be traced the sublimated feelings of the man, who, familiar with the stories of Sesostris, the Pharaohs, and the Ptolemies, surveys the pyramids, not merely as stupendous fabrics of mechanical skill, but as monuments of the pride and ambitious folly

25 of kings, and of the debasement and oppression of the wretched myriads, by whose labors they were raised to the skies. To this must be referred the awe and contrition, which solemnize and melt the heart of the Christian, who looks into the holy sepulchre, and believes he sees

30 the place where the Lord was laid.

From this originate the musings of the scholar, who, amid the ruins of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, transports his imagination to the age of Pericles and Phidias;—the reflections of all, not dead to sentiment, who descend to the subterranean habitations of Pompeii,—handle the utensils that once ministered to the wants, and the ornaments subservient to the luxury, of a polished city,—behold the rut of wheels upon the pavement hidden for ages from human sight,—and realize the awful hour, when the hum of industry, and the song of joy, the wailing of the infant, and the garrulity of age, were suddenly

and forever silenced by the fiery deluge, which buried the city, until accident and industry, after the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, revealed its ruins to the curiosity and cupidity of the passing age.

LESSON CXLII.—THE REPRESENTATIVE.—Anonymous.

[Mr. Sittingbourn, the representative, is seated at breakfast.] Enter Mist.

Mist. Sir, I ought to apologize for breaking in upon you, at what I dare say you consider an early hour of the morning; but I could not help it. I was prompted to it,—moved to it, as I may say,—by reading your speech of

5 Tuesday night. Why, sir, you are going to vote for the appropriation of the funds of the Protestant Church, for the education of Roman Catholics!

Sittingbourn. Yes, yes; I think, and, what is more important, perhaps,—those with whom I act, think that

10 course advisable, and I—

Mist. "Advisable!" Sir, it is destructive;—it is the beginning of all evil,—the very germ of ruin!

Sitt. Sir, I am pledged to my party.

Mist. I know nothing of party, sir,—I am no party man; but you will be pleased to regulate your conduct by the feelings and instructions of your constituents; and I, for one, protest against the admission of a principle likely to overrun the country with Papists, and bring us to as bad a state as that to which our wretched ancestors were reduced in the days of bloody Mary, or the more

20 were reduced in the days of bloody Mary, or the more recent misrule of Charles the First. [Enter Cross.]

Sitt. Well, Mr. Cross, what are your commands? We are all in the same boat; you may speak before your

friend, Mr. Mist.

25 Cross. Well, sir, I am sure if you have no objection, I can have none; but I have come up upon an unpleasant business, in regard to your speech of Tuesday.

Mist. Ah! there it is.

Cross. I dare say we two sha'n't agree as to particu-30 lars; but for my part, Mr. Sittingbourn, if you support that appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill, I have done with you.

Sitt. How so? Why, Mr. Cross, you are, I believe, a Romanist. You, surely, can have none of the fears and 35 apprehensions which my friend, Mr. Mist, entertains as

to the overweening influence of your religion, in this

Protestant country.

Cross. Fear, sir! no,—there is no great fear of that, while we have such men in Parliament as yourself. Why, 5 Sir, let me ask you, why should you so readily accede to a proposition for benefiting Catholics in Ireland, and make no exertion to secure us similar advantages in England? We are all on equal ground now, sir,—we are emancipated; that is to say, we have our common rights; and I

10 am just as eligible to sit in Parliament, as you, sir. Why, then, is Ireland to be favored at our expense? I say, sir, it is your duty to advocate our cause, as well as that of the Irish Catholics; and you must, if you expect any support from me, either vote against that clause, or 15 originate some motion to extend the same advantages to

England.

20

Sitt. Time alone is wanting. Rome was not built in a day; nor can her church be established in an hour: everything must be done by degrees.

Mist. Oh! then, it is gradually to be effected.

Sitt. I did not say that.

Cross. Did n't you mean it, sir?

Sitt. Why, really—

Cross. This will not do; I must have a specific answer

25 before I go. [Enter Clerk.]

Clerk. Sir, I was not aware that you had company. Mr. Mist, how d'ye do? Mr. Cross, your servant; I won't detain you five minutes;—can I speak to you alone?

30 Sitt. I dare say, you may speak before your friends. Clerk. Well, sir, I shall be very short. I hear you have made a speech in favor of a general registration of

wills in London. Is that the case, sir?

Sitt. Why, I certainly did support that measure. It

35 was represented to me as an advisable thing,—and—

Clerk. "Advisable," is it! What, sir, to deprive hundreds of honest professional men of their livelihood, to gorge the already bloated London practitioners? Sir, it

is nonsense,—madness,—folly.

Judge of what I have myself examined and inquired into.
There appears to be a vast deal of difficulty and intricacy in the present system, and no small proportion of chicanery and extortion; and I really cannot submit to—

Clerk. Submit, sir, what do you mean by submitting? I sent you to Parliament to represent ine.—I tell you that the new Registration Bill is a most shameful bill, and will rob me of four hundred and eighty pounds per annum; what have you, sir, to set against that? I insist upon it you do not vote for that bill.

Sitt. But I have pledged myself in a speech.

Clerk. Then, sir, I wish you would not speak so much, like the parrot,—you might perhaps think the more; or, 10 like our last excellent representative, who never spoke at all, think as much as he did. You must not vote for it, sir,—that's all. [Enter Dobbins.]

Sitt. Mr. Dobbins, your servant.

Dobbins. Yours, sir, ah! some friends and neighbors; 15 perhaps we are here on the same errand.

Sitt. These gentlemen are come to complain of me.

Dobb. Then, sir, we are all agreed; and as we are all of the same party, and the same club, I have no scruple in speaking out at once, for I am in a hurry,—we military 20 men are punctual, and I have another appointment. In

fact, Mr. Sittingbourn, I perceive that you voted for the reduction of the army.

Sitt. I did, sir, and conscientiously too: I think our military force is too considerable for the peaceable times

25 in which we live.

Dobb. That's all very fine, Mr. Sittingbourn; and no man in the kingdom is more anxious for reduction in the public expenditure than myself; but of all the things to touch, the army, sir, is the last. I have been for many years on half-pay.—I have no chance of getting upon full pay, if the least reduction takes place,—if things remain as they are, it is possible; but the idea of blighting the

prospects of a man who so strenuously supported you— Sitt. Sir, I was speaking on a great national question,

35 —I spoke in generals:—

Dobb. Yes, sir, and forgot the lieutenants; but that won't do.

Sitt. All I know, is, that amongst the most vehement advocates for reduction,—amongst the most ardent de40 nouncers of extravagant expenditure,—you were the foremost, and I—

Dobb. That's all very right, sir: I feel that I am an oppressed man.—I have had beardless boys put over my

head:—the system is a corrupt one, and a base one;—but reduction, sir—I—[Enter Cowl.]

Mr. Cowl. So, sir, you voted against the repeal of the malt-tax,—that 's a pretty go:—how came that about?

- 5 Sitt. Why, sir, as you ask me so plainly, I will answer as candidly. I went determined to oppose the tax, and support the repeal; but after hearing Sir Robert Peel's explanation, I confess I could not, in justice and honor, do otherwise than vote for its continuation.
- 10 Cowl. That's a pretty go: you are a nice man to send to the House of Commons, with your Peel and your repeal; all I can say is, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir; and I am worth fifty thousand pounds, and neither ashamed nor afraid to tell you so.

Sitt. I cannot see why I should be ashamed of acting

conscientiously.

Cowl. Did n't you pledge yourself to vote against it? Sitt. I did, but I was convinced by argument.

Cowl. Argument !- fiddledeedee for argument: I did n't

20 give you my vote, sir, to be argued out of your promise.

Sitt. I saw no injury done to the people by the tax, I

Cowl. "Saw!" I don't care what you saw. Who cares for the people? I have heard you say it would not have 25 made a penny a pot difference in beer to the people, as you call them; but it would have made more than five or six shillings in the bushel to me; and who are the people, I should like to know, if it is not the maltsters? [Enter Lock.]

30 Sitt. Mr. Lock, are you here too,—and to complain?

Lock. Indeed I am, sir.—here, sir, here is your name, voting in a majority for the Rattledumslap Railroad; the success of which will just rob me of four thousand six hundred a year,—supersedes the whole line of the Tow-35 twaddle canal, of which I hold, at this moment, two-thirds

of the shares. [Enter Jarvis.]

Mr. Jarvis. That is nothing to me, Mr. Lock,—nothing, sir,—nothing.

Lock. How so, Mr. Jarvis?

Jarvis. Why, sir, you are a rich man,—I am a poor one:—your kinal did us a precious sight of harm of itself; and that ought never to have been suffered; but as you say, the rail-road, which will take passengers as well as luggage, will be the ruin on me. Yes, Mr. Sittingbourn

if that Rattledumslap Bill is passed, no vote of mine do you ever have again. I'a horsed that road, now nigh upon thirty years,—I bore up against the kinal,—but for the railroad-

5 Sitt. I give you my word, I was not aware that the railroad would interfere with your interests; or, to tell you the truth, that it would come near your line. It struck me as a great national work, worthy of support.

Lock. "National work!" It is mighty agreeable to 10 hear you putting what you call a national work in compe-

tition with my Tow-twaddle Canal.

Jarvis. Yes, or the Eclipse, Wonder, and Rocket, all of which call me master.

Mist. I take higher grounds of objection to Mr. Sitting-

Cross. And I, higher still,—the oppression of a vast body of Englishmen.

Mist. The danger of a large connexion of exemplary

Christians.

20 Cowl. Sir, I have just six questions to put to you:—

Sitt. Sir, I cannot allow any questions to be put here; this is neither the House of Commons nor the hustings; and as I have other things to do besides listening to the separate grievances of a whole constituency, I shall wish 25 you a very good morning, leaving my breakfast parlor

entirely at your service to discuss your own business, which is none of mine; and I only beg leave to tell you that whatever your opinion of the relative obligations of a representative to his constituents may be, I, for one, con-

30 scious of doing my duty to you and to my country, to the best of my ability, will neither hold the office of a slave, nor endure the character of a delegate. I wish you a very good morning; and when next we meet in the . Town Hall, I shall be happy to hear what you may have

35 to say.

LESSON CXLIII .- A REPUBLICAN SCHOOL-ROOM .- A. B. MUZZEY.

The success of all human enterprises depends much on the importance attached to them, the dignity they assume in our view, and the associations which circle round them. The orators of immortal renown, in ancient times, were 5 accustomed to invest the themes they discussed, with a

peculiar greatness, and to throw a halo of glory around

the occasion that had convened their audience. But there is one assembly, unknown to their days, and compared with which their proudest conventions fade, as the morning star before coming day. It is in the school-room in a 5 republic, the place where, in a land favored like our own, the children of the rich and the poor, of the obscure and the honored, are seated side by side. This spectacle was reserved for a modern age; and if, of old, the thought of that influence, which an eloquent voice may exert over an 10 audience of mature minds, fixed habits, and established principles, was so inspiring, what is not the legitimate effect of contemplating a collection of immortal beings, brought together for the culture of their noblest powers, at the earliest, and, therefore, the most decisive period of

15 their lives? When I think of the office of one, set for a teacher of those beings, it rises in my mind to a rank which might seem, even to those thus occupied, to be unduly magnified, did I state my own feelings in relation to it. Many 20 look down for the Teacher; they think his work one which almost any individual can perform, and to which neither honor, nor high compensation, rightfully belong. I look up for the teacher, far above gross and perishing interests, up to the clear sky of spirit, intelligence, and 25 character; and of him, who is charged with these sacred concerns, and who is faithful to this great vocation, I can never think otherwise than with reverence.

LESSON CXLIV.-THE ENGLISH SKYLARK .- SAMUEL STEARNS.

[Extract from a letter of a young American to his brother.]

London, July 12, 1836.

My Dear Brother,—I rose early to enjoy the hallowed hour of devotion. It was my first Sabbath in a foreign land; and a delightful morning it was. The sky was clear, and the air was fresh and balmy. I walked beyond 5 the closely built houses of the town, now closed in silence on their slumbering inhabitants, to spend those halcyon moments among cottages and gardens, fields and hedges, all bright with the morning sun, and fresh with the dew of heaven, to be regaled with views as beautiful as they were new, with the fragrance of flowers I had never before seen, and the music of birds whose notes had never

before struck my ear and thrilled my heart.

When I had reached the top of a broad, swelling, ver5 dant hill, about one and a half mile from the town, I took
my position upon the top of a hedge bank. The town and
the harbor were before me; and all around were the neat
white-washed, straw-thatched cottages, and blooming
gardens, and velvet-like fields, enclosed with green and
0 flowering hedges, and shaded with deep verdant trees.

10 flowering hedges, and shaded with deep verdant trees, and enlivened with gay birds, which alone, of all animated beings seemed, with inanimate nature, to have caught the spirit of the morning, and to be sympathizing and vying

with each other in the worship of their Maker.

object of my search. It was the morning lark, rising and singing towards heaven,—just as Jeremy Taylor has so beautifully described it to our imaginations. I could not have had a better exhibition of it. It satisfied, and more than satisfied, my previous, and most pleasing conceptions of it. I saw one rise, and watched its ascent, and listened to its song, till it was entirely above and beyond my sight. I could only hear its note, more soft, more sweet as it was nearer the home of the blest, and the object of its praise,

25 the throne of its God.

I could think of nothing but of some returning angel, or of some sainted spirit released from its service below, and springing from the earth, gaily ascending higher and higher, singing more and more joyously, and resting not 30 from its song or its flight, till it folds its wing and rests its foot by the throne of Him who made it. I could still hear its note, and still I gazed after it, and presently discerned its form, and saw it descend; but its descent was, if possible, more beautiful than its ascent. It returned to 35 earth with such a graceful and easy motion, it seemed as if conscious that it could, at any time, rise again.

I did not intend to give you any description of this hour or of this scene; and you can have no idea of it now. It was altogether the happiest hour I have enjoyed since I left my notive land. I returned to my ladgings satisfied

40 left my native land. I returned to my lodgings, satisfied,—filled,—and feeling as if I had had a glimpse, and caught a note, of heaven.

LESSON CXLV.-THE INVALID AND THE POLITICIAN.-Murphy.

[Enter Feeble in his night-gown.]

Quidnunc. [Without.] Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow, he 'll be glad to see me. Brother Feeble! brother Feeble!

Feeble. I was just going to bed. Bless my heart! what 5 can this man want? I know his voice. I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour! [Enter Quid.]
Brother Feeble, I give you joy: the nabob's demolish-

ed.—Hurrah!

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you serve 10 me thus?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more! Hurrah! Feeb. Poor man! he's stark, staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy 15 from the octagon, and the counterscarp, and the bungalow-

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning: -Oh! I'm

ready to die!

Quid. Odds heart, man, be of good cheer! The new 20 nabob, Jaffer Alley Cawn, has acceded to a treaty; and the English company got all their rights in the Phiemad and the Fushbulhoorums.

Feeb. But dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc! why am I to be

disturbed for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemindars,-hurrah!

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for

this?

Quid. Light up your windows, man! Light up your 30 windows! Chandernagore is taken,—hurrah!

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—good night! [Going.]

Quid. Here! here's the Gazette!

Feeb. Oh! I shall certainly faint! [Sits down.]

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down; and I'll read it to you. - Be-35 gins to read. Feeb. moves away.] Nay, don't run away, I've more news to tell you!—there's an account from Williamsburg in America:—the superintendent of Indian affairs-

Feeb. Dear sir! dear sir!—[Avoiding him.]

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees[Following him.]

Feeb. Enough, enough !-[From him.]

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Cataw-5 bas.—[After him.]

Feeb. Well, well,—your servant—[From him.] Quid. So that the white inhabitants—[After him.]

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant of my own house—

10 Quid. So that the white inhabitants will now be

secured by the Cherokees and Catawbas-

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing

before the commissioners:—

Quid. Go home! no, no: I'll go and talk the matter 15 over at our coffee-house. [Going.]

Feeb. Do so, do so!

Quid. [Returning.] I had a dispute about the balance of power;—pray, now, can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter-

Quid. Well, another time will do for that.—I have a great deal to say about that—[Going, returns.] Right, I had like to have forgot; there's an erratum in the last Gazette.

Feeb. With all my heart-

25 Quid. Page 3, 1st col., 1st and 3rd lines,—for bombs, read booms.

Feeb, Read what you will—

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know.—Well now, your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come 30 and tell you.

Feeb. For Heaven's sake no more:-

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep:—

Feeb. Good night, good night!—[Runs off.]

235 Quid. [Bawling after him.] I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of Morocco is dead. So now, I have made him happy. I'll go and knock up my friend Razor, and make him happy, too; and then I'll go and see if anybody is up at the coffee-house, and make them all happy there, 40 too.

LESSON CXLVI.—NEW ENGLAND FREEDOM AND ENTERPRISE.—
JOSIAH QUINCY.

If, after a general survey of the surface of New England, we cast our eyes on its cities and great towns, with what wonder should we behold, did not familiarity render the phenomenon almost unnoticed, men, combined in great multitudes, possessing freedom and the consciousness of strength,—the comparative physical power of the ruler less than that of a cobweb across a lion's path,—yet orderly, obedient, and respectful to authority; a people, but no populace; every class in reality existing, which the general law of society acknowledges, except one,—and this exception characterizing the whole country. The soil of New England is trodden by no slave. In our streets, in our assemblies, in the halls of election and legislation, men of every rank and condition meet, and unite or divide on

15 other principles, and are actuated by other motives, than

those growing out of such distinctions.

The fears and jealousies, which in other countries separate classes of men, and make them hostile to each other, have here no influence, or a very limited one. Each indi20 vidual, of whatever condition, has the consciousness of living under known laws, which secure equal rights, and guarantee to each whatever portion of the goods of life, be it great or small, chance, or talent, or industry, may have bestowed. All perceive, that the honors and rewards of society are open equally to the fair competition of all; that the distinctions of wealth, or of power, are not fixed in families;

that whatever of this nature exists to-day, may be changed to-morrow, or, in a coming generation, be absolutely reversed.

Common principles, interests, hopes, and affections, are the result of universal education. Such are the consequences of the equality of rights, and of the provisions for the general difference of the second distribution of interests.

eral diffusion of knowledge and the distribution of intestate estates, established by the laws framed by the earliest emi-

grants to New England.

If, from our cities, we turn to survey the wide expanse of the interior, how do the effects of the institutions and example of our early ancestors appear, in all the local comfort and accommodation which mark the general condition of the whole country;—unobtrusive, indeed, but substantial in pathing appendid but in every thing outside and

40 tial; in nothing splendid, but in every thing sufficient and satisfactory. Indications of active talent and practical energy, exist everywhere. With a soil comparatively little

luxuriant, and, in great proportion, either rock, or hill, or sand, the skill and industry of man are seen triumphing over the obstacles of nature; making the rock the guardian of the field; moulding the granite, as though it were clay; 5 leading cultivation to the hill-top, and spreading over the arid plain, hitherto unknown and unanticipated harvests.

The lofty mansion of the prosperous, adjoins the lowly dwelling of the husbandman; their respective inmates are in the daily interchange of civility, sympathy, and respect.

10 Enterprise and skill, which once held chief affinity with the ocean or the sea-board, now begin to delight the interior, haunting our rivers, where the music of the waterfall, with powers more attractive than those of the fabled harp of Orpheus, collects around it intellectual man and mate-

15 rial nature. Towns and cities, civilized and happy communities, rise, like exhalations, on rocks and in forests, till the deep and far-resounding voice of the neighboring torrent is itself lost and unheard, amid the predominating noise of successful and rejoicing labor.

LESSON CXLVII. - FREEDOM AND PROGRESS. - CHARLES G. ATHERTON.

Our forefathers came to this land, seeking refuge from oppression. Despised and insulted by the haughty arbiters of the old world, that meek and suffering, but hardy and faithful band brought to inhospitable and savage 5 shores, their household gods, their principles, their hopes. They were wasted hither by no prosperous gales of royal favor:-no lofty patronage protected their humble troop.

The same spirit which led them here,—which supported them under trials and privations almost insupportable,— 10 which nerved their souls against the attacks of hunger, want and savage enemies,—this same spirit flowed down to their descendants, and became a part of their being. It was the same spirit which in them prompted resistance to unwarrantable assumptions on the part of the parent coun-15 try, and the renunciation of an allegiance that no longer promised protection. It was the same spirit, that, throughout their struggle, nerved their arms and braced their souls, and led them to resolve, to use the words of one of their most able writers, "that wheresoever, whensoever, 20 and howsoever, they might be called to make their exit,

they would die free men!"

Long enough, have the despots of Europe kept their subjects in ignorance, in order to preserve their own sway. Long enough, have they lorded it over the consciences and birthrights of men. The divine right of kings, which they have altered into the milder term legitimacy, will not do. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong," is not a maxim for this bold, busy, and inquiring age. There is a spirit abroad, too dangerous to be trifled with. Its outbreakings have already been seen, in various parts of the earth. If the masters of the old world yield to its progress, it may reform abuses gradually, as the water-drop wears the marble, and they may hide in obscurity their imbecility and shame.

But let them form themselves into alliances, and, by combinations, endeavor to preserve their sway, and "the over-strung nations will arm in madness." Let them endeavor to breast and stop the tide of improvement which is rushing onward, and it will sweep them away, in its mighty torrent. The murmurings of the storm are already heard in the forest, the sighings of the gusts of wind, and the groans of the laboring trees. If they prostrate themselves before the coming tempest, it may pass them untouched, unhurt; but woe to those who endeavor to brave it; for the angel of death will ride on its rushing wings.

Reverses may ensue in the cause of freedom; hope delayed may sicken the souls of patriots; the exertions of heroes and martyrs may be, for a while, in vain; brave hearts may spill their best blood, on the points of mercenary bayonets, but the cause of human nature, and of God, must triumph! I say the cause of God; for the Almighty has not placed the longing after freedom, any more than the longing after immortality in our bosoms, that it should only forever be a source of disappointment and despair! Our history must inspire all. And it is curious to reflect

35 that our forefathers, despised and insulted by the potentates of the old world, brought that here with them, which shall react, nay, is reacting on their persecutors, with tre mendous energy. They came here "to plant the tree of life, to plant fair freedom's tree," which has grown up so

40 large and beautiful, and will overshadow all the earth,—
the tree which shall prove, to the free of all nations, a
shelter and protection, but, to tyrants and oppressors, will
be more deadly than the Upas, which blasts and withers
all who approach it.

The only condition on which liberty is granted to man, is that of perpetual vigilance. This subtle spirit of oppression must be met, in its first approaches, it must be guarded against, with ever anxious care. Man cannot procure anything of importance, unless by striving for it; nor can he retain anything worth having, unless by guarding it. The husbandman, before he can expect the earth to yield its increase, must prepare it, by his toil; and after his stores are gathered, his care is still necessary to preserve them.

them.

The accumulator of property, when he has amassed wealth, if he would not lose all the fruits of his labor and anxiety, must still be ever on the alert, lest it vanish, and all his fond hopes be prostrated. No other blessing can to we expect to enjoy long, without activity and care on our part; and why should we expect that liberty, the greatest of blessings, can be retained without either? Why should we imagine, that, because we now have liberty, we must always possess it, however supine we may be? If freedom is worth fighting for, it is worth preserving. Let us never listen to the voice which would calm all our apprehensions, and lull us into slumbers of security; into a quiet which might be repose indeed, but would soon be the leaden sleep of despotism.

LESSON CXLVIII.—SCENE FROM MARINO FALIERO.—Byron.

[Doge, President, and Senators.]

Doge. The seigniory of Venice! You betrayed me! You,—you who sit there,—traitors as ye are! From my equality with you in birth, And my superiority in action,

5 You drew me from my honorable toils
In distant lands,—on flood,—in field,—in cities;
You singled me out, like a victim, to
Stand crowned, but bound and helpless, at the altar,
Where you alone could minister. I knew not,—

10 Sought not, wished not, dreamed not, the election, Which reached me first at Rome, and I obeyed; But found, on my arrival, that, besides
The jealous vigilance which always led you
To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,

15 You had, even in the interregnum of My journey to the capitol, curtailed

And mutilated the few privileges
Yet left the duke. All this I bore, and would
Have borne, had not my very hearth been stained

By the pollution of your ribaldry,

5 And he, the ribald, whom I see amongst you,—
Fit judge in such tribunal!

President. And can it be, that the great doge of Ven .e,

With three parts of a century of years And honors on his head, could thus allow

10 His fury, (like an angry boy's,) to master All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such A provocation as a young man's petulance?

Doge. A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop Which makes the cup run o'er,—and mine was full

I would have freed both,—and have failed in both Pause not: I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none My life was staked upon a mighty hazard,—And, being lost, take what I would have taken.

20 I would have stood alone amidst your tombs:
Now you may flock round mine, and trample on it,
As you have done upon my heart while living.

President. You do confess then and admit the justice

Of our tribunal?

25 Doge. I confess to have failed.
Fortune is female:—from my youth her favors
Were not withheld. The fault was mine to hope
Her former smiles again, at this late hour.

Pres. You do not, then, in aught arraign our equity? Doge. Noble Venetians, stir me not with questions.

I am resigned to the worst, but in me still
Have something of the blood of brighter days,
And am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me
Further interrogation, which boots nothing,

35 Except to turn a trial to debate.

I shall but answer that which will offend you,
And please your enemies,—a host already.

'T is true, these sullen walls should yield no echo;
But walls have ears,—nay more, they have tongues,—and if

40 There were no other way for truth to overleap them,—You, who condemn me,—you who fear and slay me,—Yet could not bear in silence to your graves

What you would hear from me of good or evil. The secret were too mighty for your souls! Then let it sleep in mine,—unless you court

5 A danger which would double that you escape. Such my defence would be, had I full scope To make it famous:—for true words are things; And dying men's are things which long out-live, And oftentimes avenge them. Bury mine,

10 If ye would fain survive me. Take this counsel; And, though too oft ye made me live in wrath, Let me die calmly. You may grant me this!-I deny nothing,—defend nothing,—nothing I ask of you but silence for myself,

15 And sentence from the court!

President. Marino Faliero,* doge of Venice, Count of Val di Marino, senator, And sometime general of the fleet and army, Noble Venetian, many times and oft

20 Intrusted by the state with high employments, Even to the highest,—listen to the sentence! Convict by many witnesses and proofs, And by thine own confession, of the guilt Of treachery, and treason, yet unheard of

25 Until this trial,—the decree is death! The place wherein as doge thou shouldst be painted, With thine illustrious predecessors, is To be left vacant, with a death-black veil Flung over these dim words engraved beneath,-

30 "This place is of Marino Faliero, Decapitated for his crimes."

Doge. What crimes?

Were it not better to record the facts, So that the contemplator might approve,

35 Or at least learn whence the crimes arose? When the beholder knows a doge conspired, Let him be told the cause,—it is your history.

Pres. Time must reply to that. Our sons will judge

Their fathers' judgment, which I now pronounce.
40 As doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap, Thou shalt be led hence to the Giant's Staircase, Where thou and all our princes are invested; And there, the ducal crown being first resumed,

Pronounced Măreeno Făleeāyro.

25

Upon the spot where it was first assumed, Thy head shall be struck off; and Heaven have mercy Upon thy soul!

Doge. Is this the sentence?

5 President. It is.

Doge. I can endure it. And the time?

Pres. Must be immediate. Make thy peace with God,—Within an hour thou must be in His presence!

Doge. I am there already; and my blood will rise

10 Before the souls of those who shed it!

LESSON CXLIX.—THE RICH MAN'S SON, AND THE POOR MAN'S SON.—J. R. LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold;
Nor dares to wear a garment old:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee:

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn;

Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands; he does his part,
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?—Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee:

What does the poor man's son inherit?—A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh! rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;

Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands:
This is the best crop from the lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh! poor man's son, scorn not thy state;—
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LESSON CL.-NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD .- ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves.—There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever."—Webster's Speech.

New England's DEAD! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.

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Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh! few and weak their numbers were,
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress.
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?

And where are ye to-day?

I call:—the hills reply again

That ye have passed away;

That on old Bunker's lonely height,

In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,

The grass grows green, the harvest bright,

Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.

The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

LESSON CLI.—THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

Here rest the great and good,—here they repose After their generous toil. A sacred band, They take their sleep together, while the year Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,

5 And gathers them again, as winter frowns. Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre,—green sods Are all their monument; and yet it tells A nobler history, than pillared piles, Or the eternal pyramids. They need

10 No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth

15 That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute As feeling ever is when deepest,—these Are monuments more lasting, than the fanes Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,

25 But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,

Where first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature; and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,

While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold, Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,

And the one universal Lord. They need No column pointing to the heaven they sought, To tell us of their home. The heart itself, Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,

And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,
Where we may gather on the hallowed day,
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.

Here let us meet; and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears,—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them

An offering of the plenty, Nature gives, And they have rendered ours,—perpetually.

LESSON CLII.-TRUTH.-H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O holy and eternal Truth! Thou art
An emanation of the Eternal Mind!
A glorious attribute,—a noble part
Of uncreated being! Who can find,
By diligent searching,—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible,—the Deity!

The human mind is a reflection caught
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought
That heavenward wings its daring flight away
Returns to where its flight was first begun,
Blinded and dark beneath the noon-day sun.

The soul of man, though sighing after thee,

Hath never known thee, saving as it knows

The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we see

The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows;

Something, that is beyond us, and above

The reach of human power, though not of human love.

Vainly Philosophy may strive to teach
The secret of thy being. Its faint ray
Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach
Of its untiring wing, the eternal day

Of truth is shining on the longing eye, Distant,—unchanged,—changeless,—pure and high!

And yet thou hast not left thyself without
A revelation. All we feel and see
Within us and around, forbids to doubt,
Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and adore!

LESSON CLIII.—THE FIRST SETTLERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—
N. A. HAVEN.

Two hundred years ago, the place * on which we stand was an uncultivated forest. The rough and vigorous soil was still covered with the stately trees, which had been, for ages, intermingling their branches and deepening the 5 shade. The river, which now bears, on its bright and pure waters, the treasures of distant climates, and whose rapid current is stemmed and vexed by the arts and enterprise of man, then only rippled against the rocks, and reflected back the wild and grotesque thickets which over-10 hung its banks. The mountain, which now swells on our left, and raises its verdant side, "shade above shade," was then almost concealed by the lofty growth which covered the intervening plains. Behind us, a deep morass, extending across to the northern creek, almost enclosed the little 15 "Bank," which is now the seat of so much life and industry. It was then a wild and tangled thicket, interspersed with venerable trees and moss-grown rocks, and presenting, here and there, a sunny space, covered with the blossoms and early fruit of the little plant that gave it its name. 20 This "Bank," so wild and rude, two hundred years ago, was first impressed with the step of civilized man.

The influence of local association is strong and universal. There is no one who has not felt it; and if it were possible, it would be useless to withdraw the mind from its effects. We owe many of our deepest emotions, our highest and most ennobling feelings, to the suggestions of external nature. The place which has been distinguished by the residence of one whom we love and admire, kindles in our minds a thousand conceptions, which we can scarcely

^{*} Portsmouth.

analyze or describe. The moral beauty of character and sentiment, is insensibly blended with the beauty of natural scenery; memory and fancy, alike excited, pass from one object to another, and form combinations of beauty and 5 grandeur, softened and shaded by time and distance, but having enough of life and freshness, to awaken our feelings and hold undisputed dominion of our hearts.

Here, then, let us indulge our emotions. On this spot, our forefathers trod. Here, their energy and persever-10 ance, their calm self-possession and practical vigor, were first called into action. Here, they met and overcame difficulties, which would have overpowered the imagination, or subdued the fortitude, of ordinary men. All that we see around us, are memorials of their worth. It was 15 their enterprise that opened a path for us, over the waters. It was their energy that subdued the forest. They founded our institutions. They communicated to us our love of

freedom. They gave us the impulse that made us what we are.

It cannot then be useless to live along the generations that have passed, and endeavor to identify ourselves with those who have gone before us. Who and what were they, who thus fill our imaginations, and, as they rise before us, bring to our minds so many recollections of high senti-25 ment, and steady fortitude, and sober enthusiasm? In what school were they formed? and what favorable circumstances impressed upon them that character of enduring energy, which even their present descendants may claim, as their best inheritance? The answer to these 30 questions, is the subject, to which your attention will be

directed. The character of individuals is always influenced, in a greater or less degree, by that of the nation in which they live. Sometimes, indeed, a great genius appears, who seems 35 not to belong either to his age or country; as a sunny day in winter will sometimes swell the buds, and call forth the early flowers, as if it belonged to a milder season, or happier climate. But, in general, to form an accurate opinion of the character of an individual, it becomes necessary to 40 estimate that of his nation, at the time, in which he lived. Our ancestors were Englishmen; were merchant-adventurers; were Puritans. The elements of their character are therefore to be found in the national character of England, modified in the individuals by the pursuits of commerce, and the profession of an austere but ennobling form

of religion.

Such were the men from whom we derive our origin; and such were the circumstances which impressed upon 5 them that peculiar character, which it is hoped the lapse of two centuries has not yet obliterated. We may justly be proud of such a descent; for no ancestry in the world, is half so illustrious, as the Puritan founders of New England. It is not merely that they were good men, and reli-

10 gious men, exhibiting in their lives an example of purity, and temperance, and active virtue, such as no other community in the world could present; but they possessed the dazzling qualities of human greatness. Do we love to dwell upon scenes of romantic adventure? Does our im-

a strange people, exposed to constant and unusual peril?

Do we turn with delight to those bold and heroic achievements which call forth the energy of our nature, and, by that deep excitement which belongs to the hopes and haz-

20 ards of war, awaken us to a new consciousness of existence? All this is found in the history of our ancestors. They were heroes, as well as pilgrims, and nothing is wanting, but the pen of genius, to make their prowess and

adventures the theme of a world's admiration.

I have already alluded to the force of local association; and I would again advert to it in considering the ties which ought to bind us to our native land. Other countries may possess a richer soil and a gentler sky; but where shall we find the rude magnificence of nature so

30 blended with scenes of enchanting beauty, as among our mountains and lakes? Believe me, it is because our country is yet unexplored, that her scenes of beauty and grandeur, her bright waters and swelling hills, her rich pasturage of living green, mingled with fresh flowers, and

35 skirted with deep and shady forests; her fields teeming with life and vegetation; her mountains rising into the dark blue sky, and blending their summits with the purple clouds; her streams rushing from the hill-side, and hastening to mingle with the sea, or lingering in the solitude of

40 her valleys, and sparkling in the glorious sunshine;—it is because these are unexplored, that they are unsung. The time is not far distant, when the poet will kindle into rapture, and the painter glow with emotion, in delineating our romantic scenery.

But it is our moral associations that must bind us forever to the land of our fathers. It is a land of equal rights: its soil is not polluted by a slave. It is a land of religious freedom; no hierarchy can here exalt its head, no pontiff 5 can hurl his thunders over a trembling and prostrate multitude. It is a land of industry and toil; affording in this a constant pledge of the manly virtues. It is a land of knowledge and progressive improvement. In no part of the world is so liberal a provision made by law for public 10 instruction. It is a land whose inhabitants have already fulfilled the high duties to which they have been called. Other nations have gathered more laurels in the field of blood; other nations have twined more garlands and sung louder praise for their poets and orators and philosophers; 15 but where have romantic courage and adventurous skill been more strikingly exhibited? Where has practical wisdom been better displayed? In the hour of danger, her sons have been foremost in the battle. In every contest for the rights of mankind, her voice has always been 20 raised on the side of freedom. And now that she stands possessed of everything which civil and political liberty can bestow, she is vigilant and jealous for the preserva-tion of her rights, and is among the first to resist encroachment.

LESSON CLIV.—SCROOGE AND MARLEY.—Charles Dickens.

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own

knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a cof-10 fin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it; or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

15 Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole

executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: "Scrooge and Marley." The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people, new to the business, called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley; but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, tolutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

25 External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge.
No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him.
No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and

sleet, could boast of the advantage over him, in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will
you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock;
no man or woman ever once, in all his life, inquired the
way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the
blind-men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they
saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways, and up courts; and then would wag their tails, as
though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eve.

dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

LESSON CLV.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.—
RUFUS CHOATE,

[Address before the N. E. Society, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1843.]

We meet again, the children of the pilgrims, to remember our fathers. Away from the scenes with which the American portion of their history is associated, forever, and in all men's minds;—scenes so unadorned, yet clothed to the moral eye with a charm above the sphere of taste:—the uncrumbled rock,—the hill, from whose side those "delicate springs" are still gushing;—the wide woods,—the sheltered harbor,—the little islands that welcomed them, in their frozen garments, from the sea, and witnessed the rest and worship of that Sabbath day before their landing;—away from all these scenes,—without the limits of the fond old colony that keeps their graves,—without the limits of the New England which is their wider burial place, and fitter

monument,—in the heart of this chief city of the nation, into 15 which the feeble band has grown,—we meet again;—to repeat their names, one by one,—to retrace the lines of their character,—to appreciate their virtues,—to recount the course of their life, full of heroic deeds, varied by sharpest trials, varied by transcendent consequences; to

20 assert the directness of our descent from such an ancestry of goodness and greatness;—to erect, refresh, and touch our spirits, by coming for an hour into their more immediate presence, such as they were in the days of their "human agony of glory."

25 The two centuries which interpose to hide them from our eye, centuries so brilliant with progress, so crowded by incidents, so fertile in accumulations, dissolve, for the moment, as a curtain of cloud, and we are, once more, by their side. The grand and pathetic series of their story

30 unrolls itself around us, vivid as if with the life of yesterday.

All the stages, all the agents of the process by which they,
and the extraordinary class they belonged to, were slowly
formed from the general mind and character of England;
the influence of the age of the reformation, with which the
35 whole Christian world was astir to its profoundest depths.

and outermost limits, but which was poured out unbounded and peculiar on them; that various persecution, prolonged through two hundred years, and twelve reigns, from the time of the preaching of Wickliffe to the accession of James 5 the First, from which they gathered sadly so many precious

fruits; a larger measure of tenderness of conscience, the sense of duty, force of will, trust in God, the love of truth, and the spirit of liberty; the successive development and growth of opinions, and traits and determinations and

10 fortunes, by which they were advanced, from Protestants to Republicans, from Englishmen to Pilgrims, from Pilgrims to the founders of a free Church, and the fathers of a free people, in a new world; the retirement to Holland; the resolution to seek the sphere of their duties, and the

15 asylum of their rights, beyond the seas; the embarkation at Delft-Haven,—that scene of interest unparalleled, on which a pencil of your own has just enabled us to look back with tears, and praise, and sympathy, and the fond pride of children; that scene of few and simple incidents; the setting

20 out of a handful of, not then, very famous persons, on a voyage, but which, as we gaze on it, begins to speak to you as with the voices and melodies of an immortal hymn which dilates and becomes idealized into the auspicious going forth of a colony, whose planting has changed the

25 history of the world;—a noble colony of devout Christians—educated firm men, valiant soldiers, and honorable women; a colony, on the commencement of whose heroic enterprise, the selectest influences of religion seemed to be descending visibly; and beyond whose perilous path are

30 hung the rainbow and the western star of empire;—the voyage of the "May-flower;" the landing; the slow winter's night of disease and famine, in which so many, the good, the beautiful, the brave, sank down and died, giving place, at last, to the spring-dawn of health and plenty; the

35 meeting with the old red race on the hill beyond the brook; the treaty of peace, unbroken for half a century; the organization of a republican government in the Mayflower's cabin;—the planting of these kindred, coeval and auxiliary institutions, without which such a government,

40 could no more live than the uprooted tree can put forth leaf or flower,—institutions, to diffuse pure religion, good learning, austere morality, the practical arts of administration, labor, patience, obedience, "plain living and high thinking;" the securities of conservatism, and the germs

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of progress; the laying deep and sure, far down on the Rock of Ages, of the foundation-stones of that imperial structure whose dome now swells towards heaven; the timely death, at last, one after another, of the first generation of the old Pilgrims, not unvisited by visions, as the final hour drew nigh, of the more apparent glory of the latter day; all these high, holy, and beautiful things, come thronging, fresh on all our memories, beneath the influence of their original hour. Such as we heard them from our mothers lips; such as we read them, in the histories of kings, of religions, and of liberty; they gather themselves about us, familiar, certainly,—but of an interest that can never die; an interest, intrinsical in themselves, yet heightened inex-

pressibly by their relations to that eventful future, into 15 which they have expanded, and through whose light they

shine.

And yet, with all this procession of events and persons moving before us, and solicited this way and that by the innumerable trains of speculation and of feeling which 20 such a sight inspires, we can think of nothing, of nobody, -here and now, but the pilgrims, themselves. I cannot, and do not wish for a moment to forget that it is their festival, we have come to keep. It is their tabernacles we have come to build. It is not the reformation,—it is not 25 colonization; it is not ourselves, our present, or our future, -it is not political economy, or political philosophy, of which, to-day, you would have me say a word. We have a specific, single duty to perform. We would speak of certain valiant, good, peculiar men,—our fathers! We 30 would wipe the dust from a few, old, plain, noble urns; we would shun husky disquisitions, irrelevant novelties and small display; would recall, rather the forms and the lineaments of the honored dead; -- forms and features which the grave has not changed; over which the grave has no 35 power: robed in the vestments, all radiant with the hues of an assured immortality!

LESSON CLVI.-THE SETTLERS OF CONNECTICUT.-KENT.

The policy and the institutions of the settlers of Connecticut, form and display their early national character.

Their attention to public instruction, civil and religious, and their superintending and vigilant care of the morals and habits of the people, were doubtless the principal

means, under Providence, of rendering the colony, in every period of its history, free, prosperous, and happy. It has been distinguished, above all other communities, for the orderly, respectful, and obliging deportment of the

5 inhabitants; for their intelligence, industry, and economy; for the purity and solidity of their moral character; for their religious profession and habits; for the dignity of their magistracy, and for unexampled order and decorum in the administration of justice. The discretion and pro-

10 bity which have attended the elections of their rulers, and the steadiness with which men in power, and deserving of the trust, have been kept in power, even by means of annual elections, and in spite of the temptations to change which such elections present, is a singular fact in the history of civil society, and most honorable to the character

of the State.

The people of this State appear to have preserved their original manners and character more entire than most other people, and in a remarkable degree, considering their 20 enterprising and commercial disposition. Their young men have explored our infant settlements, and penetrated the western forests and solitudes; they have traversed foreign lands, and visited the shores and islands of every sea, either in search of new abodes, or as the heralds of

25 science and religion, or the messengers of business and commerce. But notwithstanding their migratory spirit, the sons of Connecticut have never lost their native attachments;—"their first, best country ever is at home." This is partly owing to the force of natural sentiment; but more

30 especially, in their case, is it owing to the influence of early education, and to the pride, which local institutions of so simple and so efficient a character, naturally engender. And who indeed can resist the feelings which consecrate the place where he was born, the ground where his

35 ancestors sleep, the hills and haunts lightly trodden in the vehemence of youth, and, above all, where stand the classic halls, in which early friendships were formed, and the young mind was taught to expand and admire?

LESSON CLVII.—BENEFITS OF COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.—JOHN SERGEANT.

An opinion has already been intimated that the benefits of early education, continued through the period which nature indicates as the time for training and discipline, are not entirely lost, even though the acquirements in college should afterwards be neglected. Wholesome nourishment and exercise for the mind, are like wholesome nourishment and exercise for the body. They enter into the constitution, and impart to it general health and strength, and capacity for the exertions it may be called upon to make, and the trials it may be doomed to suffer. This is especially true of childhood and youth, and, as to all that concerns our physical condition, is universally admitted, in practice, as well as in theory. The tender infant is not suffered to lie in torpid inaction. Its little frame is put in motion in its mother's arms. As soon as it can bear exposure, it is sent forth to larger exercise in the open air. The boy is permitted and encouraged to rejoice in active and invigorating sports; and the youth, quite up to the season of manhood, is taught to blend the healthful exertion of his

and moral powers.

Why is this indication of nature thus carefully observed 20 and obeyed? Why do parents watch with so much anxious care over the forming constitution of the body, and seek to train it to grace and vigor? It is because it is forming, and the fashion it then receives may more or less abide by it ever after. Their anxious care is well bestowed. Much of the happiness of life depends upon it, and every one is aware that such is the case. Hence it is, that gymnastics have been introduced into places of instruction, where feats are performed which no man of full age expects ever to repeat, unless it should be his lot to be

sinews and muscles, with the cultivation of his intellectual

30 a tumbler or a rope-dancer.

Is there not a precise analogy, in this respect, between the two parts of our nature? Have not the moral and intellectual faculties a growth, a period of expansion, a season for nourishment and direction, when the constitution 35 of the mind and heart is taking a form like that of the body, and when the intellectual and moral capacities are to be assisted and trained into a healthy condition? Are there no gymnastics of the mind? It would be deemed a palpable absurdity, if any one were to argue, that a child was likely to be employed in sedentary occupations, and therefore it was not material, that he should have the use of his limbs. Is it not still more absurd to use such an argument in relation to his higher and better faculties? It is a great calamity to be deprived of sight,—to be unable

to behold the glories of the visible creation, and enjoy the beauties of art. Is it a less one to be destitute of intellectual vision, by which we are enabled to "look through nature up to nature's God," and to discern glories greater 5 far than those, great as we must confess them to be, which are manifested to the eye of the body ?-by which, too, we are enabled to look into ourselves, and there to see the fearful and wonderful thing we are, and how it is that, from the source of infinite wisdom and goodness, there is an emana-

10 tion of light imparted to us, which we are commanded not

to allow "to be darkened."

Surely, surely, these are reflections which ought forever to silence the sordid calculation that would bend man's whole powers down to the earth, instead of helping him 15 to grow up towards the heavens. The superincumbent weight of the world's business will press heavily enough upon him. With all the preparation he can have, and all the improvement he can make of it, there is danger that he will but seldom be able to raise himself above the thick 20 fog, that creeps along the ground, and limits his view to the objects immediately around him, into the clear region, where higher duties and higher enjoyments offer themselves to his attention,—where the spirit may breathe, the mind hold communion with intelligence, the affections kindle, the charities be nursed, and his whole nature exalted, under the quickening influence of the consciousness, that he is a man. It is in this consciousness, properly enlightened, that dwells his real dignity, and in it, too, the sense

of all his duties.

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What parent, then, who has the ability, will withhold from his child the means of such instruction and discipline, in their fullest measure, as may promise to give him a moral and intellectual constitution fitted to seize upon, and improve the occasions that may arise for purifying and 35 exalting his nature, and fulfilling all his obligations? In this consists his highest happiness. It will not control the course of events. It will not make adverse fortune prosperous, nor the contrary. But, like a wall in the sea, well planted and well supported, broad in its foundation, and 40 carried to its proper height, it will establish a secure and quiet retreat from the shocks, both of prosperity and adversity, to which he may betake himself in the hour of dangerous trial, and escape the imminent hazard of being overwhelmed by either.

LESSON CLVIII.—OUR CONTROL OVER OUR PHYSICAL WELL-BEING.—HORACE MANN.

It is a truth fitted to awaken our most fervent gratitude to the Author of our existence, that He has placed the great conditions of our physical well-being under our own control. Of the nature or essence of the vital principle, we 5 are as yet ignorant. Some of the internal ganglia, also, are mysteries to the profoundest science. Of the more subtile movements in the interior of the system, we can take no available cognizance. These inward vital processes are not subject to our volition. The heart will not continue 10 to beat, nor the blood to flow, at the bidding of the mightiest of the earth.

The sculpture-like outline of the body; its gradual and symmetrical expansion from infancy to manhood, every day another, yet the same; the carving and grooving of all 15 the bones and joints; the weaving of the muscles into a compact and elastic fabric, and their self-lubricating power, by which, though pressed together in the closest order and crossing each other in all directions, they yet play their respective parts, without perceptible friction; the winding-20 up of the heart, so that it will vibrate the seconds of threescore years and ten, without repair or alteration; the channelling out of the blood-vessels, more numerous than all the rivers of a continent, and so thoroughly permeating every part, that there is no desert or waste spot left, where 25 their fertilizing currents do not flow; the triple layer of the skin, with its infinite reticulations; the culling, and exact depositing, of the material of that most divinely-wrought organ, the brain, for whose exquisite workmanship it would seem as though air, and light, and heat, and elec-30 tricity, had all been sifted and winnowed, and their finest particles selected for its composition; the diffusion of the nerves over every part of the frame, along whose darksome and attenuated threads, the messengers of the mind pass to and fro with the rapidity of lightning; the fashioning of 35 the vocal apparatus, so simple in its mechanism, and yet so varied in its articulation, and its musical range and compass; the hollowing out of the ear, which secures to us all the utilities and blessings of social intercourse; the opening of the eye, on whose narrow retina, all the breadth

40 and magnificence of the universe can be depicted; and, finally, the power of converting the coarse, crude, dead

materials of our food, into sentient tissues, and miraculously enduing them with the properties of life; -over all these, as well as over various other processes of irrmation and growth, our will has no direct control. They will not

5 be fashioned, or cease to be fashioned, at our bidding. was in this sense that the question was put, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" It is not by "taking thought," but by using the prescribed means,-by learning and obeying the physical laws,-that

10 the stature can be made loftier, the muscles more vigorous, the senses quicker, the life longer, and the capacity of

usefulness almost indefinitely greater.

It is diet, oxygenation of the blood, and personal purity or cleanliness, which have the prerogative of accomplish-15 ing these objects; and these are in our power, within our legitimate jurisdiction; and if we perform our part of the work, faithfully and fully, in regard to these things, Nature will perform her part of the work, faithfully and fully, in regard to those subtler and nicer operations which lie 20 beyond our immediate control.

LESSON CLIX. - THE INSOLVENT AND THE BANKRUPT. - BERRIEN.

[Extract from Mr. Berrien's speech on the Bankrupt Law.]

Mr. President, the true and practical mode of testing the question of the tendency of this law to produce immorality, is to compare the bankrupt and insolvent laws, not in the operation of the former, on the mass of insolvencies,

5 which our neglect of duty has suffered to accumulate, but to examine each in its ordinary operation, as a permanent portion of a system of jurisprudence. Let us do this

The bankrupt, when he is declared to be so, either by 10 his own confession, or the proof adduced by his creditor, is instantly divested of all control over his estate. He has no hope of relief, but from perfect integrity of conduct, and the relief which that promises him, is great and permanent. It is no less than entire emancipation from his 15 thraldom. Thus the law presents every stimulus to honesty, every motive to abstain from fraud. Superadded to this, is the knowledge of the fact, that no time affords him

protection. If he has succeeded in concealing his fraud, has obtained his certificate, amassed property, and resumed 20 the station in life from which he had fallen, that certificate

may be rendered invalid, his newly acquired property may be subjected to the claims of his creditors, and he himself must be doomed to ignominy, if at any period of his life, however remote, a single act of fraud be established against him. Looking to the ordinary motives of human action, these would seem to be safeguards against dishonesty, which would be sufficient even for the restraint of bad men.

What now, sir, is the situation of the insolvent? His most valuable effects have been assigned to the confiden-10 tial creditors, who have enabled him to sustain his failing credit, and given him an appearance of substance, by which he has been able to delude the rest of the community. At last, the hour of reckoning comes, but it finds him stripped of the means of satisfying even a small portion of the 15 demands against him. His confidential creditors are safe, and therefore indifferent, and so is he. He has committed no fraud in the eye of the law, in rendering them so. All others are remediless. He is arrested, imprisoned, and, without some gross act of fraud, detected during the pro-20 cess, is discharged. The boon which is awarded to him, is that of dragging out a miserable existence, with the privilege of locomotion indeed; but he is destined for life, to be the slave of his creditors, living, moving, having his being for their benefit. What motive has he for the honest sur-25 render of his property, if he has any left, which is covered from the view of his creditors? Why, all his hopes for the future, depend upon concealment. He is doomed to a life of deception. If he is detected, what then? He loses his adventure,—it is seized by his creditors; but his dis-

30 charge is untouched. He may try again. The privilege of dragging his wretched limbs from the market to the

strand, is still accorded to him.

Look now at the condition of the bankrupt and insolvent, when the respective processes against them are 35 closed, and say which is likely to prove the better and more upright citizen. The bankrupt has surrendered his all. He is poor, nay destitute, penniless; but he is free. Aye, there is the charm. He is really, truly free. It is not merely the poor privilege of locomotion, which is accorded to him. His hands are unshackled. The energies of his mind are unfettered. He is free to exert them for the benefit of those whom nature and affection have endeared to him. His recovered freedom is his stimulus. The lesson of experience, which adversity has taught him, is his safe-

guard. The almost utter impracticability of receiving, a second time, the boon which has been once accorded to him, is his voice of warning. Thus stimulated, thus guarded, thus warned, he enters upon his new career. If 5 in this world of trial, which we have divested of its original beauty and loveliness, any man may be delivered from temptation, or enabled to resist it by merely human means, this man is secure. The path of duty, of uprightness, of honesty, which it is the best interest of all to pursue, is 10 that from which he is without any conceivable motive to wander.

And the insolvent, Mr. President.—what is his condition? He, too, has surrendered his all, at least, all which he dare openly claim; and for what? To purchase exemption from imprisonment, or the privilege of departing beyond prison bounds. He breathes the free air of heaven, but not as a free man. He is still the "doomed slave" of his creditor. The fruits of his labor belong to that creditor, and can only be withheld from him by fraud. The

20 necessities of a helpless family, appeal to him. The eagle eye of his creditor is upon him. He looks upon that creditor as his enemy. If he be merciless, he is indeed his enemy,—the enemy of those, who are dearer to him than life, whom he is bound to protect, even at the sacrifice of

25 life itself. What then? As an enemy, he fences himself against that creditor. He resorts to fraudulent conveyances, to secret trusts, to a regular system of habitual deception; and his children, into whose young minds, it would have been, under more propitious circumstances,

30 his grateful task to have instilled the lessons of virtue, are trained up under the blighting influence of that system of concealment, to which they are indebted for the comforts and conveniences of life. Such is the actual condition of multitudes, under the operation of State insolvent laws.

25 Look at the progress of this operation, and judge of its effects on public morals. The discharged insolvent escapes from his cell or his prison bounds, to the wretched hovel, which benevolence may have secured to him; for he has naught which he can claim as his own, and can acquire not thing which may not be wrested from him by his creditor.

thing, which may not be wrested from him, by his creditor. The wants of his family call him to labor, and he does labor. His earliest efforts are rewarded by the pound of beef, and the loaf of bread, with which he appeares their hunger. Even these are filched from his creditor, for the

law awards them to him. Your law did award them. But there is a public opinion, to the moral force of which, even laws must yield; and the wretched insolvent is secure in the enjoyment of these. By and by, he is enabled to provide some little comforts for his helpless wife and infant children. These must be enjoyed by stealth, or the hand

of the creditor may wrest them from his grasp.

In process of time, his labors are rewarded with the means, by which he can do something more than provide 10 for the present wants of his family. He considers their dependence upon him, and his liability to be taken from them; and the desire to make some provision for the future, becomes strong, irresistible. He has no right to indulge this desire. His earnings are the property of his 15 creditor. If they are discovered, the law will give them to that creditor. In strict morality, he is bound to yield them. But nature and affection urge their own strong claims; and his wife, whose spirit has been broken by adversity, and his children, who have been reared in penury, 20 are the advocates, through whom these claims are preferred. The appeal may not be resisted. The morality which conflicts with it, becomes, in his view, cold, heartless, and unfit to be regarded. He is a man, with the affections, and with the imperfections of our common 25 nature. I speak generally. There are men who would hold fast to their integrity, under circumstances however trying. But our legislation is, as all legislation must be, based upon the rule, not the exception. And so speaking,

I say, such an appeal is irresistible. The insolvent yields 30 to it; he hides his earnings; he cheats his creditors; and then, with a newly awakened spirit, labors to increase his

little store.

The repetition of the fraud is more easy,—habit renders it familiar. It becomes the business of his life. There is 35 an occasional twinge of conscience, but that passes; now and then, a fear of detection, but that is quieted; till at last, all that disturbs him, is the apprehension which seizes him, perhaps on his bed of death, that the depository of his secret earnings, may be as faithless to his trust, as he 40 has been to the legal claims of his creditors. Such scenes belong to, or rather more frequently occur in, the crowded population of our great cities; more rarely beyond their limits. Speaking generally, the air of the country is too pure for them. But who doubts their existence,—the fre-

quent recurrence of this struggle between the claims of nature and affection, and the sterner demands of legal justice? And shall we sit here, "deliberating in cold debates," whether men shall be saved from moral wretchedness like this?

LESSON CLX.—EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CHAPEL HILL.—WM. GASTON.

Deeply rooted principles of probity, confirmed habits of industry, and a determination to rely on one's own exertion, constitute the great preparation for the discharge of the duties of man, and the best security for performing 5 them with honor to one's self, and benefit to others. But it may be asked, what is there in such a life of never-ending toil, effort, and privation, to recommend it to the acceptance of the young and the gay? Those who aspire to heroic renown, may indeed make up their minds to embrace these 10 "hard doctrines;" but it may be well questioned, whether happiness is not preferable to greatness, and enjoyment more desirable than distinction. Let others, if they will, toil up "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;" we choose rather to sport in luxurious ease and careless 15 glee, in the valley below.

It is, indeed, on those who aspire to eminence, that these injunctions are intended to be pressed with the greatest emphasis, not only because a failure in them would be more disastrous than in others, but because they are ex
70 posed to greater and more numerous dangers of error. But it is a sad mistake to suppose, that they are not suited to all, and are not earnestly urged upon all, however humble their pretensions or moderate their views. Happiness, as well as greatness, enjoyment, as well as renown, have no friends so sure as Integrity, Diligence and Independence

We are not placed here to waste our days in wanton riot or inglorious ease, with appetites perpetually gratified and never palled, exempted from all care and solicitude, 30 with life ever fresh, and joys ever new. He who has fitted us for our condition, and assigned to us its appropriate duties, has not left his work unfinished, and omitted to provide a penalty for the neglect of our obligations. Labor is not more the duty, than the blessing of man. Without 35 it, there is neither mental nor physical vigor, health, cheer-

fulness nor animation; neither the eagerness of hope, nor

the capacity to enjoy.

Every human being must have some object to engage his attention, excite his wishes, and rouse him to action, 5 or he sinks, a prey to listlessness. For want of proper occupations, see strenuous idleness resorting to a thousand expedients,—the race-course, the bottle, or the gamingtable, the frivolities of fashion, the debasements of sensuality, the petty contentions of envy, the grovelling pursuits 10 of avarice, and all the various distracting agitations of vice. Call you these enjoyments? Is such the happiness which it is so dreadful to forego?

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!

A youth of folly, an old age of cares,

Young yet enervate, old yet never wise;
Vice wastes their vigor and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, dissolute, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
All wretched, hopeless, to the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend;
Grieved with the present, of the past ashamed;
They live and are despised, they die, nor more are named."

LESSON CLXI .-- THE LYRE .- MILTON WARD.

Were heard not where that harp was nigh.

There was a lyre, 't is said, that hung High waving in the summer air; An angel hand its chords had strung, And left to breathe its music there. Each wandering breeze, that o'er it flew, 5 Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain Than ever shell of mermaid blew In coral grottoes of the main. When, springing from the rose's bell, Where all night he had sweetly slept, 10 The zephyr left the flowery dell Bright with the tears that morning wept, He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre, Waved lightly his soft azure wing; What touch such music could inspire! 15 What harp such lays of joy could sing! The murmurs of the shaded rills, The birds, that sweetly warbled by, And the soft echo from the hills,

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When the last light of fading day Along the bosom of the west, In colors softly mingled lay While night had darkened all the rest, Then, softer than that fading light, And sweeter than the lay, that rung Wild through the silence of the night, As solemn Philomela sung, That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed Along the dewy breeze of even; So clear and soft they swelled and died, They seemed the echoed songs of heaven. Sometimes, when all the air was still, And not the poplar's foliage trembled, That harp was nightly heard to thrill With tones, no earthly tones resembled. And then, upon the moon's pale beams, Unearthly forms were seen to stray, Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams Would oft around the wild harp play. But soon the bloom of summer fled,-In earth and air it shone no more; Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead, While skies their wintry sternness wore. One day, loud blew the northern blast, The tempest's fury raged along. Oh! for some angel, as they passed, To shield the harp of heavenly song! It shricked,—how could it bear the touch, The cold rude touch of such a storm. When e'en the zephyr seemed too much Sometimes, though always light and warm! It loudly shricked,—but ah! in vain;— The savage wind more fiercely blew: Once more,—it never shrieked again, For every chord was torn in two. It never thrilled with anguish more, Though beaten by the wildest blast; The pang, that thus its bosom tore, Was dreadful,—but it was the last. And though the smiles of summer played Gently upon its shattered form,

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And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,

That Lyre they could not wake or warm.

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LESSON CLXII. -- POLISH WAR SONG. -- JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—
Rouse ye in the name of God,—
Onward, onward, strong and steady,—
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.
Freedom calls! ye brave!
Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

Grasp the sword!—its edge is keen,
Seize the gun!—its ball is true:
Sweep your land from tyrant clean,—
Haste, and scour it through and through!
Onward, onward! Freedom cries,
Rush to arms,—the tyrant flies.

By the souls of patriots gone,
Wake,—arise,—your fetters break,
Koskiusco bids you on,—
Sobieski cries awake!
Rise, and front the despot czar,
Rise, and dare the unequal war.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,—
Think of what your sires have been,—
Onward, onward! strong and steady,—
Drive the tyrant to his den,
On, and let the watchwords be,
Country, home, and liberty!

LESSON CLXIII.—BELSHAZZAR.—Geo. Croly.

Hour of an Empire's overthrow!

The princes from the feast were gone;

The Idol flame was burning low;

'T was midnight upon Babylon.

That night the feast was wild and high;
That night was Sion's gold profaned;
The seal was set to blasphemy;
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

'Mid jewelled roof and silken pall,

Belshazzar on his couch was flung;

A burst of thunder filled the hall,—

He heard,—but 't was no mortal tongue:—

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"King of the East! the trumpet calls,
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave;
A curse is on thy palace walls,—
A curse is on thy guardian wave:

"A surge is in Euphrates' bed,
That never filled its bed before;
A surge, that, ere the morn be red,
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

"Behold a tide of Persian steel!

A torrent of the Median car;

Like flame their gory banners wheel;

Rise, king, and arm thee for the war!"

Belshazzar gazed; the voice was past,—
The lofty chamber filled with gloom;
But echoed on the sudden blast
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened; all again was still;
He heard no chariot's iron clang;
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,
The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept; in sleep wild murmurs came;
A visioned splendor fired the sky;
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name;
He heard again the Prophet cry,—

25 "Sleep, Sultan! 't is thy final sleep,
Or wake, or sleep, the guilty dies.
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,
Around thee and thy nation rise."

He started; 'mid the battle's yell,

He saw the Persian rushing on:
He saw the flames around him swell;
Thou 'rt ashes! King of Babylon.

LESSON CLXIV.—ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.—Thomas Campbell.

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood,—
The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast;

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The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course:
God was not in the blast;
'T was but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute,—a cloud
Came, muffling up the sun,
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on;
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair;
God was not in the storm:
'T was but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.

T was still again,—and Nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came;
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
The sickening sun looked wan and dead;
Yet God filled not the flame;
'T was but the terror of his eye,
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last, a voice all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear;
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear;
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above;
And God himself was there;
For Oh! it was a father's voice,
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

LESSON CLXV. — DAME NATURE'S CHARMS. — WM. C. LODGE.

I love to pause, in life's cold rugged way,
And muse on Nature in her various forms;
Divest her of that seeming dark array,
And thus expose to view her fairest charms:
For she is ever beautiful and bright,
When rightly seen, in wild or calmer mood,

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In sunny day, or sable garb of night, In busy haunts, or quiet solitude.

Oh! my delight has ever been to roam,—
A feather, tossed on fortune's fickle wave,
Away from friends, from kindred, and from home,
The cold repulses of the world to brave.
And when by life's attending ills oppressed,
Dear Nature, I would ever turn to thee,
For in thy smiles the troubled find a rest,
A soothing cordial in thy harmony.

I 've danced upon the trackless ocean wave,
When wild winds held unfettered revelry,

And heaven's loud peals the thundering chorus gave
To the rude tempest's dirge-like minstrelsy.

15 Then wings the soul its airy flight along,
Like lightning glancing o'er the jewelled spray,
And leaps to join the revel and the song,
And cast the thoughts and things of earth away.

And I have wooed her in her sober hours,

Amid her native wilds of solitude,

When twilight has revealed its mystic powers,

And cast its spells o'er river, vale, and wood;

'T is this resolves the passions into thought,

And tinges reason with a purer flame,

25 And shows proud man that all his art is nought, His boasted honors but an empty name.

The sunny south, the clime of fruits and flowers,
In one eternal vesture of sweet smiles,
Where laughing streamlets leap 'midst shady bowers,

And wild birds' song the sportive breeze beguiles;
And the bare mountains of the north, where storms,
And the rude storm-king, hold a fearful sway,
Have all their fierce or soul-subduing charms,
To cheer life's path, and drive its cares away.

35 Man often clouds with vain or fancied ills,

His narrow span, when Nature's stainless light

Dispenses only happiness, and fills

The world with things so becausiful and bright.

The world with things so beautiful and bright; Her plains, her mountains, and her valleys, teem

With living verdure in the fairest dress; And ocean, river, lake, and singing stream, Combine to harmonize her loveliness.

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LESSON CLXVI. - NIGHT IN EDEN .- MRS. E. H. EVANS.

'T was moonlight in Eden! Such moonlight, I ween, As never again on this earth shall be seen,—So soft fell the radiance,—so wondrously blue Was the sky, with its star-enthroned angels in view!

- 5 How bright was the bower where the fair-fingered Eve, The blossoming garlands delighted to weave; While the rose caught its blush from her cheek's living dye, And the violet its hue from her love-lighted eye.
- There, lulled by the murmurs of musical streams,

 10 And charmed by the rainbow-winged spirit of dreams,—
 The eyes softly closed that so soon were to weep,—
 Our parents reposed in a bliss-haunted sleep.

But other forms gazed on the grandeur of night, And beings celestial grew glad at the sight;

15 All warm from the glow of their amber-hued skies, How strange seemed the shadows of earth to their eyes!

There, azure-robed beauty, with rapture-lit smile, Her golden wings folded, reclined for a while; And the Seraph of Melody breathed but a word, 20 Then listened entranced at the echoes she heard:

From mountain and forest an organ-like tone,
From hill-top and valley a mellower one;
Stream, fountain, and fall, whispered low to the sod,
For the word that she spoke was the name of our God!

- 25 With blushes like Eden's own rose in its bloom, Her censor slow wafting ambrosial perfume,—With soft-veiling tresses of sunny-hued hair, The spirit of fragrance breathed sweet on the air.
- Then first on the ears of the angels of light,

 Rose the singing of birds that enchanted the night,—
 For the breezes are minstrels in *Heaven*, they say,
 And the leaves and the flowers have a musical play.

Each form of creation with joy was surveyed,
From the gentle gazelle to the kings of the glade;
35 And lily-crowned Innocence gazed in the eyes
Of the thunder-voiced lion, with smiling surprise.

All night, as if stars were deserting their posts, The heavens were bright with the swift-coming hosts! While the sentinel mountains, in garments of green, With glory-decked foreheads, like monarchs were seen.

5 O Eden, fair Eden! where now is thy bloom?
And where are the pure ones that wept o'er thy doom?
Their plumes never lighten our shadowy skies,
Their voices no more on earth's breezes arise.

But joy for the faith that is strong in its powers,—
10 A fairer and better land yet shall be ours;
When Sin shall be vanquished, and Death yield his prey,
And earth with her nations Jehovah obey.

Then, nobler than Adam,—more charming than Eve,—
The Son of the Highest his palace shall leave,—
15 While the saints who adored Him arise from the tomb,
At the triumph-strain, telling "His Kingdom is come!"

LESSON CLXVII. THE PRESENT AGE. DANIEL WEBSTER.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important, that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twen sovereign and independent states erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not far the greater wonder, that it should have been established at all.

Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve; and the great forests of the west prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the lills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies, which take no law from superior force; revenues, adequate to all the exigencies of

government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the 5 individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations.

10 Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government, have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and, at this moment, the dominion of European power, in this continent, from the place where we stand, to the south pole, is

annihilated forever.

15 In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas, and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

LESSON CLXVIII.—MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE INDIANS.— JOSEPH STORY.

There is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, 5 which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like 10 that of the withered leaves of autumn; and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils, rose in every valley, from Hud15 son's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance, rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and deadly tomahawk, whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young

listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where 5 the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers; and they

10 feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their life their and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems, and the tribes? The hunters, and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores,—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated,—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them 30 leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is 35 upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage, absorbed in despair. They linger but for a

moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be re-passed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

LESSON CLXIX. -EDMUND BURKE. -A. H. EVERETT.

A sagacious critic has advanced the opinion, that the merit of Burke was almost wholly literary; but, I confess I see little ground for this assertion, if literary excellence is here understood in any other sense, than as an imme-5 diate result of the highest intellectual and moral endowments. Such compositions, as the writings of Burke, suppose, no doubt, the fine taste, the command of language, and the finished education, which are all supposed by every description of literary success. But, in the present 10 state of society, these qualities are far from being uncommon; and are possessed by thousands, who make no pretensions to the eminence of Burke, in the same degree, in which they were by him. Such a writer as Cumberland, for example, who stands infinitely below Burke, on the 15 scale of intellect, may yet be regarded as his equal or superior, in purely literary accomplishments, taken in this exclusive sense.

The style of Burke is undoubtedly one of the most splendid forms, in which the English language has ever 20 been exhibited. It displays the happy and difficult union of all the richness and magnificence that good taste admits, with a perfectly easy construction. In Burke, we see the manly movement of a well-bred gentleman; in Johnson, an equally profound and vigorous thinker, the measured 25 march of a grenadier. We forgive the great moralist his stiff and cumbrous phrases, in return for the rich stores of thought and poetry which they conceal; but we admire in Burke, as in a fine antique statue, the grace with which the large flowing robe adapts itself to the majestic dignity 30 of the person.

But, with all his literary excellence, the peculiar ments of this great man were, perhaps, the faculty of profound and philosophical thought, and the moral courage which led him to disregard personal inconvenience, in the expression 35 of his sentiments. Deep thought is the informing soul.

that everywhere sustains and inspires the imposing grandeur of his eloquence. Even in the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, the only work of pure literature which he attempted, that is, the only one which was not an immediate expression of his views on public affairs, there is still the same richness of thought, the same basis of "divine philosophy," to support the harmonious superstructure of the language. And the moral courage, which formed so remarkable a feature in his character, contributed not

10 less essentially to his literary success.

It seems to be a law of nature, that the highest degree of eloquence demands the union of the noblest qualities of character, as well as intellect. To think, is the highest exercise of the mind; to say what you think, 15 the boldest effort of moral courage; and both these things are required, for a really powerful writer. Eloquence, without thoughts, is a mere parade of words; and no man can express, with spirit and vigor, any thoughts but his This was the secret of the eloquence of Rousseau, 20 which is not without a certain analogy, in its forms, to that of Burke. The principal of the Jesuits' college one day inquired of him, by what art he had been able to write so well; "I said what I thought," replied the unceremonious Genevan; conveying, in these few words, the bitterest 25 satire on the system of the Jesuits, and the best explanation of his own.

LESSON CLXX .-- NATIONAL SELF-RESPECT .-- BEMAN.

Far be it from me to cherish, in any shape, a spirit of national prejudice, or to excite, in others, a disgusting national vanity. But, when I reflect upon the part which this country is probably to act in the renovation of the 5 world, I rejoice that I am a citizen of this great republic. This western continent has, at different periods, been the subject of every species of transatlantic abuse. In former days, some of the naturalists of Europe told us, that everything here was constructed upon a small scale. The 10 frowns of nature were represented, as investing the whole hemisphere we inhabit. It has been asserted, that the eternal storms, which are said to beat upon the brows of our mountains, and to roll the tide of desolation at their bases,—the hurricanes which sweep our vales, and the 15 volcanic fires which issue from a thousand flaming craters,—the thunderbolts which perpetually descend from

heaven, and the earthquakes, whose trepidations are felt to the very centre of our globe, have superinduced a degeneracy, through all the productions of nature. Men have been frightened into intellectual dwarfs; and the beasts of the forest have not attained more than half their

ordinary growth!

While some of the lines and touches of this picture have been blotted out, by the reversing hand of time, others have been added, which have, in some respects, carried the conceit still farther. In later days, and, in some instances, even down to the present period, it has been published and republished from the enlightened presses of the old world, that so strong is the tendency to deterioration on this continent, that the descendants of European ancestors are far inferior

15 to the original stock, from which they sprang. But inferior in what? In national spirit and patriotic achievement? Let the revolutionary conflict,—the opening scenes at Boston, and the catastrophe at Yorktown,—furnish the reply. Let Bennington and Saratoga support their respective claims.

20 Inferior in enterprise? Let the sail that whitens every ocean, and the commercial spirit that braves every element, and visits every bustling mart, refute the unfounded aspersion. Inferior in deeds of zeal and valor for the church? Let our missionaries in the bosom of our own forest, in the

25 distant regions of the east, and on the islands of the great Pacific, answer the question. Inferior in science, and letters, and the arts? It is true our nation is young; but we may challenge the world to furnish a national maturity,

which, in these respects, will compare with ours.

The character and institutions of this country, have already produced a deep impression upon the world we inhabit. What, but our example, has stricken the chains of despotism from the provinces of South America,—giving, by a single impulse, freedom to half a hemisphere?

35 A Washington here, has created a Bolivar there. The flag of independence, which has long waved from the summit of our Alleghany, has now been answered by a corresponding signal, from the heights of the Andes. And the same spirit, too, that came across the Atlantic wave with

40 the pilgrims, and made the rock of Plymouth the cornerstone of freedom, and of this republic, is travelling back to the east. It has already carried its influence into the cabinets of princes; and it is, at this moment, sung by the Grecian bard, and emulated by the Grecian hero.

LESSON CLXXI .-- INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT .-- J. C. CALHOUN.

On this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it, than overcoming the effects of distance? No 5 country, enjoying freedom, ever occupied anything like as great an extent of country as this republic. One hundred years ago, the most profound philosophers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible, that a pure republic could exist on as great a scale, even 10 as the island of Great Britain.

What then was considered as chimerical, we have now the felicity to enjoy; and what is most remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so well are the state and general powers blended, that much of our political happiness draws its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity. Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be forever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities,—next to the loss of liberty, and even to that in its consequences,—disunion.

We are great, and rapidly, I was about to say fearfully, growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be 25 intrusted with the liberties of this people, who does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligations to counteract every tendency to disunion. The strongest of all cement, is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this House; yet the great subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration.

Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the centre of the republic, weakens the union. The 35 more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse; the more strongly we are bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies. Those who understand the human heart best, know how powerfully distance tends to break the sympathies of our nature. Nothing, not even dissimilarity of language, tends more to estrange man from man. Let us, then, bind the republic together, with a perfect

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system of roads and canals. Let us conquer space. It is thus, the most distant part of the republic will be brought within a few days' travel of the centre; it is thus, that a citizen of the west will read the news of Boston, still moist from the press.

LESSON CLXXII.—FOUNDERS OF OUR GOVERNMENT.—WM. M. RICHARDSON.

The love of liberty has always been the ruling passion of our nation. It was mixed at first with the "purple tide" of the founders' lives, and, circulating with that tide through all their veins, has descended down through 5 every generation of their posterity, marking every feature of our country's glorious story. May it continue thus to circulate and descend to the remotest period of time!

Oppressed and persecuted in their native country, the high, indignant spirit of our fathers, formed the bold design 10 of leaving a land, where minds, as well as bodies, were chained, for regions where Freedom might be found to dwell, though her dwelling should prove to be amid wilds and wolves, or savages less hospitable than wilds and wolves! An ocean three thousand miles wide, with its winds and its waves, rolled in vain between them and liberty. They performed the grand enterprise, and landed on this then uncultivated shore. Here, on their first arrival, they found

The wilderness "all before them, where to choose Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Their courage and industry soon surmounted all the difficulties incident to a new settlement. The savages retired, the forests were exchanged for fields waving with richest harvests, and the dreary haunts of wild beasts, for 25 the cheerful abodes of civilized man. Increasing in wealth and population, with a rapidity which excited the astonishment of the old world, our nation flourished about a century and a half, when England, pressed down with the enormous weight of accumulating debts, and considering the inhabitants of these States as slaves, who owed their existence and preservation to her care and protection, now began to form the unjust, tyrannical, and impolitic plan of taxing this country, without its consent. The right of taxation, however, not being relinquished, but the

same principle under a different shape being pursued, the AWFUL GENIUS OF FREEDOM arose, not with the ungovernable ferocity of the tiger, to tear and devour, but with the cool, determined, persevering courage of the lion, who, disdaining to be a slave, resists the chain. As liberty was the object of contest, that being secured, the offer of peace was joyfully accepted; and peace was restored to free, united, independent Columbia!

LESSON CLXXIII.—CONDUCT OF THE OPPOSITION.—HENRY CLAY.

[Extract from a Speech on the new Army Bill.]

If gentlemen would only reserve for their own government, half the sensibility which is indulged for that of Great Britain, they would find much less to condemn. Restriction after restriction has been tried; negotiation 5 has been resorted to, until further negotiation would have been disgraceful. Whilst these peaceful experiments are undergoing a trial, what is the conduct of the opposition? They are the champions of war; the proud, the spirited, the sole repository of the nation's honor, the men of exclu-10 sive vigor and energy. The administration on the contrary, is weak, feeble, and pusillanimous,-"incapable of being kicked into a war." The maxim, "not a cent for tribute, millions for defence," is loudly proclaimed. Is the administration for negotiation? The opposition 13 15 tired, sick, disgusted with negotiation. They wish to draw the sword and avenge the nation's wrongs. When, however, foreign nations, perhaps emboldened by the very opposition here made, refuse to listen to the amiable appeals, which have been repeated and reiterated by the 20 administration, to their justice and to their interests; when, in fact, war with one of them has become identified with our independence and our sovereignty, and to abstain from it was no longer possible; behold the opposition veering round, and becoming the friends of peace and 25 commerce. They tell you of the calamities of war, its tragical events, the squandering away of your resources, the waste of the public treasure, and the spilling of innocent blood. "Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire!" They tell you that honor is an illusion! Now we see them 30 exhibiting the terrific forms of the roaring king of the forest: now the meekness and humility of the lamb!

They are for war and no restrictions, when the administration is for peace. They are for peace and restrictions, when the administration is for war. You find them, sir, tacking with every gale, displaying the colors of every party, and of all nations, steady only in one unalterable purpose,—to steer, if possible, into the haven of power.

LESSON CLXXIV.—GOD, THE CREATOR.—Fenelon.

Cast your eyes upon the earth that supports us; raise them then to this immense canopy of the heavens that surrounds us,—these fathomless abysses of air and water, and these countless stars that give us light. Who is it that 5 has suspended this globe of earth? who has laid its foundations? If it were harder, its bosom could not be laid open by man for cultivation; if it were less firm it could not support the weight of his footsteps. From it proceed the most precious things: this earth, so mean and unformed, is 10 transformed into thousands of beautiful objects, that delight our eyes. In the course of one year, it becomes branches, buds, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds; thus renewing its bountiful favors to man. Nothing exhausts it. After yielding, for so many ages, its treasures, it experiences no 15 decay; it does not grow old; it still pours forth riches from its bosom.

Who has stretched over our heads this vast and glorious arch? What sublime objects are there! An all-powerful Hand has presented this grand spectacle to our vision.

20 What does the regular succession of day and night teach us? The sun has never omitted, for so many ages, to shed his blessing upon us. The dawn never fails to announce the day; and "the sun," says the Holy Book, "knows his going down." Thus it enlightens alternately

25 both sides of the world, and sheds its rays on all. Day is the time for society and employment. Night folds the world in darkness, finishes our labors, and softens our troubles. It suspends, it calms everything. It sheds round us silence and sleep; it rests our bodies, it revives our spirits.

30 Then day returns, and recalls man to labor, and reanimates

30 Then day returns, and recalls man to labor, and reanimates all nature.

But besides the constant course of the sun, that produces day and night; during six months it approaches one pole, and during the other six, the opposite one. By this beau35 tiful order, one sun answers for the whole world. If the

sun, at the same distance, were larger, it would light the whole world, but it would consume it with its heat. If it were smaller, the earth would be all ice, and could not be inhabited by men.

What compass has been stretched from heaven to earth and taken such just measurements? The changes of the sun make the variety of the seasons, which we find so

delightful.

The Hand that guides this glorious work must be as 10 skilful as it is powerful, to have made it so simple, yet so effectual: so constant and so beneficent.

LESSON CLXXV.—CRESCENTIUS.—Miss Landon.

I looked upon his brow,—no sign Of guilt or fear was there; He stood as proud by that death-shrine, As even o'er despair He had a power; in his eye There was a quenchless energy, A spirit that could dare The deadliest form that death could take, And dare it for the daring's sake.

10 He stood, the fetters on his hand,-He raised them haughtily; And had that grasp been on the brand, It could not wave on high With freer pride than it waved now. Around he looked with changeless brow 15 On many a torture nigh,— The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel, And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode 20 Upon a coal-black steed, And tens of thousands thronged the road, And bade their warrior speed. His helm, his breastplate, were of gold, And graved with many a dint, that told 25 Of many a soldier's deed; The sun shone on his sparkling mail, And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

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But now he stood, chained and alone,
The headsman by his side;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke,
With an uncovered eye:
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,—
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot,—and her latest one.

LESSON CLXXVI. --- ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN. -- Barry Cornwall.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled

5 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone, Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone. Thy voice is like the thunder; and thy sleep Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.

Thou speakest in the east and in the west

10 At once; and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath naught of this; nor chance nor change
Ruffles its surface; and no spirits dare

15 Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated round the seasons come

20 And pass like visions to their viewless home, And come again and vanish: the young Spring. Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming, And winter always winds his sullen horn,
And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.

Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,

Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice; and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven

10 Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind, How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind, And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven!

Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again

15 To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps, Where happily the huge monster swells and sleeps, King of his watery limit, who, 't is said, Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—

20 Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful; and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,

25 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
"Eternity, Eternity, and power."

With what a stately and majestic step

LESSON CLXXVII.-THE URSA MAJOR.-HENRY WARE, JUN.

That glorious Constellation of the North
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant,—stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.

The other tribes forsake their midnight track, And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave.

But thou dost never close thy burning eye, Nor stay thy stendfast step. But on, still on, While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.

5 The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful Sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the North forever know its place.

10 Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy, which rang through heaven,
And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe,—thy voice

15 Joined the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.

20 As thou art now, so wast thou then, the same.

Ages have rolled their course, and Time grown gray; The earth has gathered to her womb again, And yet again, the myriads that were born Of her,—uncounted, unremembered tribes.

25 The seas have changed their beds,—the eternal hills Have stooped with age,—the solid continents Have left their banks,—and man's imperial works, The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung Their haughty honors in the face of Heaven,

30 As if immortal,—have been swept away,—
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength,
And beauty, still are thine,—as clear, as bright,

35 As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth, Beautiful offspring of his curious skill, To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim The eternal chorus of Eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,

40 Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years

That go back far into eternity. Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops, Which now descend upon my lifted eye,

5 Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles,—whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought,—were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And in the extremes of annual change, beheld

10 Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.

So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve;

So vast the void through which their beams descend!

Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night

15 Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
20 Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which, to the astonished mind, Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains, Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars

- 25 Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight Embraces all at once; yet each from each Recedes as far as each of them from earth.

 And every star from every other burns No less remote.
- Trom the profound of heaven,
 Untravelled even in thought, keen piercing rays
 Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
 Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,
 And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
- 35 Upon your gaze, thick showers of sparkling fire,—
 Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote
 That their swift beams,—the swiftest things that be,—
 Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.
 Earth, Sun, and nearer Constellations! what

40 Are ye, amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works?

And these are Suns!—vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, Kings of worlds,
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
Worlds,—in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being, from the fount
Of all-pervading Love.

What mind can know,
What tongue can utter all their multitudes,—
Thus numberless in numberless abodes,
Known but to Thee, blest Father? Thine they are,
Thy children, and Thy care,—and none o'erlooked

15 Of Thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam,

Amongst the thousand mirrored lamps which fling
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall.
None, none escape the kindness of Thy care:
All compassed underneath Thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by Thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid Orbs!—as from your thrones
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway,—what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted; what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God

30 Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms, And more celestial minds? Does Innocence Still wear her native and untainted bloom? Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad, And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers?

35 Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains, and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out Light and Truth,
And scatter woe where Heaven had planted joy?

40 Or are they yet all Paradise, unfallen And uncorrupt;—existence one long joy, Without disease upon the frame, or sin Upon the heart, or weariness of life,—
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of Love?

5 Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold!—No language! Everlasting light,
And everlasting silence! Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God

10 Has written legibly what man may know,—
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more.

In other days,
When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, amongst those vast mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each

20 Familiar with its children,—learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand Divine
Lavished on all its works.

25 Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time

30 But adding to its glories; while the soul,
Advancing ever to the source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns,
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

LESSON CLXXVIII.—THE FATE OF TYRANNY.—Mason.

Oppression dies: the tyrant falls:
The golden city bows her walls!
Jehovah breaks the avenger's rod.
The son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand
Hurls desolation o'er the land,

Has run his raging race, has closed the scene of blood.
Chiefs, armed around, behold their vanquished lord;
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

He falls; and earth again is free:

Hark! at the call of Liberty,

All Nature lifts the choral song.
The fir-trees on the mountain's head,
Rejoice through all their pomp of shade;

The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:

Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke, Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke.

Hell, from her gulf profound, Rouses at thine approach; and all around, Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.

See, at the awful call, Her shadowy heroes all,

E'en mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide, Rising with solemn state, and slow, From their sable thrones below,

Meet and insult thy pride.

"What! dost thou join our ghostly train,
A flitting shadow light and vain?
Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
The revel dance, and wanton song?

Proud king! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

"O Lucifer! thou radiant star; Son of the Morn; whose rosy car

Flamed foremost in the van of day; How art thou fallen, thou King of Light! How fallen from thy meridian height!

Who saidst, 'The distant poles shall hear me and obey.

High o'er the stars my sapphire throne shall glow,

And, as Jehovah's self, my voice the heavens shall bow.'

He spake, he died. Distained with gore, Beside you yawning cavern hoar,

See where his livid corse is laid.

The aged pilgrim, passing by, Surveys him long with dubious eye,

And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head.

"Just Heavens! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

Is this the man, whose nod Made the earth tremble; whose terrific rod Levelled her loftiest cities? Where he trod,

Famine pursued and frowned; Till Nature, groaning round,

Saw her rich realms transformed to deserts dry;

While, at his crowded prison's gate,

Grasping the keys of fate, Stood stern Captivity.

Vain man! behold thy righteous doom; Behold each neighboring monarch's tomb; The trophied arch, the breathing bust, The laurel shades their sacred dust:

While thou, vile outcast, on this hostile plain. Moulder'st a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

> "No trophied arch, no breathing bust, Shall dignify thy trampled dust:

No laurel flourish o'er thy grave. For why, proud king, thy ruthless hand Hurled desolation o'er the land,

And crushed the subject race, whom kings are born to save: Eternal infamy shall blast thy name,

And all thy sons shall share their impious father's shame.

"Rise, purple Slaughter! furious rise; Unfold the terror of thine eyes;

Dart thy vindictive shafts around:
Let no strange land a shade afford,
No conquered nations call them lord;

Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.

For thus Jehovah swears; 'No name, no son,
No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.'"

Thus saith the righteous Lord:
"My vengeance shall unsheathe the flaming sword;
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be poured.

Where you proud city stood, I'll spread the stagnant flood;

And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,

Moaning with sullen strain; While, sweeping o'er the plain,

Destruction ends her work.
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe

The irrevocable word is spoke.
From Judah's neck the galling yoke
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state;
Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is fate."

LESSON CLXXIX.—THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.—

Thomas Campbell.

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered panders and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland,—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
'Revenge, or death,'—the watch-word and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin told their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell.

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The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air,—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook,—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave, Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save? Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy rod, That smote the foes of Sion and of God;

That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,

20 And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!

Oh! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell,—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

LESSON CLXXX.-NAPOLEON AT REST.-JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

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Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one, Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave, Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife nor son Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star,
 That led him on from crown to crown,
 Has sunk; and nations from afar
 Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch;—the ocean flood,

Far, far below, by storms is curled;

As round him heaved, while high he stood,

A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! The mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far-off world, at last,
Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there, from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him?—No:

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there, is the sea-bird's cry,—
The mournful murmur of the surge,—
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

LESSON CLXXXI. - NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. - DR. CHANNING.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say, he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to moral greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself

indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; 5 withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom, virtue, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which 10 throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace or a spark in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never 15 to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too 20 self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live a day for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a

Next to moral, comes intellectual greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, and, not satisfied with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, inspired poets, and to the master spirits of the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of action; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving and executing bold and extensive plans; constructing and bringing to bear on 40 a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself

from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose ante-chamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the 10 Arab; a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

LESSON CLXXXII.—THE THUNDER STORM.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Scenery in the Highlands, on the River Hudson.]

In the second day of the voyage, they came to the Highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet, which prevails over nature, in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar, on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores; and, if by chance, the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it, from every cliff.

Dolph gazed about him, in mute delight and wonder, at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left, the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over 15 height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky.

To the right, strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms, here and there, scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling

bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sun-25 shine.

In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a pile of bright snowy clouds, peering above the western heights.

It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere: and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard, rolling be-5 hind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy. reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously 10 to the crevices of the rocks; and all nature seemed con-

scious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled, in volumes, over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down 15 in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length, it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against 20 the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and then rolled up the long defile of the Highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old 25 Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time, the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning, which glittered among the rain-drops. 30 Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed, as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

LESSON CLXXXIII. -- CLASSICAL LEARNING. -- JOSEPH STORY.

The importance of classical learning to professional education, is so obvious, that the surprise is, that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judg-5 ment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments; but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages, is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate 5 translations.

It is often said, that there have been eminent men and eminent writers, to whom the ancient languages were unknown,—men who have risen by the force of their talents, and writers who have written with a purity and ease 10 which hold them up, as models for imitation. On the other hand, it is as often said, that scholars do not always compose either with elegance or chasteness; that their diction is sometimes loose and harsh, and sometimes ponderous and affected.

Be it so. I am not disposed to call in question the accuracy of either statement. But I would, nevertheless, say that the presence of classical learning was not the cause of the faults of the one class, nor the absence of it, the cause of the excellence of the other. And I would

20 put this fact, as an answer to all such reasonings, that there is not a single language of modern Europe, in which literature has made any considerable advances, which is not directly of Roman origin, or has not incorporated into its very structure many, very many, of the idioms and pe-

25 culiarities of the ancient tongues. The English language affords a strong illustration of the truth of this remark. It abounds with words and meanings drawn from classical sources. Innumerable phrases retain the symmetry of their ancient dress. Innumerable expressions have re-

30 ceived their vivid tints from the beautiful dyes of Roman and Grecian roots. If scholars, therefore, do not write our language with ease, or purity, or elegance, the cause must lie somewhat deeper than a conjectural ignorance of its true diction.

I repeat, there is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the

40 production of her scholars,—of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools,—of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of

Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste, which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep

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—— At "Siloa's brook, that flowed Fast by the oracle of God;"

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare, that he who proposes to abolish classical studies, proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellences which few may hope to equal, and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were, in fact, our own.

LESSON CLXXXIV.—THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed.
—higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land, and over the sea; and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts,—it stands, a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present, and all succeeding generations.

I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work 10 of art, the granite, of which it is composed, would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that pur-

pose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well known purpose it is, which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. 5 It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It 10 bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the 15 milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent, but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and 20 the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind, to the end of time; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings 25 of life, surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius can produce. To-day, it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil 30 and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the im-

LESSON CLXXXV.—APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THE UNION.—

JAMES MADISON.

mortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have

sacrificed their lives for their country.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense, which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes, into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you.

Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together, as they are, by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together, as members of the same family; can no longer continue the 5 mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable and flour-

ger be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government, recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world; that

10 it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood, which flows

15 in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood, which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrates their union, and excites horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all 20 novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all

attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to pre-

serve our liberties, and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new?

25 Is it not the glory of the people of America, that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times, and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example.

debted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights, and public happiness.

35 Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered; had no government been established, of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the

40 melancholy victims of misguided councils; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms, which have crushed the liberties of the rest of man-

kind.

Happily, for America, happily, we trust, for the whole

human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution, which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared fabrics of government, which have no model on the face of the globe.

5 They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be execu-

10 ted; this is the work which has been new-modelled by the act of your convention; and it is that act, on which you are now to deliberate and decide.

LESSON CLXXXVI.—FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The love of France, and the hatred of England, have also been assigned as the cause of the present measures. "France has not done us justice," says the gentleman from Virginia; "and how can we, without partiality, resist the aggressions of England?" I know, sir, we have still cause of complaint against France; but it is of a different character from those against England. She professes now to respect our rights, and there cannot be a reasonable doubt, that the most objectionable parts of her decrees, as far 10 as they respect us, are repealed. We have already for-

mally acknowledged this to be a fact.

I, however, protest against the whole of the principles

on which this doctrine is founded. It is a novel doctrine, and nowhere to be found out of this house, that you cannot select your antagonist, without being guilty of partiality. Sir, when two invade your rights, you may resist both, or either, at your pleasure. It is regulated by prudence, and not by right. The stale imputation of partiality to France, is better calculated for the columns of a newspaper, than for the walls of this house. I ask, in this particular, of the gentleman from Virginia, but for the same measure which he claims for himself. That gentleman is at a loss to account for, what he calls, our hatred to England. He asks, "How can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country

having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descending from a common ancestry?" Sir, the laws of human affections are uniform. If we have so much to

attach us to that country, powerful, indeed must be the

cause which has overpowered it.

Yes, sir, there is a cause strong enough. Not that occult, courtly affection, which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury,—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But, sir, here I think the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Here he reflected as

10 ciently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism; the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but

15 thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated, at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate. I hope the gentleman does not wish a monopoly of those

great virtues to remain to that nation.

"The balance of power" has also been introduced as an argument for submission. England is said to be a barrier against the military despotism of France. There is, sir, one great error in our legislation. We are ready enough to protect the interests of the States, and it should seem,

25 from this argument, to watch over those of a foreign nation, while we grossly neglect our own immediate concerns. This argument of the balance of power, is well calculated for the British parliament, but not at all fitted to the American congress. Tell them, that they have to

30 contend with a mighty power, and that, if they persist in insult and injury to the American people, they will compel them to throw the whole weight of their force into the scale of their enemy. Paint the danger to them; and if they will desist from injury, we, I answer for it, will not

35 disturb the balance. But it is absurd for us to talk of the balance of power, while they, by their conduct, smile with contempt at our simple, good-natured policy. If, however, in the contest, it should be found, that they underrate us, which I hope and believe, and that we can effect the balance of power, it will not be difficult for us to obtain such

terms as our rights demand.

I, sir, will now conclude, by adverting to an argument of the gentleman from Virginia, used in debate on a preceding day. He asked, "Why not declare war immediate-

ly?" The answer is obvious; because we are not yet prepared. But, says the gentleman, "such language, as is here held, will provoke Great Britain to commence hostilities." I have no such fears. She knows well, that such a course would unite all parties here; a thing, which, above all others, she most dreads. Besides, such has been our past conduct, that she will still calculate on our patience and submission, till war is actually commenced.

LESSON CLXXXVII.—MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.— HENRY CLAY.

Mr. Chairman,—I trust that I shall be indulged with some few reflections upon the danger of permitting the conduct, on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this house. Recall to your recollection, sir, the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were, A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

10 And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back, sir, to the ages, when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian, if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some

15 Philip, or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country,—the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, 'No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal.' If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear that the conqueror of

20 Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece has fallen; Cæsar has passed the Rubicon; and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not

preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

25 Sir, we are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, 30 and with affection. Everywhere, the black cloud of legit-

imacy, is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of

the west, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden, the human heart. Obscure that, by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. Beware, then, sir, how you give a fatal sanction,

5 in this infant period of our republic, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte; and, that if we would escape the rock on

which they split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope, sir, that gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus, on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition. They may even vote the general* the public thanks. They may carry him triumphantly through this house. But if they do, sir, in my humble judgment, 15 it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination, a triumph of the military over the civil authority,—a triumph over the powers of this house,—a triumph over the constitution of the land, -and I pray, sir, most devoutly,

that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and conse-20 quences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

LESSON CLXXXVIII. -- LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER. -- MAXCY.

The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire, an empire carrying its arts and arms, into every part of 5 the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms, dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? guished for ever. Her mouldering temples, the mournful 10 vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs, and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her 15 national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Citizens will lose their respect and confidence in our government, if it does not extend over them the shield of an honorable national character. Corruption will creep in, 20 and sharpen party animosity. Ambitious leaders will seize upon the favorable moment. The mad enthusiasm for

^{*} General Jackson.

revolution, will call into action the irritated spirit of our nation, and civil war must follow. The swords of our countrymen may yet glitter on our mountains; their blood

may yet crimson our plains. Such,—the warning voice of all antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim,-may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty, presages the dawn of a brighter period, to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which 10 conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment, when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave, and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a 15 Washington leaped from its scabbard, to revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the

20 virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age, as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man: "I am an American."

LESSON CLXXXIX.—LAFAYETTE AND NAPOLEON.— E. EVERETT.

Of all the ancient nobility, who returned to France, Lafayette and the young Count de Vaudreuil, were the only individuals who refused the favors which Napoleon was eager to accord to them. Of all to whom the cross of the legion of honor was tendered, Lafayette alone had the courage to decline it. Napoleon, either for want of true perception of moral greatness, or because the detestable servility of the mass of returning emigrants had taught him to think there was no such thing as honor or independence in man, exclaimed, when they told him that Lafayette refused the decoration, "What, will nothing satisfy that man but the chief command of the National Guard of the empire?"—Yes, much less abundantly satisfied him;—the quiet possession of the poor remnants of his estate, enjoyed without sacrificing his principles.

From this life nothing could draw him. Mr. Jefferson

offered him the place of governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty, 5 on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him; and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only man who had gone through the terrible revolution, with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune,—in the 10 various high offices which he had filled he had declined all compensation,-and he came out poor. He entered it in the meridian of early manhood, with a frame of iron. He came out of it fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the cruelties of his long imprisonment. He had filled 15 the most powerful and responsible offices; and others still more powerful,—the dictatorship itself,—had been offered him;—he was reduced to obscurity and private life. He entered the revolution with a host of ardent colleagues of the constitutional party. Of those who escaped the guil-20 lotine, most had made peace with Napoleon; not a few of the Jacobins had taken his splendid bribes; the emigrating nobility came back in crowds, and put on his livery; fear, interest, weariness, amazement, and apathy reigned in France and in Europe;—kings, emperors, armies, nations, 25 bowed at his footstool;—and one man alone,—a private man, who had tasted power, and knew what he sacrificed; -who had inhabited dungeons, and knew what he risked; -who had done enough for liberty, in both worlds, to satisfy the utmost requisitions of her friends, this man alone 30 stood aloof in his honor, his independence, and his poverty. And if there is a man in this assembly, that would not rather have been Lafayette to refuse, than Napoleon to bestow his wretched gewgaws; that would not rather have been Lafavette in retirement and obscurity, and just not 35 proscribed, than Napoleon, with an emperor to hold his stirrup;—if there is a man who would not have preferred the honest poverty of Lagrange to the bloody tinsel of St. Cloud;—that would not rather have shared the peaceful

fireside of the friend of Washington, than have spurred his triumphant courser over the crushed and blackened heaps of slain, through the fire and carnage of Marengo and Austerlitz, that man has not an American heart in his bosom.

LESSON CXC .- THE VISION OF LIBERTY .- HENRY WARE, JR.

The evening heavens were calm and bright; No dimness rested on the glittering light,

That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high;

Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray; The placed planets held their modest way;

And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

Oh! what an hour for lofty thought! My spirit burned within; I caught hely inspiration from the hour

A holy inspiration from the hour.

Around me, man and nature slept;

Alone my solemn watch I kept,

Till morning dawned, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.

I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light

Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night.

20 When lo! upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.

Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile

25 Flung up its time-defying towers;

Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile

At vain assault of human powers

At vain assault of human powers, And threats and arms deride.

Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride,
In giant masses graced the walls above;

And dungeons yawned below.

Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove, Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze, See, within, a sudden blaze!

So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,

That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top, Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,

The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

40

But soon it spread,—
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,—
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power;

5 Till every fervent pillar glowed,
And every stone seemed burning coal,
Instinct with living heat that flowed

Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,

Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.

At length a crackling sound began;

From side to side, throughout the pile it ran;

And louder yet and louder grew,

Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew;

Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shattered walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven,

Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'T is done; what centuries had reared,
In quick explosion disappeared,

Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,—
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,

Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,—
Rose a fair majestic form,

As the mild rainbow from the storm.

I marked her smile, I knew her eye;

And when, with gesture of command,

She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand, My slumbers fled mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not

How truly it unlocked the world of fate?

Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,

And spreads it not, and burns in every state?

And when their old and cumbrous walls,

Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they reared their impotent defence:
The fabric falls!

20

That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown;
And in their stead,
Liberty stands alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine;
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed

And human power for human good employed;
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

LESSON CXCI.—SHAKSPEARE.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Then Shakspeare rose!—
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!—

5 There clustering round, submissive to his will, Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream, Vengeance, leaning on his lance, Avarice, with his blade and beam, Hatred, blasting with a glance,

Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet
adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit, Waking Laughter's merry swell, Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,

15 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.
From the feudal tower pale Terror rushing,

Where the prophet bird's wail

Dies along the dull gale,

And the sleeping monarch's blood is gushing.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream, Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam, Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes, And swan-like there her own dirge breathes,

10

Then broken-hearted sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom, Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb,

Where his plighted victims lie, Where they met, but met to die:—

And now, when crimson buds are sleeping, Through the dewy arbor peening.

Through the dewy arbor peeping,

Where beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,

To youth's devoted tale is listening, Rapture on her dark lash glistening,

While fairies leave their cowslip cells, and guard the happy spot.

> Thus rise the phantom throng, Obedient to their master's song,

15 And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.

For other worlds war's great one sighed in vain,—
O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign!

The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey;

Old ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,
Air teems with shapes and tell-tale spectres rise:
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
And faithless guilt unseals the lip of sleep:
Time yields his trophies up, and death restores

The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.

The fireside legend, and the faded page,
The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,
All, all come forth,—the good to charm and cheer,
To scourge bold vice, and start the generous tear;

With pictured folly gazing fools to shame, And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

LESSON CXCII.—SPEECH OF RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—Miss Mitford.

Rienzi. Friends,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along

By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads To crimson glory and undying fame, But base, ignoble slaves,—slaves to a horde Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,

5 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,—
Strong in some hundred spearmen,—only great
In that strange spell,—a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,

10 An honest man, my neighbor, there he stands,—
Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,

At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,

20 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,—
Of sweet and quiet joy,—"there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple." How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,

25 Brother, at once, and son! "He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips." In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried

For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,

35 Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman

Was greater than a king! And once again,—
40 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes.

LESSON CXCIII.—SAME SUBJECT.—Thomas Moore.

"Romans! look round you,—on this sacred place
There Ince stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men,—
What see you now? what solitary trace

Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?

The shrines are sunk, the sacred mount bereft
Even of its name,—and nothing now remains

But the deep memory of that glory, left

To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains! But shall this be?—our sun and sky the same,

10 Treading the very soil our fathers trod,—

What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
What visitation hath there come from God,
To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?

15 It cannot be,—rise up, ye mighty dead,

If we, the living, are too weak to crush

These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread, Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy Palmyra! in thy desert domes,

Where only date-trees sigh, and serpents hiss;
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!
Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race
Have left no embers,—no half-living trace,—

25 No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot, Till past renown in present shame's forgot; While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks, If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,

Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing world,—
Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stained, and cursed,

Through every spot her princely Tiber laves, By living human things,—the deadliest, worst,

That earth engenders,—tyrants and their slaves!

35 And we,—oh! shame,—we, who have pondered o'er

The patriot's lesson, and the poet's lay;
Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
Tracking our country's glories all the way.

Tracking our country's glories all the way,—
Even we have tamely, basely kissed the ground,
Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,

The World's Imperial Mistress,—sitting, crowned And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!

But this is past,—too long have lordly priests And priestly lords led us, with all our pride Withering about us,—like devoted beasts,

Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied. 5 'T is o'er,—the dawn of our deliverance breaks! Up from his sleep of centuries awakes

The Genius of the Old Republic, free As first he stood, in chainless majesty, And sends his voice through ages yet to come,

10 Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!"

LESSON CXCIV.—GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE SWEDES.—Brooke

Are ye not marked, ye men of Dalecarlia, Are ye not marked by all the circling world, As the last stake? What but liberty,

Through the famed course of thirteen hundred years,

5 Aloof hath held invasion from your hills, And sanctified their name? And will ye, will ye Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world, Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult, And in one hour give up to infamy

10 The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

Die all first!

Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane can triumph!

Now from my soul I joy, I joy my friends,

15 To see ye feared; to see that even your foes Do justice to your valor!—There they are, The powers of kingdoms, summed in yonder host, Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye, And oh! when I look around and see you here,

20 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue, My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter. True courage but from opposition grows; And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves, Matched to the virtue of a single arm

25 That strikes for liberty? that strikes to save His fields from fire, his infants from the sword, And his large honors from eternal infamy? What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here! Let us on!

30 Firm are our hearts, and nervous are our arms,

With us truth, justice, fame, and freedom close, Each, singly, equal to a host of foes.

LESSON CXCV.—A FIELD OF BATTLE. - Shelley.

Ah! whence you glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow

5 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round! Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals, In countless echoes, through the mountain ring, Starting pale Midnight on her starry throne! Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,

10 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage! Loud, and more loud,
The discord grows, till pale Death shuts the scene,

15 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men,
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health,—of all the hearts,
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,—

20 How few survive! how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan

25 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away,

30 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path

35 Of the outsallying victors: far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within you forest is a gloomy glen,—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

LESSON CXCVI.—RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION.—PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. President,—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

vide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by 15 the past, I wish to know what there is in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust 20 it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not

yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and 25 armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which

30 kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for 35 all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall 40 we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon

the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in

every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exbausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which 20 we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!

25 An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year?

30 Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of 40 liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our

battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There

5 is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable,—and let it come! I

repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen 10 may cry, peace, peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What

15 would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LESSON CXCVII.—DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.—LEVI WOODBURY.

It behooves us to look our perils and difficulties, such as they are, in the face. Then, with the exercise of candor, calmness, and fortitude, being able to comprehend fully their character and extent, let us profit by the teachings of almost every page in our annals, that any defects, under our existing system, have resulted more from the manner

of administering it, than from its substance or form.

We less need new laws, new institutions, or new powers, than we need, on all occasions, at all times, and in 10 all places, the requisite intelligence concerning the true spirit of our present ones; the high moral courage, under every hazard, and against every offender, to execute with fidelity the authority already possessed; and the manly independence to abandon all supineness, irresolution, vacil-

15 lation, and time-serving pusillanimity, and enforce our present mild system with that uniformity and steady vigor throughout, which alone can supply the place of the greater

severity of less free institutions.

To arm and encourage us in renewed efforts to accom-20 plish every thing on this subject which is desirable, our history constantly points her finger to a most efficient resource, and indeed to the only elixir, to secure a long life

to any popular government, in increased attention to useful education and sound morals, with the wise description of equal measures and just practices they inculcate on every leaf of recorded time. Before their alliance, the 5 spirit of misrule will always, in time, stand rebuked, and those who worship at the shrine of unhallowed ambition, must quail.

Storms, in the political atmosphere, may occasionally happen by the encroachments of usurpers, the corruption 10 or intrigues of demagogues, or in the expiring agonies of faction, or by the sudden fury of popular frenzy; but, with the restraints and salutary influences of the allies before described, these storms will purify as healthfully as they often do in the physical world, and cause the tree of lib-15 erty, instead of falling, to strike its roots deeper. In this struggle, the enlightened and moral possess also a power, auxiliary and strong, in the spirit of the age, which is not

or improve.

20 When the struggle assumes the form of a contest with power, in all its subtlety, or with undermining and corrupting wealth, as it sometimes may, rather than with turbulence, sedition, or open aggression by the needy and desperate, it will be indispensable to employ still greater 25 diligence; to cherish earnestness of purpose, resoluteness in conduct; to apply hard and constant blows to real abuses, rather than milk-and-water remedies, and encourage not only bold, free, and original thinking, but deter-

only with them, but onward, in every thing to ameliorate

mined action.

30 In such a cause, our fathers were men whose hearts were not accustomed to fail them, through fear, however formidable the obstacles. Some of them were companions of Cromwell, and imbued deeply with his spirit and iron decision of character, in whatever they deemed right: "If

35 Pope, and Spaniard, and devil, (said he,) all set themselves against us, though they should compass us about as bees, as it is in the 18th Psalm, yet in the name of the Lord we will destroy them." We are not, it is trusted, such degenerate descendants, as to prove recreant, and fail to defend, 40 with gallantry and firmness as unflinching, all which we

have either derived from them, or since added to the rich inheritance.

At such a crisis, therefore, and in such a cause, yielding to neither consternation nor despair, may we not all profit by the vehement exhortations of Cicero to Atticus: "If you are asleep, awake; if you are standing, move; if you

are moving, run; if you are running, fly?"

All these considerations warn us,—the grave-stones of almost every former republic warn us,—that a high standard of moral rectitude, as well as of intelligence, is quite as indispensable to communities, in their public doings, as to individuals, if they would escape from either degeneracy or disgrace.

LESSON CXCVIII. - POLITICAL CORRUPTION. -- GEO. M'DUFFIE.

Sir,—we are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility, as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity,—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us, in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pesti-

lence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue.

The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared, as the devil, in his proper form; had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of Paradise would have shrunk, with horror, from his presence. But he came, as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story, to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to

crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels." Such, sir, was the process;

and, in this simple but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited.

Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of Paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be car-

10 ried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation, and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, "with the blessings of Heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels,—she returned, covered with shame, un
15 der the heavy denunciation of Heaven's everlasting curse.

Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fas-

cinating, as the apple of Paradisc.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the president addresses himself, in the most irresistible manner, to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire,—honor, power, wealth, ease,—are held out, as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptations. It is impossible to conceive,—Satan himself could not devise,—a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death, into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven, with less temptation.

LESSON CXCIX.—INTELLIGENCE NECESSARY TO PERPETUATE INDEPENDENCE.—DAWES.

That education is one of the deepest principles of independence, need not be labored in this assembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the law, nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance, the more peace. But in a government, where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, intelligence is the life

of liberty. An American would resent his being denied the use of his musket; but he would deprive himself of a stronger safeguard, if he should want that learning which is necessary to a knowledge of the constitution. It is easy 5 to see, that our Agrarian law, and the law of education,

were calculated to make republicans, to make men. Servitude could never long consist with the habits of such citizens. Enlightened minds, and virtuous manners, lead

to the gates of glory.

The sentiment of independence must have been connatural in the bosoms of Americans; and, sooner or later, must have blazed out, into public action. Independence fits the soul of her residence, for every noble enterprise of humanity and greatness. Her radiant smile lights up celestial ardor

15 in poets and orators, who sound her praises through all ages; in legislators and philosophers, who fabricate wise and happy governments, as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who shed their lives in sacrifice to her divinity. At this idea, do not our minds swell with the 20 memory of those, whose godlike virtues have founded her

most magnificent temple in America? It is easy for us to maintain her doctrines, at this late day, when there is but

one party, on the subject, an immense people.

But what tribute shall we bestow, what sacred pæan 25 shall we raise over the tombs of those who dared, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach of majesty, to blow the blast of freedom throughout a subject continent? Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only express the emotions of glory; the nature of their principles 30 inspired them with the power of practice, and they offered

their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capacious urn of their ashes; but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who

35 fell at the strait of Thermopylæ, and those who bled on the heights of Charlestown, now reap congenial joys, in the

fields of the blessed.

LESSON CC .- SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS .- DANIEL WEBSTER.

Sir, I do not wish to overrate,—I do not overrate,—the progress of these new states in the great work of establishing a well-secured popular liberty. I know that to be a great attainment, and I know they are but pupils in the 5 school. But, thank God, they are in the school. They are called to meet difficulties, such as neither we nor our

fathers encountered. For these we ought to make large allowances. What have we ever known, like the colonial vassalage of these states? When did we or our ancestors feel, like them, the weight of a political despotism that 5 presses men to the earth, or of that religious intolerance which would shut up heaven to all but the bigoted? Sir, we sprung from another stock. We belong to another race. We have known nothing,—we have felt nothing,—of the political despotism of Spain, nor of the heat of her 10 fires of intolerance.

No rational man expects that the south can run the same rapid career as the north; or that an insurgent province of Spain is in the same condition as the English colonies, when they first asserted their independence. There is, 15 doubtless, much more to be done in the first, than in the last case. But, on that account, the honor of the attempt is not less; and if all difficulties shall be in time surmounted, it will be greater. The work may be more arduous; it is not less noble, because there may be more of ignorance to enlighten,—more of bigotry to subdue,—more of prejudice to eradicate.

If it be a weakness to feel a strong interest in the success of these great revolutions, I confess myself guilty of that weakness. If it be weak, to feel that I am an Ameri25 can, to think that recent events have not only opened new modes of intercourse, but have created also new grounds of regard and sympathy between ourselves and our neighbors; if it be weak to feel that the south, in her present state, is somewhat more emphatically a part of America, 30 than when she lay obscure, oppressed and unknown, under

30 than when she lay obscure, oppressed and unknown, under the grinding bondage of a foreign power; if it be weak to rejoice, when, even in any corner of the earth, human beings are able to get up from beneath oppression, to erect themselves, and to enjoy the proper happiness of their in-35 telligent nature;—if this be weak, it is a weakness from

which I claim no exemption.

A day of solemn retribution now visits the once proud monarchy of Spain. The prediction is fulfilled. The spirit of Montezuma, and of the Incas, might now well say,

"Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou! that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,—
Thy pomp is in the grave; thy glory laid
Low in the pit thine avarice has made."

LESSON CCI.—EXCELLENCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.Beattie.

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the ospel, with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it: for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

There is not a book on earth, so favorable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, to injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel. It breathes nothing through-

out, but mercy, benevolence, and peace.

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety or patriotism. This is 15 one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only, that they are sublime. Of the divine nature, they contain the most magnificent descriptions, that the soul of 20 man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in

20 man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as

it is vain to look for in any human composition.

and theological wisdom

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel, as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth, and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as are to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral

Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows.

LESSON CCII. - SPEECH OF MR. GRIFFIN AGAINST CHEETHAM.

l am one of those who believe, that the heart of the wilful and the deliberate libeller, is blacker than that of the highway robber, or of one who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the highway, may 5 have the semblance of an apology for what he does. An

affectionate wife may demand subsistence; a circle of helpless children raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act, by the high mandate of imperative necessity. The mild features of the husband and the father, may intermingle with those of the robber, and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which "not enricheth him," though it makes his neighbor "poor indeed."

The man who, at the midnight hour, consumes his neigh10 bor's dwelling, does him an injury which perhaps is not
irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The
storm may indeed descend upon him, until charity opens a
neighboring door: the rude winds of heaven may whistle
around his uncovered family. But he looks forward to

15 better days; he has yet a hook to hang a hope on.

No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent, he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens; but he must be constrained to feel, that this world is to him a wilderness. For whith-20 er shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her councils, or in her armies, the man at whom the "slow, unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fire-side? The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathizing agonies of a distressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence of scrutinizing, sneering domestics? Will his children receive instruction from the lips of a disgraced father?

30 Gentlemen, I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the ruthless hand of malice, his character has been wantonly massacred;—and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress?

35 —Is character valuable? On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things, to argue which is treason against nature. The Author of our being did not intend to leave this point afloat at the mercy of opinion; but, with his own hand, has he kindly planted in

40 the soul of man an instinctive love of character.

This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul: and if we have hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the love of character. It is the

Commence of party of the standard

love of character for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the love of character which wrought miracles at ancient Greece; the love of character is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire.

5 And it is the love of character animating the bosom of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's souls." Will a jury weaken this our nation's hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce

10 worth possessing?

We read of that philosophy which can smile over the destruction of property,—of that religion which enables its possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness and complacency, to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of 15 man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it, we should despise. The religion which could bear it, we should not despise,—but we should

be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world.

LESSON CCIII.—SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE AND CAPTAIN ABSO-LUTE.—Sheridan.

Capt. A. Sir Anthony, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What,

5 you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I 10 grow old and infirm, and shall probably not be with you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may

continue so.

15 Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed 20 you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

- Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.
- Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that 10 between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of 15 is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir, sir, you amaze me!

Sir A. What's the matter with the fool?—just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence 20

and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady? 25

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that's not very reasonable, to sum-

mon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you, 30 to object to a lady you know nothing of,-

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once

for all, that in this point I can not obey you.

Sir A. Hark ye, Jack; I have heard you for some 35 time with patience,—I have been cool,—quite cool: but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can not obey

40 you.

Sir A. Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again, while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one

word! So give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack,—I mean you dog,—if you don't by—— Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some

mass of ugliness; to-

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew. She shall be all

10 this, sirrah! Yes, I'll make you ogle her all day, and

sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning,

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor

for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'T is false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better. 20

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I was never cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'T is a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are a hypocritical young dog; but it wont do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word,—

Sir A. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like 30 me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care;

35 the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, don't enter the same

40 hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own: I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown

you; I'll disinherit you; and hang me, if ever I call you Jack again!

[Exit. Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father, I kiss your

hands.

LESSON CCIV.—ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMAN POPU-LACE.—Shakspeare.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault:—
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

10 (For Brutus is an honorable man, So are they all, all honorable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.——

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this, in Cæsar, seem ambitious?

When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept:

20 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal, I thrice presented him a kingly crown;

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;

And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O Masters! If I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong,—I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet: 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,—

15 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.——

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! In this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:-

25 See, what a rent the envious Casca made,—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!—
This was the most unkindest* cut of all!

30 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,†

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

^{*} This double superlative, like "the most straitest sect of our religion," (Acts xxvi. 5,) was tolerated by the best English writers, two or three centuries ago.

† Statua, for statue, is common among the old writers.

The dint of pity:—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!—
Here is himself,—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends! sweet friends! Let me not stir you up To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts!
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend,—and that they know full well,

15 That gave me public leave to speak of him!
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood:—I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,--

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

LESSON CCV.—THE VICTOR ANGELS.—Milton.

Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appeared, Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood Of golden panoply, refulgent host,

5 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Looked round, and scouts each coast light armed scour
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met

10 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow But firm battalion; back with speediest sail Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried; 'ARM, Warriors, arm for fight,—the foe at hand,

Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight: so thick a cloud

He comes; and settled in his face I see Sad resolution and secure: let each His adamantine coat gird well,—and each Fit well his helm,—gripe fast his orbed shield,

5 Borne even or high; for this day will pour down, If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower, But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire."

So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon

In order, quit of all impediment;

10 Instant, without disturb, they took alarm, And onward move, embattled: when behold! Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe, Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube, Training his devilish enginery, impaled

15 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep, To hide the fraud. At interview both stood Awhile; but suddenly at head appeared Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud; "VANGUARD, to right and left the front unfold;

20 That all may see who hate us, how we seek Peace and composure, and with open breast Stand ready to receive them, if they like Our overture, and turn not back perverse."

LESSON CCVI. -- IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN. HENRY CLAY.

Who is prepared to say, that American seamen shall be surrendered, as victims, to the British principle of impressment? And, sir, what is this principle? She contends, that she has a right to the services of her own subjects; 5 and that, in the exercise of this right, she may lawfully impress them, even although she finds them in American vessels, upon the high seas, without her jurisdiction. Now I deny that she has any right, beyond her jurisdiction, to come on board our vessels, upon the high seas, for any 10 other purpose, than in the pursuit of enemies, or their goods, or goods contraband of war.

But she further contends, that her subjects cannot renounce their allegiance to her, and contract a new obligation to other sovereigns. I do not mean to go into the 15 general question of the right of expatriation. If, as is contended, all nations deny it, all nations, at the same time, admit and practice the right of naturalization. Great

Britain herself does this. Great Britain, in the very case of foreign seamen, imposes, perhaps, fewer restraints upon naturalization, than any other nation. Then, if subjects cannot break their original allegiance, they may, accord-

5 ing to universal usage, contract a new allegiance.

What is the effect of this double obligation? Undoubtedly, that the sovereign having the possession of the subject, would have the right to the services of the subject. If he return within the jurisdiction of his primitive sovereign, he may resume his right to his services, of which the subject, by his own act, could not divest him self. But his primitive sovereign can have no right to go in quest of him, out of his own jurisdiction, into the jurisdiction of another sovereign, or upon the high seas; 15 where there exists no jurisdiction, or it is possessed by the nation owning the ship navigating them.

But, sir, this discussion is altogether useless. It is not to the British principle, objectionable as it is, that we are alone to look; it is to her practice, no matter what guise 20 she puts on. It is in vain to assert the inviolability of the obligation of allegiance. It is in vain to set up the plea of necessity, and to allege that she cannot exist without the impressment of her seamen. The naked truth is, she comes, by her press-gangs, on board of our vessels, seizes our native as well as naturalized seamen, and drags them

into her service.

It is the case, then, of the assertion of an erroneous principle, and of a practice not conformable to the asserted principle,—a principle which, if it were theoretically right, 30 must be forever practically wrong,—a practice which can obtain countenance from no principle whatever, and to submit to which, on our part, would betray the most abject degradation.

LESSON CCVII.—"NEW ENGLAND, WHAT IS SHE?—"DELENDA EST CARTHAGO."—TRISTAM BURGESS.

The policy of the gentleman from Virginia, calls him to a course of legislation resulting in the entire destruction of one part of our Union. Oppress New England, until she shall be compelled to remove her manufacturing labor 5 and capital to the regions of iron, wool, and grain, and nearer to those of rice and cotton. Oppress New England, until she shall be compelled to remove her commercial

labor and capital to New York, Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah. Finally, oppress that proscribed region, until she shall be compelled to remove her agricultural labor and capital,—her agricultural capital? No, she cannot 5 remove that. Oppress and compel her, nevertheless, to remove her agricultural labor to the far-off West; and there people the savage valley, and cultivate the deep

wilderness of the Oregon.

She must, indeed, leave her agricultural capital; her 10 peopled fields; her hills with culture carried to their tops; her broad deep bays; her wide transparent lakes, longwinding rivers, and populous waterfalls; her delightful villages, flourishing towns, and wealthy cities. She must leave this land, bought by the treasure, subdued by the toil, defended by the valor of men, vigorous, athletic, and intrepid; men, god-like in all making man resemble the moral image of his Maker; a land endeared, oh! how deeply endeared, because shared with women pure as the

snows of their native mountains; bright, lofty, and over-20 awing, as the clear, circumambient heavens over their heads; and yet lovely as the fresh opening bosom of their

own blushing and blooming June.

"Mine own romantic country," must we leave thee?
Beautiful patrimony of the wise and good; enriched from
the economy, and ornamented by the labor and perseverance of two hundred years! Must we leave thee, venerable heritage of ancient justice and pristine faith? And, God of our fathers! must we leave thee to the demagogues who have deceived, and traitorously sold us? We

30 must leave thee to them; and to the remnants of the Penobscots, the Pequods, the Mohicans, and Narragansetts; that they may lure back the far-retired bear, from the distant forest, again to inhabit in the young wilderness, growing up in our flourishing cornfields, and rich 35 meadows; and spreading, with briars and brambles, over

our most "pleasant places."

All this shall come to pass, to the intent that New England may again become a lair for wild beasts, and a hunting-ground for savages; the graves of our parents 40 be polluted; and the place made holy by the first footsteps of our pilgrim forefathers, become profaned by the midnight orgies of barbarous incantation. The evening wolf shall again howl on our hills, and the echo of his yell mingle once more with the sound of our water-falls. The

sanctuaries of God shall be made desolate. Where now a whole people congregate in thanksgiving for the benefactions of time, and in humble supplication for the mercies of eternity, there those very houses shall then be 5 left without a tenant. The owl, at noon-day, may roost on the high altar of devotion, and the "fox look out at the window," on the utter solitude of a New England Sabbath.

New England shall, indeed, under this proscribing 10 policy, be what Switzerland was, under that of France. New England, which, like Switzerland, is the eagle-nest of freedom; New England, where, as in Switzerland, the cradle of infant liberty "was rocked by whirlwinds, in their rage;" New England shall, as Switzerland was, in truth, 15 be "the immolated victim, where nothing but the skin remains unconsumed by the sacrifice;" New England, as Switzerland had, shall have "nothing left but her rocks, her ruins, and her demagogues."

The mind, sir, capable of conceiving a project of mis 20 chief so gigantic, must have been early schooled, and deeply imbued with all the great principles of moral

evil.

What, then, sir, shall we say of a spirit, regarding this event as a "consummation devoutly to be wished?"—a 25 spirit, without one attribute, or one hope, of the pure in heart; a spirit, which begins and ends every thing, not with prayer, but with imprecation; a spirit, which blots from the great canon of petition, "Give us this day our daily bread;" that, foregoing bodily nutriment, he may attain to a higher relish for that unmingled food, prepared and served up to a soul "hungering and thirsting after wickedness;" a spirit, which, at every rising sun, exclaims, "Hodie! hodie! Carthago delenda!" "To-day, to-day! let New England be destroyed!"

LESSON CCVIII.-PARTY SPIRIT.-WILLIAM GASTON.

Threats of resistance, secession, separation,—have become common as household words, in the wicked and silly violence of public declaimers. The public ear is familiarized, and the public mind will soon be accustomed, to the detestable suggestions of Disunion! Calculations and conjectures, What may the East do without the South.

and what may the South do without the East?—sneers, menaces, reproaches, and recriminations, all tend to the same fatal end! What can the East do without the South? What can the South do without the East?

If it must be so, let parties and party men continue to quarrel with little or no regard to the public good. They may mystify themselves and others with disputations on political economy, proving the most opposite doctrines to their own satisfaction, and perhaps, to the conviction of no

10 one else on earth. They may deserve reprobation for their selfishness, their violence, their errors, or their wickedness. They may do our country much harm. They may retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert

15 the public mind, and deprave the public morals. These are, indeed, evils, and sore evils, but the principle of life remains, and will yet struggle with assured success, over

these temporary maladies.

Still we are great, glorious, united, and free; still we 20 have a name that is revered abroad, and loved at home, a name, which is a tower of strength to us against foreign wrong, and a bond of internal union and harmony,—a name, which no enemy pronounces but with respect, and which no citizen hears, but with a throb of exultation.

25 Still we have that blessed Constitution, which, with all its pretended defects, and all its alleged violations, has conferred more benefit on man, than ever yet flowed from any other human institution,—which has established justice, insured domestic tranquillity, provided for the common 30 defence, promoted the general welfare, and which, under

God, if we be true to ourselves, will insure the blessings

of Liberty to us and our posterity.

Surely, such a country, and such a Constitution, have claims upon you, my friends, which cannot be disre-35 garded. I entreat and adjure you, then, by all that is near and dear to you on earth, by all the obligations of patriotism, by the memory of your fathers, who fell in the great and glorious struggle, for the sake of your sons, whom you would not have to blush for your degeneracy; 40 by all your proud recollections of the past, and all the

fond anticipations of the future renown of our nation, preserve that Country,—uphold that Constitution. solve, that they shall not be lost, while in your keeping; and may God Almighty strengthen you to perform that vow!

LESSON CCIX.-RESTLESS SPIRIT OF MAN.-WILBUR FISK.

There is a spirit, an active, aspiring principle in man, which cannot be broken down by oppression, or satisfied by indulgence.

"He has a soul of vast desires,
It burns within with restless fires:"

Desires, which no earthly good can satisfy; fires, which no waters of affliction or discouragement can quench. And it is from this, his nature, that society derives all its interests, and here also lies all its danger. This spirit is 10 at once the terror of tyrants, and the destroyer of republics.

To form some idea of its strength, let us look at it in its different conditions, both when it is depressed, and when it is exalted. See, when it is bent down, for a time, by the iron grasp and leaden sceptre of tyranny, cramping, and curtailing, and hedging in the soul, and foiling it in all its attempts to break from its bonds and assert its native independence. In these cases, the noble spirit, like a wild beast in the toils, sinks down, at times, into 20 sullen inactivity, only that it may rise again, when exhausted nature is a little restored, to rush, as hope excites, or madness impels, in stronger paroxysms against the cords which bind it down.

This is seen in the mobs and rebellions of the most 25 besotted and enslaved nations. Witness the repeated convulsions in Ireland, that degraded and oppressed country. Neither desolating armies, nor numerous garrisons, nor the most rigorous administration, enforced by thousands of public executions, can break the spirit of that restless 30 people.

Witness Greece: generations have passed away, since the warriors of Greece have had their feet put in fetters, and the race of heroes had apparently become extinct; and the Grecian lyre had long been unstrung and her 35 lights put out. Her haughty masters thought her spirit was dead; but it was not dead, it only sl pt. In a moment, as it were, we saw all Greece in arms; she shook off her slumbers, and rushed, with frenzy and hope, upon seeming impossibilities, to conquer or to die.

We see, then, that man has a spirit, which is not easily broken down by oppression. Let us inquire, whether it can be more easily satisfied by indulgence. And, in every

step of this inquiry, we shall find that no miser ever yet had gold enough; no office-seeker ever yet had honor enough; no conqueror ever yet subdued kingdoms enough. When the rich man had filled his store-houses, he must 5 pull down and build larger. When Cæsar had conquered

all his enemies, he must enslave his friends.

When Bonaparte had become the Emperor of France, he aspired to the throne of all Europe. Facts, a thousand facts, in every age, and among all classes, prove, that such 10 is the ambitious nature of the soul, such the increasing compass of its vast desires, that the material universe, with all its vastness, richness, and variety, cannot satisfy it. Nor is it in the power of the governments of this world, in their most perfect forms, so to interest the feel-15 ings, so to regulate the desires, so to restrain the passions,

or so to divert, or charm, or chain the souls of a whole community, but that these latent and ungovernable fires will, sooner or later, burst out and endanger the whole

body politic.

What has been the fate of the ancient republics? They have been dissolved by this same restless and disorganizing spirit, of which we have been speaking. And do we not see the same dangerous spirit, in our own compara-

tively happy and strongly constituted republic?

Here, the road to honor and wealth is open to all; and here, is general intelligence. But here, man is found to possess the same nature as elsewhere. And the stirrings of his restless spirit have already disturbed the peace of society, and portend future convulsions. Party spirit is

30 begotten; ambitious views are engendered, and fed, and inflamed; many are running the race for office; rivals are envied; characters are aspersed; animosities are enkindled; and the whole community are disturbed by the

electioneering contest.

Already office-seekers, in different parts of the country, unblushingly recommend themselves to notice, and palm themselves upon the people, by every electioneering manœuvre; and in this way, such an excitement is produced, in many parts of the Union, as makes the contend-

40 ing parties almost like mobs, assailing each other. Only let the public sense become vitiated, and let a number of causes unite to produce a general excitement; and all our fair political proportions would fall before the spirit of

party, as certainly and as ruinously, as the fair proportions of Italian architecture fell before the ancient Goths and Vandals.

LESSON CCX.-RECTITUDE OF CHARACTER.-WILLIAM WIRT.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of 5 such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in pursuit of

honest ends, by honest means.

The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, 20 yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be 25 deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your

duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity: in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit: one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country, and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act, on every occasion, sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect; a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided to course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and, it is to this high and noble tone of character that I

would have you to aspire.

I would not have you to resemble those weak and meagre streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the head-

long torrent that carries havoc in its mad career.

But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic Decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime Declaration of Independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own 35 action.

LESSON CCXI.-WASHINGTON.-DANIEL WEBSTER.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which

the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day 5 to the intelligence of Europe, and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

This structure,* by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, 15 though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single state, ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life. In all the constituents of the one,—in all the acts of the 20 other,-in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown,—it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. upon our soil,—of parents also born upon it,—never for a moment having had a sight of the old world,—instructed, 25 according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge, which our institutions provide for the children of the people,—growing up beneath, and penetrated by, the genuine influences of American society,-growing up amidst our expanding, 30 but not luxurious, civilization, -partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man,—our agony of glory, the war of independence,—our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution,-he

> "Where multitudes of virtues passed along, Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng, Contending to be seen, then making room For greater multitudes that were to come:"-

35 is all,—all our own! That crowded and glorious life,—

40 that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the re-

^{*} The Bunker Hill Monument.

proaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends,—I turn to that transcendent name, for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happi-5 ness,—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory,—to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples,to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

LESSON CCXII. - PUBLIC FAITH. - FISHER AMES.

To expatiate on the value of public faith, may pass, with some men, for declamation,—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, -can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement, than the 5 want of it? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, than such a standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysteto inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and dis-

10 rious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and gust. What is patriotism? Is it a narow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we 15 tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue; and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended selflove, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus 20 we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing 25 to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a 30 country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect, that is paid among nations, to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians,—

10 a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance

15 of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath,

20 soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect

themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the 25 supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin 30 is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless,—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses 35 to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach, pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might

40 travel, shame would stick to him,—he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power,—blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your

dishonor. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

LESSON CCXIII. -- FREE INSTITUTIONS FAVORABLE TO LITERA-TURE .- EDWARD EVERETT.

The greatest efforts of human genius have been made, where the nearest approach to free institutions has taken place. There shone not forth one ray of intellectual light, to cheer the long and gloomy ages of the Memphian and 5 Babylonian despots. Not a historian, not an orator, not a poet, is heard of in their annals. When you ask, what was achieved by the generations of thinking beings the millions of men, whose natural genius was as bright as that of the Greeks, nay, who forestalled the Greeks in the

10 first invention of many of the arts,—you are told, that they built the pyramids of Memphis, the temples of Thebes, and the tower of Babylon, and carried Sesostris and Ninus upon their shoulders, from the west of Africa

to the Indus.

15 Mark the contrast in Greece. With the first emerging of that country into the light of political liberty, the poems of Homer appear. Some centuries of political misrule and literary darkness follow; and then the great constellation of their geniuses seems to arise at once. The stormy elo-

20 quence and the deep philosophy, the impassioned drama and the grave history, were all produced for the entertainment of that "fierce democracie" of Athens. Here, then, the genial influence of liberty on letters, is strongly put to the test. Athens was certainly a free state; free to licen-

25 tiousness,—free to madness. The rich were arbitrarily pillaged to defray the expenses of the state; the great were banished to appease the envy of their rivals; the wise sacrificed to the fury of the populace. It was a state, in short, where liberty existed with most of the imperfec-

30 tions which have led men to love and praise despotism. Still, however, it was for this lawless, merciless people, that the most chastised and accomplished literature, which the world has known, was produced.

The philosophy of Plato was the attraction which drew,

to a morning's walk in the olive gardens of the academy, the young men of this factious city. Those tumultuous assemblies of Athens,—the very same, which rose in their wrath, and to a man clamored for the blood of 5 Phocion,—required to be addressed, not in the cheap, extemporaneous rant of modern demagogues, but in the elaborate and thrice-repeated orations of Demosthenes. No! the noble and elegant arts of Greece grew up in no Augustan age,—enjoyed neither royal nor imperial patron-10 age. Unknown before in the world, strangers on the

0 age. Unknown before in the world, strangers on the Nile, and strangers on the Euphrates, they sprang at once into life in a region not unlike our own New England,—

iron-bound, sterile, and free.

The imperial astronomers of Chaldea went up almost 15 to the stars in their observatories; but it was a Greek who first foretold an eclipse, and measured the year. The - nations of the East invented the alphabet; but not a line has reached us of profane literature, in any of their languages,—and it is owing to the embalming power of 20 Grecian genius, that the invention itself has been transmitted to the world. The Egyptian architects could erect structures, which, after three thousand five hundred years, are still standing in their uncouth, original majesty; but it was only on the barren soil of Attica, that the beautiful 25 columns of the Parthenon and the Theseum could rest, which are standing also. With the decline of liberty in Greece, began the decline of all her letters, and all her arts, though her tumultuous democracies were succeeded by liberal and accomplished princes.

LESSON CCXIV.—THE STUDY OF ELOCUTION NECESSARY FOR A PREACHER.—PROF. PARK.

Among all the attractions of divine worship, there is none like that of the preacher's natural eloquence. No instrument of music is so sweet as the human voice, when attuned, as it may be, by care. The most exhilarating band of performers on the dulcimer and the cymbal, will be heard with less pleasure, than he who has learned to play well on that instrument which is as far superior to all others, as a work of God is superior to the works of man. Let it then no longer be said, that while an organ-

ist will spend years in learning to manage a collection of leaden pipes, the preacher is unwilling to exert himself for acquiring a control over the stops and keys of what is far more religious in its tones, than the organ. So, like-

5 wise, the human eye can be made eloquent, when the tongue can say no more; the palm of the hand, too, has an eye which is full of meaning. But the philosophy of these organs is neither understood, nor applied to prac-

tice, by our preachers.

10 If we dwelt in a land, where the preacher is the only man who ventures to address an assembly, then we might lean on this privilege, and rest assured, that a faulty eloquence in the pulpit, is better than none at all among the people. But we dwell in a land, where the laymen are

popular orators; where the mechanic is master of a racy, vigorous diction; where the reformed inebriate can electrify an audience who will sleep under a lifeless sermon; where the enemies of religion and social order, have caught the spirit and the fire which the ministry have

20 lost. Other men can speak without reading; and unless we can use, in a good cause, the weapons which infidels use in a bad one, we shall surrender the truth to dangers which can arise nowhere, but in a republic. Nowhere, but in this republic, is the force of popular eloquence felt universally; and the church will be overborne, if this

force be not controlled with unwonted skill.

We have not sought to recover the naturalness of manner which an artificial education has perverted. We still allow our theological seminaries to remain destitute of all 30 adequate instruction on this theme. It is confidently believed, that, if professorships of elocution were properly endowed and supplied in our theological seminaries, a more immediate and a more manifest service would be rendered to the pulpit, than can be performed by almost any other charity; for the department of elocution is now more neglected than any other; and if nature were allowed to resume the place, from which the worst species of art has expelled it, the improvement in our speech would be seen and felt more easily, quickly, and generally, than

40 almost any other kind of improvement.

LESSON CCXV.—RELIEF OF REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.—
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Let us look, for a moment, at the arguments advanced by the opponents of the bill. The meritorious services of the petitioners, the signal advantages that have resulted from these services to us and to posterity; the losses sustained by the petitioners, and the consequent advantages derived by the government from the act of commutation, are unequivocally admitted.

But it is contended, we have made a compromise legally binding on the parties, and exonerating the government 10 from farther liability; that, in an evil and unguarded hour, they have given us a release, and we stand upon our

"bond."

Now, the question which I wish to address to the conscience and the judgment of this honorable body, is this, not whether this issue was well taken in point of law; not whether we might not hope for a safe deliverance under it; but whether the issue ought to be taken at all; whether it comports with the honor of the government to plead a legal exemption against the claims of gratitude; whether, in other words, the government be bound at all times to insist upon its strict legal rights.

Has this been the practice of the government on all former occasions? Or, is this the only question on which this principle should operate? Nothing can be easier than to show, that the uniform practice of the government has been at war with the principle which is now opposed

to the claim of the petitioners.

Not a session has occurred, since the commencement of this government, in which Congress has not relieved the 30 citizens from hardships resulting from unforeseen contingencies, and forborne an enforcement of law, when its enforcement would work great and undeserved injury. I might, if excusable on an occasion like this, turn over the statute book, page by page, and give repeated proofs of 35 this assertion. But it is unnecessary.

It appears, then, that it has not been the practice of the government to act the part of Shylock with its citizens, and God forbid, that it should make its debut* on the present occasion, not so much in the character of a merci-40 less creditor, as a reluctant, though wealthy debtor; withholding the merited pittance from those to whose noble

^{*} Pronounced dabu.

daring and unrivalled fortitude, we are indebted for the privilege of sitting in judgment on their claims; and manifesting more sensibility for the purchasers of our lands, than for those by whose bravery they were won; and but for whose achievements, those very purchasers, instead of being the proprietors of their soil, and the citizens of free and sovereign states, might now be the miserable vassals of some worthless favorite of arbitrary power.

If disposed to be less liberal to the Revolutionary offi-10 cers than to other classes of community, let us at least testify our gratitude by relieving their sufferings, and returning a portion of those immense gains which have been the glorious fruits of their toil and of their blood.

Such would, in my judgment, be a correct view of the 15 subject, had the government relieved itself of all farther liability, by the most ample and unexceptionable performance of its stipulations. How much stronger, then, will be their appeal to your justice, if it can be shown, that you have no right to urge this act of commutation, as a complete fulfilment of your promise?

LESSON CCYVI ----RAPACITY AND BARRARITY OF A BRITIS

LESSON CCXVI.—RAPACITY AND BARBARITY OF A BRITISH SOLDIERY.—WM. LIVINGSTON.

After deploring with you the desolation spread through this state, by an unrelenting enemy, who have, indeed, marked their progress with a devastation unknown to civilized nations, and evincive of the most implacable vengeance, I heartily congratulate you upon that subsequent series of success, wherewith it hath pleased the Almighty to crown the American arms; and particularly, on the important enterprise against the enemy at Trenton, and the signal victory obtained over them at Princeton, by the gallont troops under the command of his excellency, General Washington.

Considering the contemptible figure they make at present, and the disgust they have given to many of their own confederates amongst us, by their more than Gothic rav15 ages, (for thus doth the great Disposer of events often deduce good out of evil,) their irruption into our dominion will probably redound to the public benefit. It has certainly enabled us the more effectually to distinguish our friends from our enemies. It has winnowed the chaff

20 from the grain. It has discriminated the temporizing politician, who, at the first appearance of danger, was deter-

mined to secure his idol, property, at the hazard of the general weal, from the persevering patriot, who, having embarked his all in the common cause, chooses rather to risk, rather to lose that all, for the preservation of the 5 more estimable treasure, liberty, than to possess it, (enjoy it he certainly could not,) upon the ignominious terms of tamely resigning his country and posterity to perpetual servitude. It has, in a word, opened the eyes of those who were made to believe, that their impious merit, in abetting our persecutors, would exempt them from being

involved in the general calamity.

But, as the rapacity of the enemy was boundless, their havoc was indiscriminate, and their barbarity unparalleled. They have plundered friends and foes. Effects, capable of division, they have divided. Such as were not, they have destroyed. They have warred upon decrepit age; warred upon defenceless youth. They have committed hostilities against the professors of literature, and the ministers of religion; against public records, and private monuments, and books of improvement, and papers of curiosity, and against the arts and sciences. They have butchered the wounded, asking for quarter; mangled the dying, weltering in their blood; refused to the dead the rites of

sepulture; suffered prisoners to perish for want of suste-25 nance; violated the chastity of women; disfigured private dwellings of taste and elegance; and, in the rage of impiety and barbarism, profaned and prostrated edifices dedi-

cated to Almighty God.

And yet there are those amongst us, who, either from 30 ambitious or lucrative motives, or intimidated by the terror of their arms, or from a partial fondness for the British constitution, or deluded by insidious propositions, are secretly abetting, or openly aiding their machinations to deprive us of that liberty, without which man is a beast, and govern-

35 ment a curse.

LESSON CCXVII.—FREE NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

Sir, I wish for peace; I wish the negotiation may succeed; and, therefore, I strongly urge you to adopt these resolutions. But though you should adopt them, they alone will not ensure success. I have no hesitation in saying,

that you ought to have taken possession of New Orleans and the Floridas, the instant your treaty was violated. You ought to do it now. Your rights are invaded: confidence in negotiation is vain: there is, therefore, no alternative but force. You are exposed to imminent present

danger: you have the prospect of great future advantage: you are justified by the clearest principles of right: you are urged by the strongest motives of policy: you are commanded by every sentiment of national dignity. Look

10 at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim; she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No,—animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul

15 of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes, and our fate, to the God of battles. We then were subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent republic. We then had no rank among the nations of the earth. But

20 we had the spirit which deserved that elevated station. And now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honor?

Sir, I repeat to you, that I wish for peace; real, lasting,

honorable peace. To obtain and secure this blessing, let us, by a bold and decisive conduct, convince the powers of Europe, that we are determined to defend our rights; that we will not submit to insult; that we will not bear degradation. This is the conduct which becomes a generous people. This conduct will command the respect of the

world. Nay, sir, it may rouse all Europe to a proper sense of their situation. They see, that the balance of power, on which their liberties depend, is, if not destroyed, in extreme danger. They know that the dominion of France has been extended by the sword, over millions, who groan in the servitude of their new masters. These

35 unwilling subjects are ripe for revolt. The empire of the Gauls is not, like that of Rome, secured by political institutions. It may yet be broken.

But whatever may be the conduct of others, let us act as becomes curselves. I cannot believe, with my honorable 40 colleague, that three fourths of America are opposed to vigorous measures. I cannot believe, that they will meanly refuse to pay the sums needful to vindicate their honor, and support their independence. Sir, this is a libel on the people of America. They will disdain submission to

the proudest sovereign on earth. They have not lost the spirit of "76. But, sir, if they are so base, as to barter their rights for gold,—if they are so vile, that they will not defend their honor,—they are unworthy of the rank they enjoy, and it is no matter how soon they are parcelled out among better masters.

LESSON CCXVIII.—OUR DUTIES TO OUR COUNTRY.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes,—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed 20 health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a

25 free government?

Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of

our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great

hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us,—a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long,—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character among the nations of the

earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse,

20 by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound 25 up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If

25 up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be be-

cause we have upheld them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully 30 discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear upper sky. Those other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Di-

vine Benignity.

LESSON CCXIX.—ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—E. EVERETT.

[From a Speech before the British Scientific Association.]

There seems to be something peculiar in the relation between England and the United States, well calculated to form a basis, as I trust it does and ever will, of kind feelings between both. The relation of colony and 5 mother country, which formerly subsisted between England and the United States, is, of course, not new in the world. From the beginning of history, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, sent out their colonies to relieve a superabundant population, or in the spirit of commercial enterprise 10 or to consolidate their distant conquests; but there can, in the nature of things, be no other example of such a rela-

tion as exists between us.

Only consider the separate companies of adventurers. some of them actuated by the highest and noblest feelings 15 that can influence the heart and govern the conduct of men, traversing a mighty ocean which bears them all at once from the mature arts of civilization to the wildest nature,-from the mother country into a savage wilderness, unknown, till then, to the rest of man-20 kind. Here they laid the deep and broad foundations of free states, destined, under a multitude of causes, which it is impossible for me here even to glance at, in the maturity of time to grow up into a great family of communities, independent, at least politically, of the mother country; 25 but still, in their common language and kindred blood, forming, with that mother country, one commercial, social, and intellectual community, destined, I believe, as such, to fulfil the highest ends in the order of Providence.

Suppose, that a similarity were traced by one of your 30 members, between the geological formations of our two countries. Suppose, that, landing on the coast of America, he should find there the most peculiar strata and the most characteristic fossils of Great Britain, proving, beyond doubt, that, in the primeval ages, our two countries were part and parcel of the same continent; would not this discovery be hailed with pleasure, and this splendid generalization be welcomed, by every man of science, into the

circle of his favorite theories?

Then I ask you, gentlemen, is it a less interesting fact, 40 that, in crossing this mighty ocean to America, you find there the traces, not of similar strata of coal and gypsum, not like formations of sandstone and granite and gray-wacke, but the traces of kindred families of rational beings? Is it not a delightful fact, that the foot-prints that you first meet there, are not merely those of the fossil animals, whose paradoxical existence was terminated in ages into which history strives in vain to penetrate, even to the vestibule, but the footsteps of men, of kindred men, of men descended from your blood and your revered ancestry, and called, with you, hand in hand, to walk together over the great stage of accountable existence, and to engage, with you, in the investigation of all those high and grand problems that are tasking the minds of civilized men,

in this age of the world?

It seems to me, that, if it be the great object of all 15 science,—as Sir John Herschell has said,—to expand and elevate the mind; that, among the topics considered this day, there is not one more calculated to expand and elevate the rational mind, than such a connection between two great countries. Why, it is only since 20 the reign of James the Second, and Charles the First, which is but as yesterday, in the long line of British history, that a few adventurers rather stole across the ocean,

than navigated it. Two hundred years have passed away; and out of that little insignificant germ of national exist25 ence, millions and millions have grown up, and formed a great and mighty nation, in close connection with your own. And, in whatever light we regard each other, commercial, political, literary, social, or moral, we are destined to exercise an all-powerful influence upon each other,—I

In the world of science, I would rather say, there has never been a separation between us. There are no boundary questions in that pacific realm. The first patron that ever Sir Humphrey Davy had, (if it be not a shame to pronounce the word patron, in connection with such a name,) the first individual who had the honor of helping him into notice was an American citizen; for under the somewhat lofty disguise of "Count Rumford," lies concealed plain "Benjamin Thompson," the son of a New England farmer. Dr. Franklin was first led to turn his attention to electricity by experiments exhibited by an itinerant British lecturer, in the large towns of the then British colonies; and he pursued his inquiries in this branch of science with a few articles of apparatus sent out

to him by a friend in London. The result was his brilliant discovery of the identity of lightning with the electric fluid.

In modern times, the merit of our modest and self-taught mathematician, Bowditch, the American translator and 5 commentator of La Place, had nowhere been better known and appreciated than here; and, in reference to science, in general, I wish it to be constantly borne in mind by every votary of its pursuit in this country, that fourteen days are enough to elapse after the publication to the scientific world here, of his speculations or discoveries, before they are liberally received, considered and appreciated, according to their merit, by the only other people on the face of the globe, speaking the same language, and belonging to the same school of civilization.

15 It is unnecessary to speak before this company,—to which the name of Fulton is as familiar as those of Bolton or Watt,—of the part alternately performed by the science of England and America, in bringing about the use of steam as a locomotive power, by land and by water,—20 the great philosophical and mechanical improvement of the

day.

In literature, (though I know it is not proper before this company to wander far beyond the pale of science,) yet I know you will pardon me for saying that it is our boast and joy, that Shakspeare and Milton were the countrymen of our fathers. We worship at the same altars; we reverence the same canonized names as you. The great modern names of your literary Pantheon, the Addisons, Johnsons, and Goldsmiths of the last century, the Scotts and Byrons of this, are not more familiar to you than to us. And may I not say, that the names that adorn the nascent literature of my own country,—our Irvings, our Prescotts, our Coopers, our Pierponts, our Bryants, our Bancrofts, and our Channings,—may I not say, that they are scarcely better known to us than to you?

I know it is thought that a great difference exists between our political institutions,—and certainly it is in some respects considerable,—and those institutions, of course, have a great influence on the character of a nation.

40 But all republicans as we are, (and I have seen something

40 But all republicans as we are, (and I have seen something of the continent of Europe as well as Great Britain,) all republican as we are, taking our systems through and through, I think the candid observer will admit that there is a much greater similarity between you and us, even 34*

politically speaking, than between England and any of her sister monarchies. I believe we may boast, that we are children of the British school of freedom. Though we are ardently, passionately attached to liberty, it is liberty enshrined in constitutions, and organized by laws. On your part, if I am not too presumptuous, as a stranger, in forming an opinion, I think I may say that it is your boast, that the pillars of the state are laid deep in those representative institutions, by which the power, the will, and the affec-10 tions of the people, are brought to the support of the throne. And do we not,—English or American,—do we not derive our only hope of a name and praise in the world, politically speaking, from our attachment to those old British muniments of liberty, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, free-15 dom of speech, and liberty of the press?—do we not derive it from that ardent love of self-government, tempered by a proud submission to lawful sway which flowed in the veins

LESSON CCXX.—MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW YORK.—GOV. SEWARD.

of Englishmen for centuries before America began to be? and will, I trust, flow in the veins of Englishmen, and

20 their descendants in America, to the end of time.

[From an address at the meeting of the Legislatures of the two States, to celebrate the completion of the Western Railroad.]

We cannot forget, that it was Massachusetts that encountered first, and suffered most, from the tyranny which resulted in our national independence; that the first blood shed in that sacred cause, flowed at Lexington; and that Liberty's earliest rampart was established upon Bunker's Hill. Nevertheless, the struggles and sacrifices of Massachusetts, have, until now, been known to us through traditions not her own; and seem to be those of a distant, though an allied people,—of a country separated from us 10 by mountain barriers, such as divide every continent into states and empires.

But what a change is here! This morning's sun was just greeting the site of old Fort Orange, as we took our leave; and now, when he has scarcely reached the meri15 dian, we have crossed that hitherto impassable barrier, and met you here, on the shore of the Connecticut, the battle ground of King Philip's cruel wars; and, before that sun shall set, we might ascend the heights of Charlestown,

or rest upon the rock that was wet with blood flowing from

the weary feet of the pilgrim fathers.

New York has been addressed here in language of magnanimity. It would not become me to speak of her position, 5 her resources, or her influence. And yet I may, without offending against the delicacy of her representatives here, and of her people at home, claim that she is not altogether unworthy of admiration. Our mountains, cataracts, and lakes, cannot be surveyed without lifting the soul on high.

10 Our metropolis and our inland cities, our canals and railroads, our colleges and schools, and our twelve thousand libraries, evince emulation and a desire to promote the welfare of our country, the progress of civilization, and

the happiness of mankind.

While we acknowledge that it was your Warren who offered up his life at Charlestown, your Adams and your Hancock, who were the proscribed leaders in the revolution, and your Franklin, whose wisdom swayed its counsels; we cannot forget that Ticonderoga and Saratoga are

20 within our borders; that it was a son of New York who first fell in scaling the heights of Abraham; that another of her sons shaped every pillar of the constitution, and twined the evergreen around its capital; that our Fulton sent forth the mighty agent that is revolutionizing the

25 world; and that, but for our Clinton, his lofty genius and undaunted perseverance, the events of this day, and all its joyous anticipations, had slept together in the womb of

futurity.

The grandeur of this occasion oppresses me. It is not, 30 as some have supposed, the first time that states have met. On many occasions, in all ages, states, nations, and empires, have come together; but the trumpet heralded their approach; they met in the shock of war; one or the other sunk to rise no more; and desolation marked, for

35 the warning of mankind, the scene of the fearful encounter. And if sometimes chivalry asked an armistice, it was but to light up with evanescent smiles the stern visage

of war.

How different is this scene! Here are no contending 40 hosts, no destructive engines, nor the terrors, nor even the pomp of war. Not a helmet, sword, or plume, is seen in all this vast assemblage. Nor is this a hollow truce between contending states. We are not met upon a cloth of gold, and under a silken canopy, to practise deceitful

courtesies, nor in an amphitheatre, with jousts and tournaments, to make trial of our skill in arms, preparatory to a fatal conflict. We have come here, enlightened and fraternal states, without pageantry, or even insignia of power, to renew pledges of fidelity, and to cultivate affection and all the arts of peace. Well may our sister states look upon the scene with favor, and the nations of the earth draw from it good auguries of universal and perpetual peace.

LESSON CCXXI.—THE BIBLE.—GRIMKÉ.

The Bible is the only book, which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send, into this world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, 5 for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influ-

ence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to con10 quer: rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and like the
sun, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The
Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen,
is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its
tidings, whether of peace or of woe, are the same to the
15 poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise,

and the powerful.

Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on 20 the eloquent and the dumb. From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, and promises to the good, the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence and truth of the Scriptures, less conspicuous, 25 than their justice. In sublimity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have con-

30 ceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country, of time

and eternity, more humble and simple than the primer of a child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the drama, when genius with his chariot of fire, and his horses of fire, ascends in whirlwind 5 into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever

honored and dignified the language of mortals!

If you boast that the Aristotles, and the Platos, and the Tullies, of the classic age, "dipped their pens in intellect," 10 the sacred authors dipped theirs in inspiration. If those were the "secretaries of nature," these were the secretaries of the very Author of nature. If Greece and Rome have gathered into their cabinet of curiosities, the pearls of heathen poetry and eloquence, the diamonds of Pagan 15 history and Philosophy, God himself has treasured up in the Scriptures, the poetry and eloquence, the philosophy and history of sacred lawgivers, of prophets and apostles, of saints, evangelists, and martyrs. In vain may you seek for the pure and simple light of universal truth in the 20 Augustan ages of antiquity. In the Bible only is the poet's wish fulfilled,-

"And like the sun be all one boundless eye."

LESSON CCXXII. - FATE OF MONTEZUMA. - WM. H. PRESCOTT.

When Montezuma ascended the throne, he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. Young, and ambitious of extending his empire, he was continually engaged in war, and is said to have been present himself in nine pitched 5 battles. He was greatly renowned for his martial prowess, for he belonged to the highest military order* of his nation, and one into which but few even of its sovereigns had been admitted.

In later life, he preferred intrigue to violence, as more 10 consonant to his character and priestly education. In this he was as great an adept as any prince of his time, and by arts not very honorable to himself, succeeded in filching away much of the territory of his royal kinsman of Tezcuco. Severe in the administration of justice, he made 15 important reforms in the arrangement of the tribunals. He introduced other innovations in the royal household,

Quachictin.

creating new offices, introducing a lavish magnificence, and forms of courtly etiquette, unknown to his ruder predecessors. He was, in short, most attentive to all that concerned the exterior and pomp of royalty. Stately and 5 decorous, he was careful of his own dignity, and might be said to be as great an "actor of majesty" among the barbarian potentates of the New World, as Louis the Fourteenth was among the polished princes of Europe.

He was deeply tinctured, moreover, with that spirit of 10 bigotry, which threw such a shade over the latter days of the French monarch. He received the Spaniards as the beings predicted by his oracles. The anxious dread, with which he had evaded their proffered visit, was founded on the same feelings which led him so blindly to resign him-

15 self to them on their approach. He felt himself rebuked by their superior genius. He, at once, conceded all that they demanded,—his treasures, his power, even his person. For their sake, he forsook his wonted occupations, his pleasures, his most familiar habits. He might be said

20 to forego his nature; and, as his subjects asserted, to change his sex and become a woman. If we cannot refuse our contempt for the pusillanimity of the Aztec monarch, it should be mitigated by the consideration, that his pusillanimity sprung from his superstition, and that 25 superstition in the savage is the substitute for religious

principle in the civilized man.

It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion;—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power to 30 avert or control; to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence, a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim of the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise king

35 of Tezcuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed, "Happy the empire, which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the sceptre is given to one whom the Almighty has in his keeping; and the nations

shall hold him in reverence!"

Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those who were the enemies of

his gods and his people; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the dust, by the meanest of his subjects, by those who, a few months previous, had trembled at his glance; drawing his last breath in the halls of the stranger;—a lonely outcast in the heart of his own capital! He was the sad victim of destiny,—a destiny, as dark and irresistible in its march, as that which broods over the mythic legends of antiquity!

LESSON CCXXIII.—SCENERY ABOUT HASSEN CLEAVER HILLS.—
JOHN A. CLARK.

It is one of the most beautiful days of summer. The sun is proudly marching through the heavens, in full-orbed splendor. The tide of brightness, and the flood of fervid, glowing beams which he pours over the earth, makes an 5 impression upon all animated nature, which one scarcely knows how to describe, though he feels it in every limb and muscle, and sees it in every form of organized being, from the smallest spire of grass, to the tallest tree of the forest,—from the buzzing insect that sings at his ear, to 10 the vast herd that seek the shady shelter of the grove, or stand panting midway in the brook. I, too, feel this power, in the genial glow imparted to my system. The cool shelter of this beautiful tree under which I sit, and the sweet and varied landscape before me, make me almost 15 feel that I am encompassed with the Elysian fields.

The village is a mile distant, and some two hundred feet below this spot. The elevated knoll on which I sit, slopes down by a gentle declivity to the road, where the traveller passes on to the village. Beyond, on the opposite side of the road, the land again swells into a broad hill, which the hand of cultivation has so neatly dressed, that not a stump or stone is visible. One extended carpet of green meets the eye, presenting a surface smooth and

beautiful, as the newly shorn lawn.

25 Beyond this hill, the earth again slopes off, and falls into a valley, through which runs a little stream, ministering fertility to the soil, and refreshment to the cattle that graze the fields on either side of it. Still more remote, the land, by beautiful undulations, again rises, and is again depressed, till at length it sweeps off, by a more precipitous descent, to the bed of the West Canada creek, which, some fifteen miles above, is poured in wild beauty over Trenton Falls.

On the opposite side of the creek, the land again rises with precipitous elevation, lifting itself upward in bold and still bolder forms, till, in the distance, it meets the eye in the broad outline of the Hassen Cleaver Hills, that, like 5 some grand mountain ridge, tower upward till they seem to prop the very heavens. This range sweeps along to the south and east, till it seems in the distance blended with another range, still more remote, that rises beyond the Mohawk, which together form a semicircle in a broad and 10 bold amphitheatre of hills. Over this range of hills, up to their highest peaks, as well as through the whole extent of the intervening country, are seen cultivated fields, interspersed with woodlands,—and sprinkled all along, as far as the eye can extend to the north and the south, corn-15 fields, and orchards, and barns, and farm-houses, and herds of cattle.

The sun is pouring his golden splendor over this rich landscape. Now and then a passing cloud quenches the bright lustre of his beams; and light and shade alternately 20 rest upon the smooth, green surface of the hills. Just in my rear, far to the left, starts up, like another Tower of Babel, a smooth, verdant knoll, that, by its vast elevation and singular formation, seems to constitute in the pathway of heaven, to the eye that traces its outline, the quadrant of 25 an ellipse, at one of whose bases stands a beautiful cluster of young butternuts, gracefully grouped together, and extending at least over an acre of ground,—at which point it is said, that, in a remarkably clear sky, the waters of the

broad and distant Ontario may be seen. Over this landscape universal quiet reigns. No sounds come upon the ear, save now and then the cheerful chirp of a bird,—the hum of the passing bee,—the lowing of a cow, or the sighing of the summer breeze, that gently creeps through the rich foliage which spreads its grateful

35 covering over my head.

God created these forms of beauty around me, and gave to this scene all its loveliness! If what His hand has formed be so lovely, how lovely must He be, from whom has emanated all these traces of varied and exquisite 40 beauty! I have a book which courts my attention; it is from the pen of John Bunyan, entitled, "Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ." In the face of Jesus Christ, where is displayed "the knowledge of the glory of God," I see stronger lines of beauty, than in all this witching scenery that

45 stretches around me.

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LESSON CCXXIV .- THE TREASURE THAT WAXETH NOT OLD. D. HUNTINGTON.

Oh! I have loved, in youth's fair vernal morn, To spread imagination's wildest wing, The sober certainties of life to scorn,

And seek the visioned realms that poets sing,—

Where Nature blushes in perennial spring,

Where streams of earthly joy exhaustless rise, Where Youth and Beauty tread the choral ring, And shout their raptures to the cloudless skies, While every jovial hour on downy pinion flies.

But, ah! those fairy scenes at once are fled, Since stern experience waved her iron wand, Broke the soft slumbers of my visioned head, And bade me here of perfect bliss despond. And oft have I the painful lesson conned;

When Disappointment mocked my wooing heart,

Still of its own delusion weakly fond,

And from forbidden pleasures loth to part, Though shrinking oft beneath Correction's deepest smart.

And is there naught in mortal life, I cried, 20Can sooth the sorrows of the laboring breast? No kind recess where baffled hope may hide, And weary Nature lull her woes to rest? Oh! grant me, pitying Heaven, this last request,— Since I must every loftier wish resign,

Be my few days with peace and friendship blessed; Nor will I at my humble lot repine,

Though neither wealth, nor fame, nor luxury be mine.

Oh! give me yet, in some recluse abode, Encircled with a faithful few, to dwell,

Where power can not oppress, nor care corrode, 30 Nor venomed tongues the tale of slander tell;

Oh! bear me to some solitary cell,

Beyond the reach of every human eye; And let me bid a long and last farewell

To each alluring object 'neath the sky, 35 And there in peace await my hour,—in peace to die.

> "Ah vain desire!" a still small voice replied,— "No place, no circumstance can Peace impart: She scorns the mansion of unvanquished Pride,— Sweet inmate of a pure and humble heart.

Take then thy station,—act thy proper part;—
A Saviour's mercy seek,—his will perform:
His word has balm for sin's envenomed smart,
His love, diffused, thy shuddering breast shall warm

His love, diffused, thy shuddering breast shall warm 5 His power provide a shelter from the gathering storm."

Oh! welcome hiding place! Oh! refuge meet
For fainting pilgrims, on this desert way!
Oh! kind Conductor of these wandering feet

Through snares and darkness, to the realms of day!

10 So did the Sun of Righteousness display

His healing beams; each gloomy cloud dispel:

While on the parting mist, in colors gay,

Truth's cheering bow of precious promise fell, And Mercy's silver voice soft whispered,—"All is well."

LESSON CCXXV.—THE YOUNG MARINER'S DREAM.—Dimond.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,

His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,

And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

5 He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers, And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn; While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers, And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,

And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;

Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,

And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jassamine clambers, in flower, o'er the thatch;
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall:

15 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch; And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,
With those of the sister his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
"O God! thou hast blest me; I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'T is the lightning's red glare, painting wrath on the sky!
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

5 He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck,— Amazement confronts him with images dire,— Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,— The masts fly in splinters,—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:

10 In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;

15 Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honied kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee, Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge; But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be, And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

25 On a bed of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair, yellow locks, threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll:

Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye;

O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

LESSON CCXXVI.—GUSTAVUS VASA AND CRISTIERN.—Brooke.

Crist. Tell me, Gustavus, tell me why is this, That, as a stream diverted from the banks Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn these men Upon a dry unchanneled enterprise

To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light,
That thus thou 'dst push them on the keen rebuke

Of guarded majesty; where justice waits
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings;
And blast rebellion?

5 Gust. Justice, sanctitude, And rights! O patience! Rights! what rights, thou tyrant? Yes, if perdition be the rule of power, If wrongs give right, Oh! then, supreme in mischief, Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,—

10 Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the specialty of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood:

15 That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her general issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king! Howe'er be told.

20 Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not e'en the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authorize oppression, give a law
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,

25 On reason build misrule, or justly bind Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights, Howe'er his own commence, can never be But an usurper. But for thee, for thee

30 There is no name! Thou hast abjured mankind, Dashed safety from thy bleak, unsocial side, And waged wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it largely

Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
35 And power, prime attribute; as on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes,
Like raw, disjointed, mustering feeble wrath,

40 A war of waters, borne against a rock Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe, And shiver in the toil.

Gust. Mistaken man!

I come empowered and strengthened in thy weakness.

For though the structure of a tyrant's throne Rise on the necks of half the suffering world, Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears, And secret curses, sap its mouldering base,

5 And steal the pillars of allegiance from it;
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Crist. Profane, and alien to the love of Heav.

Crist. Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven!

Art thou still hardened to the wrath divine,

10 That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out, Made an anathema, a curse enrolled Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents, Shorn from our holy church, and offered up

15 As sacred to perdition?

Gust. Yes, I know,

When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand, Seize on the apostolic key of heaven, It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves

20 To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That Heaven itself had barred against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words

25 Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love, sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turned
The words of sweet but undigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallowed men,

30 In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach Zeal without truth, religion without virtue; Sacked towns, and midnight howlings, through the realm Receive your sanction! Oh! 't is glorious mischief! When vice turns holy, puts religion on,

35 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
A sign of blood.

Crist. No more of this!

40 Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace, And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty, Acceptance might be found.

Gust. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,

Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans, Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword Has left our widows childless. Mine they were, Both mine and every Swede's, whose patriot breast

5 Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh! thou canst not!
Thou hast outsinned all reckoning! Give me, then,
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare you little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms

10 Of compact and submission. Gust. Ha! with thee!

Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my country, For Sweden? No,—so bold my heart but firm, Although it wring for 't, though blood drop for tears,

15 And at the sight my straining eyes dart forth,— They both shall perish first!

LESSON CCXXVII.—TAMERLANE AND BAJAZET.—Rowe.
[Bajazet and other Turkish prisoners in chains, under

guard.]

Tam. When I survey the ruins of this field, The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition Has dealt among mankind; (so many widows And helpless orphans has thy battle made,

5 That half our Eastern world this day are mourners;)
Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

Baj. Make thy demand of those that own thy power!

Know, I am still beyond it; and though fortune
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,
That outside of a king; yet still my soul,
Fixed high, and of itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal; and even now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee.

I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the use of 't. This vile speeching,
This after-game of words, is what most irks me:
Spare that, and for the rest 't is equal all,

Be it as it may.

20 Tam. Well was it for the world,
When, on their borders neighboring princes met,
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing wasteful war: such should our meeting
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard

The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what 's more,
That Power Supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,
Will, with impunity let pass that breach

5 Of sacred faith given to the royal Greek?

Baj. Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king Possessed of sacred power, Heaven's darling attribute, And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets? I hate the Greek, (perdition on his name!)

10 As I do thee, and would have met you both, As death does human nature, for destruction.

Tam. Causeless to hate, is not of human kind: The savage brute that haunts in woods remote And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,

15 If hunger, or some injury provoke not.

Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids Go on? What is he born for, but ambition? It is his hunger,—'t is his call of nature, The noble appetite which will be satisfied,

20 And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth, I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls that differ so by nature, hate,
And strong antipathy forbid their union.

Baj. The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed 25 Transcend thy coldness. I am pleased we differ,

Nor think alike.

Tam. No: for I think like a man, Thou like a monster; from whose baleful presence Nature starts back; and though she fixed her stamp

30 On thy rough mass, and marked thee for a man, Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee, As formed for her destruction.
'T is true, I am a king, as thou hast been;

Honor and glory too have been my aim;

35 But though I dare face death, and all the dangers Which furious war wears in its bloody front, Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace, By justice, and by mercy; and to raise My trophies on the blessings of mankind:

40 Nor would I buy the empire of the world With ruin of the people whom I sway,

On forfeit of my honor.

Baj. Confusion! wouldst thou rob me of my glory? Whilst I, (Oh! blast the power that stops my ardor,)

Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations, Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Allah, My angry thunder on the frightened world.

Tam. The world! 't would be too little for thy pride:

5 Thou wouldst scale heaven.

Baj. I would. Away! my soul

Disdains thy conference.

Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,

That, with gigantic insolence, hast dared

10 To lift thy wretched self above the stars,

And mate with power Almighty, thou art fallen!

Baj. 'T is false! I am not fallen from aught I have been!

At least, my soul resolves to keep her state,

And scorns to make acquaintance with ill fortune.

Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fallen!
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper
Been hurried, if success had crowned thy wishes!
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquered?

Baj. Oh! glorious thought! Ye powers! I will enjoy it,

20 Though but in fancy: imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.
Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had used thee, as thou art to me, a dog,

25 The object of my scorn and mortal hatred.

I would have caged thee for the scorn of slaves.

I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,

And mounted from that footstool to the saddle:

Till thou hadst begged to die; and e'en that mercy

30 I had denied thee. Now thou knowst my mind,

And question me no farther.

Tam. Well dost thou teach me

What justice should exact from thee. Mankind, With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;

35 Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once

Of its worst fear.

Tam. Why slept the thunder

40 That should have armed the idol deity,
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,
To shake the soul of Tamerlane? Hadst thou an arm
To make thee feared, thou shouldst have proved it on me,
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,

When, through the tumult of the war I sought thee, Fenced in with nations.

Baj. Oh! blast the stars

That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!

5 Oh! could my sword have met thee!

Tam. Thou hadst then,

As now, been in my power, and held thy life Dependent on my gift. Yes, Bajazet, I bid thee live. So much my soul disdains

10 That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heaven.
Nay, more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live and be still a king, that thou mayst learn
What man should be to man:—

15 This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace; but such as thou mayst offer
With honor, I with honor may receive.

LESSON CCXXVIII.—AN INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY.—JAMES A. BAYARD.

Mr. Chairman, I am confident that the friends of this measure are not apprized of the nature of its operation, nor sensible of the mischievous consequences which are likely to attend it. Sir, the morals of your people, the peace 5 of the country, the stability of the government, rest upon the maintenance of the independence of the judiciary. is not of half the importance in England, that the judges should be independent of the crown, as it is with us, that they should be independent of the legislature. Am I ask-10 ed, Would you render the judges superior to the legislature? I answer, No, but coördinate. Would you render them independent of the legislature? I answer, Yes, independent of every power on earth, while they behave themselves well. The essential interest, the permanent 15 welfare of society, require this independence; not, sir, on account of the judge; that is a small consideration; but on account of those between whom he is to decide. You calculate on the weaknesses of human nature, and you suffer

the judge to be dependent on no one, lest he should be 20 partial to those on whom he depends. Justice does not exist where partiality prevails. A dependent judge can-

not be impartial. Independence is, therefore, essential to the

purity of your judicial tribunals.

Let it be remembered, that no power is so sensibly felt by society, as that of the judiciary. The life and property 5 of every man, are liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground, that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust; it prostrates them at the feet of faction; it renders them 10 the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate; it is this consequence which I deeply deplore.

What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals.

15 We are asked, sir, if the judges are to be independent of the people. The question presents a false and delusive view. We are all the people. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we shall be, divided into parties. The true question is, Shall the judiciary be perma-20 nent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg,

I implore gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle which they are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences; but they will not enter into the spirit of

25 party. But let their existence depend upon the support of the power of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your courts

will lose all public confidence and respect.

The judges will be supported by their partisans, who, in 30 their turn, will expect impunity for the wrongs and violence they commit. The spirit of party will be inflamed to madness; and the moment is not far off, when this fair

country is to be desolated by a civil war.

Do not say, that you render the judges dependent only 35 on the people. You make them dependent on your president. This is his measure. The same tide of public opinion which changes a president, will change the majorities in the branches of the legislature. The legislature will be the instrument of his ambition; and he will have 40 the courts as the instrument of his vengeance. He uses

the legislature to remove the judges, that he may appoint creatures of his own. In effect, the powers of the govern ment will be concentrated in the hands of one man, who will dare to act with more boldness, because he will be sheltered from responsibility. The independence of the judiciary was the felicity of our constitution. It was this principle which was to curb the fury of party on sudden changes. The first moments of power, gained by a struggle, are the most vindictive and intemperate. Raised above the storm, it was the judiciary which was to control the fiery zeal, and to quell the fierce passions of a victorious faction.

We are standing on the brink of that revolutionary tor-10 rent which deluged in blood one of the fairest countries of

Europe.

France had her national assembly, more numerous, and equally popular with our own. She had her tribunals of justice, and her juries. But the legislature, and her courts.

15 were but the instruments of her destruction. Acts of proscription, and sentences of banishment and death, were passed in the cabinet of a tyrant. Prostrate your judges at the feet of party, and you break down the mounds which defend you from this torrent. I have done. I should have thanked my God for greater power to resist a measure, so destructive to the peace and happiness of the country. My feeble efforts can avail nothing. But it was my duty to make them. The meditated blow is mortal, and from the moment it is struck, we may bid a final adieu to the constitution.

LESSON CCXXIX.—MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON AND FRANK-LIN.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[From Mr. Adams' speech on the reception, by Congress, of the battle sword of Washington, and the staff of Franklin.]

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh! sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword, as my friend*has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plough-share!—What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind!

Washington and Franklin! What other two men, 10 whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the

age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his *Geo. W. Summers.

country, and for the freedom of the human race; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and

union; and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in

ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

FRANKLIN!—The mechanic of his own fortune; teach10 ing, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the
way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to
greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the
thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and
wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more effective

15 sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation, to the mighti-

20 est monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the
chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution
under the authority of which we are here assembled, as
the representatives of the North American people, to receive,
in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the

wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our government! and every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies

40 our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world,—and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

LESSON CCXXX.—DIALOGUE FROM HENRY IV.—Shakspeare.

[Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur.]

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Ver. on his part I'll county all these wains

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,

5 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke. [To Worcester.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

10 Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gon Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; And when I urged the ransom once again Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale; And on my face he turned an eye of death,

15 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaimed,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood? North. He was: I heard the proclamation: And then it was, when the unhappy king

20 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth

25 Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king, That wished him on the barren mountains starved. But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man; And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

35 Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
Oh! pardon me, that I descend so low,

40 To show the line, and the predicament, Wherein you range under this subtle king.— Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days, Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility and power, Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

5 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off

10 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banished honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt

15 Of this proud king, who studies, day and night, To answer all the debt he owes to you, Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.

Therefore, I say,

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
20 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,

25 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—Oh! the blood more stirs,

30 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;

35 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:

40 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend.—Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all;

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;

5 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that 's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him, when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

15 Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, 20 Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,

25 And would be glad he met with some mischance, I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,

When you are better tempered to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool

30 Art thou, to break into this woman's mood; Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires,* when I hear Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

35 In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'T was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

40 When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle. Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

^{*} Pronounced pizmire

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,
And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and kind cousin,—
Oh, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!
5 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

LESSON CCXXXI. THE LOVE OF TRUTH. GEORGE PUTNAM.

Truth is the one legitimate object of all intellectual endeavor. To discover and apprehend truth, to clear up and adorn it, to establish, and present, and commend it,these are the processes and the ends of study and litera-To discern the things that really are, and how they are, to distinguish reality from appearance and sham, to know and declare the true in outward nature, in past time, in the results of speculation, in consciousness and sentiment,—this is the busines; of educated mind. Logic 10 and the mathematics are instruments for this purpose, and so is the imagination just as strictly. A poem, a play, a novel, though a work of fiction, must be true, or it is a failure. Its machinery may be unknown to the actual world; the scene may be laid in Elysian fields, or infernal 15 shades, or fairy land; but the law of truth must preside over the work; it must be the vehicle of truth, or it is nought, and is disallowed. The Tempest, the Odyssey, and Paradise Lost, derive their value from their truth; and I say this, not upon utilitarian principles, but accord-20 ing to the verdict which every true soul passes upon them, consciously or unconsciously. Lofty, holy truth, made beautiful and dear and winning to the responsive heart, this is their charm, their wealth, their immortality. is no permanent intellectual success but in truth attained 25 and brought home to the eye, the understanding, or the heart.

And for the best success in the pursuit of any object, there must be a love of the object itself. The student, the thinker, the author, who is true to his vocation, loves the truth which he would develop and embody. Not for bread, not for fame, primarily, he works. These things may come, and are welcome; but truth is higher and dearer than these. Great things have been done for bread and fame, but not the greatest. Plato, pacing the silent groves of the academy, and Newton, sitting half a day on

his bedside, undressed, and his fast unbroken, rapt in a problem of fluxions; Dante solacing the bitterness of exile with the meditations that live in the Commedia, and Bacon taking his death chill in an experiment to test the pre-5 serving qualities of snow; Cuvier, a lordlier Adam than he of Eden, naming the whole animal world in his museum, and reading the very thoughts of God after him in their wondrous mechanism; Franklin and Davy wresting the secrets of nature from their inmost hiding-place; 10 Linnæus studying the flora of the arctic circle in loco: and that fresh old man who startles the clefts of the Rocky Mountains with his rifle, to catch precisely the lustrous tints of beauty in the plumage of a bird;—these men, and such as they, love truth, and are consecrate, hand and 15 heart, to her service. The truth, as she stands in God's doings, or in man's doings, or in those thoughts and affections that have neither form nor speech, but which answer from the deep places of the soul,—truth, as seen in her sublimities or her beauties, in her world-poising might or 20 her seeming trivialities,-truth, as she walks the earth embodied in visible facts, or moves among the spheres in the mysterious laws that combine a universe and spell it to harmony, or as she sings in the upper heavens the inarticulate wisdom which only a profound religion in the soul 25 can interpret,—truth, in which soever of her myriad manifestations, she has laid hold of their noble affinities, and brought their being into holy captivity; -such men have loved her greatly and fondly; the soul of genius is always pledged to her in a single-hearted and sweet affiance, or 30 else it is genius baffled, blasted, and discrowned.

LESSON CCXXXII.—ENERGY OF THE WILL.—THOMAS C. UPHAM.

A higher degree of voluntary power, than is allotted to the great mass of mankind, seems to be requisite in those, who are destined to take a leading part in those great moral, religious, and political revolutions, which have from 5 time to time agitated the face of the world. It is no easy task to change the opinions of men, to check and subdue vices which have become prevalent, or to give a new aspect and impulse to religion and liberty. The men who take a lead in these movements, are in general men of decision

and firmness; no others would answer the purpose. If the gentle spirit of Melancthon had been placed in the precise position occupied by Luther, would the great event of the Protestant reformation have been urged forward with

5 the same impetus, and to the same issues?

When society becomes greatly unsettled either in its religious or political aspects, when there is a heaving and tossing to and fro, a removal of the old land-marks, and a breaking up of the old foundations, then it is, that men, 10 not merely of intellect, but of decision and energy, (sagacious, cool, decided, persevering, resolute,) find their way

cious, cool, decided, persevering, resolute,) find their way upward to the summit of the conflicting elements, and subject them to their guidance. Such is the natural course of things; such men are needed, and no others 15 are capable of taking their places; and they become, almost

of necessity, the advisers and leaders in the nascent order of society. The prominent leaders, therefore, in every great religious or political revolution, will be found to illustrate the fact, that there are original and marked differences in the degree of power which is appropriate to the will.

Look at the men who presided at the events of the great English Revolution of 1640, particularly the Puritans; men of the stamp of the Vanes, Hampdens, and Fleetwoods; who, in embarking in the convulsions of that stormy period, 25 had a two-fold object in view, the security of political lib-

erty, and the attainment of religious freedom! Were they weak men? Were they men wanting in fortitude? Were they uncertain and flexible, vacillating and double-minded? History gives an emphatic answer to these questions. It

30 informs us, that they entered into the contest for the great objects just now referred to, with a resolution which nothing could shake, with an immutability of purpose resembling the decrees of unalterable destiny. They struck for liberty and religion, and they struck not thrice merely, but as the prophet of old would have had them; smiting many times, and smiting fiercely, till Syria was consumed. They broke in pieces the throne of England; they trampled under foot her ancient and haughty aristocracy; they erected the standard of religious liberty, which has waved ever since, and has scattered its healing light over distant lands; and, by their wisdom and energy, they not only overthrew the enemies of freedom at home, but made the

name of their country honored and terrible throughout the earth. They seem to have entirely subjected their passions

to their purposes, and to have pressed all the exciting and inflammable elements of their nature, into the service of their fixed and immutable wills.

In the prosecution of their memorable achievements,

5 "Of which all Europe talked from side to side,"

they acted under the two-fold pressure of motives drawn from heaven and earth; they felt as if they were contending for principles which were valuable to all mankind, and as if all mankind were witnesses of the contest; at the

10 same time that they beheld on every side, in the quickened eye of their faith, the attendant angels eagerly bending over them, who were soon to transfer, to the imperishable records on high, the story of their victory and reward, or

of their defeat and degradation.

15 All these things imparted additional fixedness and intensity to their purposes. "Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure, its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics,

20 had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus

25 with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

LESSON CCXXXIII.—THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.—GEORGE PUTNAM.

The wants of our time and country, the constitution of our modern society, our whole position,—personal and relative,—forbid a life of mere scholarship or literary pursuits, to the great majority of those who go out from our colleges. How
5 ever it may have been in other times, and other lands, here and now, but few of our educated men are privileged

"From the loopholes of retreat To look upon the world, to hear the sound Of the great Babel, and not feel its stir."

10 Society has work for us, and we must forth to do it.

Full early and hastily we must gird on the manly gown, gather up the loose leaves and scanty fragments of our youthful lore, and go out among men, to act with them and for them. It is a practical age; and our Wisdom, such as 5 it is, "must strive and cry, and utter her voice in the streets, standing in the places of the paths, crying in the chief place of concourse, at the entry of the city, and the coming in at the doors."

This state of things, though not suited to the tastes and qualities of all, is not, on the whole, to be regretted by educated men as such. It is not in literary production only, or chiefly, that educated mind finds fit expression, and fulfils its mission in honor and beneficence. In the great theatre of the world's affairs, there is a worthy and a sufficient sphere. Society needs the well-trained, enlarged,

and cultivated intellect of the scholar, in its midst; needs it, and welcomes it, and gives it a place, or, by its own capacity, it will take a place, of honor, influence, and power. The youthful scholar has no occasion to deplore the fate

20 that is soon to tear him from his studies, and cast him into the swelling tide of life and action. None of his disciplinary and enriching culture will be lost, or useless, even there. Every hour of study, every truth he has reached, and the toilsome process by which he reached it; the

25 heightened grace or vigor of thought or speech he has acquired,—all shall tell fully, nobly, if he will give heed to the conditions. And one condition, the prime one, is, that he be a true man, and recognize the obligation of a man, and go forth with heart, and will, and every gift and 30 acquirement dedicated, lovingly and resolutely, to the true

and the right. These are the terms; and apart from these there is no success, no influence to be had, which an ingenuous mind can desire, or which a sound and far-seeing mind would dare to seek.

Indeed, it is not an easy thing, nay, it is not a possible thing, to obtain a substantial success, and an abiding influence, except on these terms. A factitious popularity, a transient notoriety, or, in the case of shining talents, the doom of a damning fame, may fall to bad men. But an

40 honored name, enduring influence, a sun brightening on through its circuit, more and more, even to its serene setting,—this boon of a true success goes never to intellectual qualities alone. It gravitates slowly but surely to weight of character, to intellectual ability rooted in principle.

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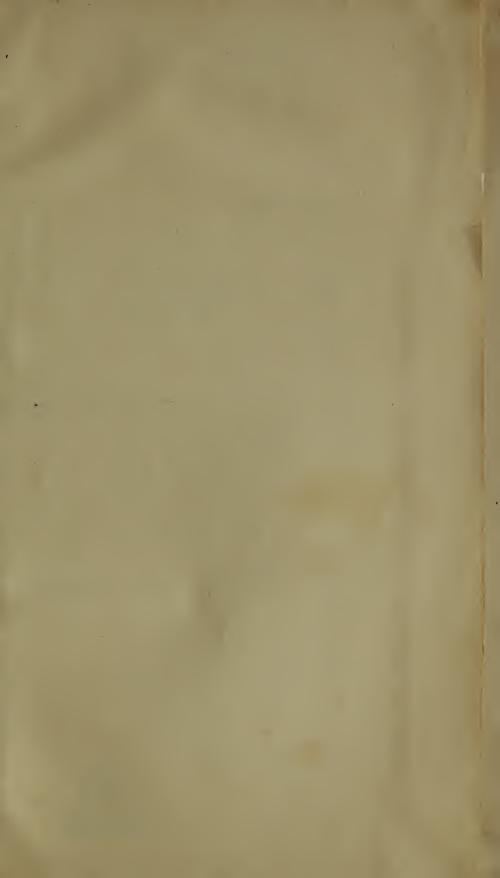
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